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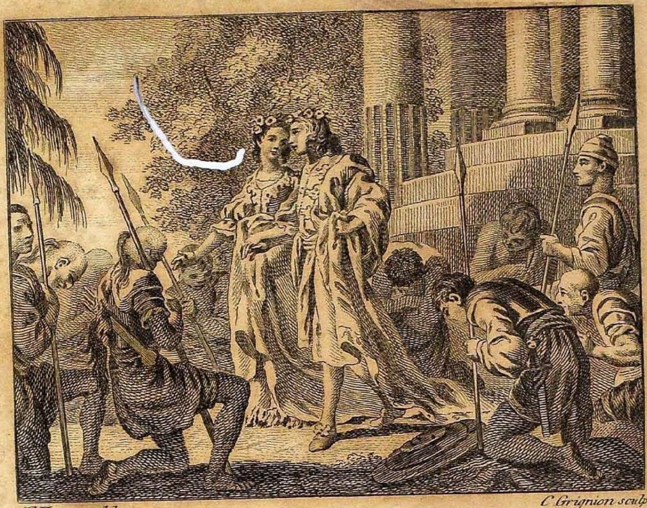

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1797.

TO

MR. PULTENEY[a].

SIR,

THE greateft honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publifhing, by this means, my happinefs in being able to name you among my friends. The converfation of a gentleman, that has a refined tafte of letters, and a

[a] William Pulteney, efq. born in 1682, had early a feat in the houfe of commons, and diftinguifhed himfelf in oppofition to queen Anne's laft miniftry. On the acceffion of king George, he was appointed fecretary at war, Sept. 27, 1714; and afterward cofferer of the houfhold. He was at this time the intimate friend of fir Robert Walpole; but in 1725, that minifter being fufpected of a defire to extend the bounds of prerogative, Mr. Pulteney entered fteadily into oppofition; and at laft became fo obnoxious to the crown, that, July 1, 1731, king George II. with his own hand, ftruck him out of the lift of privy councillors, and ordered him to be put out of the lift of all commiffions of the peace. A proceeding fo violent in the miniftry ferved only to inflame his refentment, and increafe his popularity. Sir Robert refigning his employments in 1741, Mr. Pulteney was again fworn of the privy council; and created baron of Heydon, vifcount Pulteney, and earl of Bath. From that moment his favour with the people was at an end: and the reft of his life was fpent in contemning that applaufe which he no longer could fecure. William vifcount Pulteney, his only fon, who was a lord of the bedchamber, aid-de-camp to the king, and colonel of the royal volunteers, going over with his regiment in the defence of Portugal, died Feb. 16, 1763; and the earl dying July 7, 1764, the titles became extinct.

diſpoſition in which thoſe letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in ſilence. In others, the greateſt buſineſs of learning is to weed the ſoil; in you, it had nothing elſe to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generoſity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boaſted I had ſome ſhare in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the juſtice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous ſentiments, which contribute, not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and ſervice of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteriſtic of a man of honour, and a gentleman, and muſt take place of pleaſures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the miſapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have bleſſed him. But you have a ſoul animated with nobler views, and know that the diſtinction of wealth and plenteous circumſtances, is a tax upon an honeſt mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-ſubjects.

This generous inclination, no man poſſeſſes in a warmer degree than yourſelf; which that heaven would reward with long poſſeſſion of that

reputation into which you have made ſo early an entrance, the reputation of a man of ſenſe, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a diſ-intereſted friend, and an unbiaſſed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged

and moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

THE GUARDIAN.

THE GUARDIAN.

N° 83. Tuesday, June 16, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D. D.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eò quòd
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 120.

——Few think theſe mad, for moſt, like theſe,
Are ſick and troubled with the ſame diſeaſe.

CREECH.

THERE is a reſtleſs endeavour in the mind of man after happineſs. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itſelf in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or ſenſe. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehenſive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happineſs, but alſo to endeavour to promote that of others in the ſame rank of being: and in proportion to the generoſity that is ingredient in the temper of the ſoul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a ſpirit upon earth ſo mean and contracted, as to centre all regards on its own intereſt, excluſive of the reſt of

mankind. Even the ſelfiſh man has ſome ſhare of love, which he beſtows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common intereſt of the ſociety or country of which he makes a part. And there is ſtill a more diffuſive ſpirit, whoſe being or intentions reach the whole maſs of mankind, and are continued beyond the preſent age, to a ſucceſſion of future generations.

The advantage ariſing to him who hath a tincture of this generoſity on his ſoul, is, that he is affected with a ſublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is deſtitute of that noble reliſh. The happineſs of the reſt of mankind hath a natural connection with that of a reaſonable mind. And in proportion, as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he muſt be thought to deſerve well or ill, both of the world, and of himſelf. I have, in a late paper[b], obſerved, that men who have no reach of thought do often miſplace their affections on the means, without reſpect to the end; and by a prepoſterous deſire of things in themſelves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happineſs which thoſe things are inſtrumental to obtain. This obſervation has been conſidered with regard to critics and miſers; I ſhall now apply it to free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which theſe gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour to ſhew in the firſt place that liberty and truth

[b] See Guard. Nº 77.

are not in themſelves deſirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And ſecondly, that the ſort of liberty and truth (allowing them thoſe names) which our free-thinkers uſe all their induſtry to promote, is deſtructive to that end, viz. human happineſs: and conſequently that ſpecies, as ſuch, inſtead of being encouraged or eſteemed, merit the deteſtation and abhorrence of all honeſt men. In the laſt place, I deſign to ſhew, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the firſt point, it has been obſerved that it is the duty of each particular perſon to aim at the happineſs of his fellow-creatures; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or leſs virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of ſuch truths as might either give us pleaſure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But ſhall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholeſome reſtraint of divine and human laws? Or ſhall a wiſe man prefer the knowledge of a troubleſome and afflicting truth, before a pleaſant error that would chear his ſoul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill conſequences? Surely no man of common ſenſe would thank him, who had put it in his power to execute the ſudden ſuggeſtions of a fit of paſſion or madneſs, or imagine himſelf obliged to a perſon, who by forwardly informing him of ill

news, had caufed his foul to anticipate that forrow which fhe would never have felt, fo long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then refpect the happinefs of our fpecies, and in this light examine the proceedings of the free-thinkers. From what giants and monfters would thefe knight-errants undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion impofeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled confcience, not by reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are thofe important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no fuch thing as a wife and juft Providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a ftate-trick, contrived to make men honeft and virtuous, and to procure a fubfiftence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be fo; that the good tidings of life and immortality, brought to light by the gofpel, are fables and impoftures; from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beafts that perifh. What pleafure or what advantage do thefe notions bring to mankind? Is it of any ufe to the public that good men fhould lofe the comfortable profpect of a reward to their virtue; or the wicked be encouraged to perfift in their impiety, from an affurance that they fhall not be punifhed for it hereafter?

Allowing therefore, thefe men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of fuch truths and that fort of liberty which make them juftly be looked

upon as enemies to the peace and happineſs of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view it will be found, that their endeavours, inſtead of advancing the cauſe of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce ſlavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature; the baſer which conſiſts of our ſenſes and paſſions, and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much ſtronger, and has always the ſtart of reaſon, which if in the perpetual ſtruggle between them, it were not aided from heaven by religion, would almoſt univerſally be vanquiſhed, and man become a ſlave to his paſſions, which as it is the moſt grievous and ſhameful ſlavery, ſo it is the genuine reſult of that liberty which is propoſed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their deſign better executed. Look into their pretended truths: are they not ſo many wretched abſurdities, maintained in oppoſition to the light of nature and divine revelation by ſly inuendoes and cold jeſts, by ſuch pitiful ſophiſms and ſuch confuſed and indigeſted notions, that one would vehemently ſuſpect thoſe men uſurped the name of free-thinkers, with the ſame view that hypocrites do that of godlineſs, that it may ſerve for a cloak to cover the contrary defect?

I ſhall cloſe this diſcourſe with a parallel reflection on theſe three ſpecies, who ſeem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of underſtanding. A critic is entirely given up to the purſuit of learning; when he has got it, is

his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite, than thoſe of other men? Is it obſerved that a miſer, when he has acquired his ſuperfluous eſtate, eats, drinks, or ſleeps with more ſatisfaction, that he has a chearfuller mind, or reliſhes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it: but what uſe do they make of it? Are they eminent for any ſublime diſcoveries in any of the arts and ſciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings ſhow a greater depth of deſign, a clearer method, or more juſt and correct reaſoning than thoſe of other men?

There is a great reſemblance in their genius; but the critic and miſer are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the free-thinker is alſo a pernicious one[c].

[c] This paper, Nº 83, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, with ſome degree of confidence though it is not mentioned in the liſt of the biſhop's papers communicated by his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire.

Nº 84. Wednefday, June 17, 1713.
By STEELE.

Non miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris hirudo.
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. ult.

Sticking like leaches, till they burſt with blood.
ROSCOMMON.

'TO THE HON. NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR, Middle Temple, June 12.

'PRESUMING you may ſometimes condeſcend to take cognizance of ſmall enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing the beſt compliment to a man of buſineſs is to come to the point.

'There is a ſilly habit among many of our minor orators, who diſplay their eloquence in the ſeveral coffee-houſes of this fair city, to the no ſmall annoyance of conſiderable numbers of her majeſty's ſpruce and loving ſubjects, and that is a humour they have got of twiſting off your buttons. Theſe ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got faſt hold of one of your buttons; but as ſoon as they have procured ſuch an excellent handle for diſcourſe, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well ſome may have eſcaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my coſt; having I believe within theſe three years laſt paſt been argued out of ſeveral dozens; inſomuch that I have for ſome time ordered my taylor to bring me home with every

ſuit a dozen at leaſt of ſpare ones, to ſupply the place of ſuch as from time to time are detached as an help to diſcourſe, by the vehement gentlemen before mentioned. This way of holding a man in diſcourſe is much practiſed in the coffee-houſes within the city, and does not indeed ſo much prevail at the politer end of the town. It is likewiſe more frequently made uſe of among the ſmall politicians, than any other body of men; I am therefore ſomething cautious of entering into a controverſy with this ſpecies of ſtateſmen, eſpecially the younger fry; for if you offer in the leaſt to diſſent from any thing that one of theſe advances, he immediately ſteps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will ſoon convice you of the ſtrength of his argumentation. I remember, upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a briſk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batſon's coffee-houſe, and was fortifying Graveling for the ſervice of the moſt chriſtian king, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with ſuch ſucceſs, that in leſs than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almoſt impregnable, and in the opinion of ſeveral worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as ſtrong both by ſea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened however unadviſedly to attack ſome of his out-works; upon which, to ſhow his great ſkill likewiſe in the offenſive part, he immediately made an aſſault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in leſs than two minutes, notwithſtanding I made as handſome a defence

as was poſſible. He had likewiſe inveſted a ſecond, and would certainly have been maſter of that too in a very little time, had he not been diverted from this enterprize by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his preſence was abſolutely neceſſary in the diſpoſal of a beaver[d], upon which he raiſed the ſiege, and indeed retired with ſome precipitation. In the coffee-houſes here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for leſs. I had yeſterday the good fortune to receive very conſiderable additions to my knowledge in ſtate affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not ſtood me in above a button. In moſt of the eminent coffee-houſes at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent-garden, the company is ſo refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worſe for it. Beſides the gentleman before-mentioned, there are others who are no leſs active in their harangues, but with gentle ſervices rather than robberies. Theſe while they are improving your underſtanding, are at the ſame time ſetting off your perſon; they will new-plait and adjuſt your neckcloth.

'But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is ſo humble as to aim at the good will of his hearer by being his valet de chambre,

[d] The real perſon here alluded to was a Mr. James Heywood, a linen draper, who was the writer of a letter in the Spectator ſigned James Eaſy. See Spect. vol. iv. N° 268, and note. Mr. Heywood outlived this ſilly habit, and gave the annotator this and a variety of ſimilar information, gratis, for he was not a button worſe or better for it.

I muſt rebel againſt another ſort of them. There are ſome, ſir, that do not ſtick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to perſuade him. It is your buſineſs I humbly preſume, Mr. Ironſide, to interpoſe that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requiſite therefore that you ſhould name a certain interval, which ought to be preſerved between the ſpeaker and him to whom he ſpeaks. For ſure no man has a right, becauſe I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or dreſs me according to his own liking. I aſſure you the moſt becoming thing to me in the world is in a campaign periwig to wear one ſide before and the other caſt upon the collateral ſhoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward upon my ſhoulder, ſo that in reſtoring it to its place I loſe two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him theſe ten years. I have ſeen my eager friend in danger ſometimes of a quarrel by this ill cuſtom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel than can underſtand. It would be therefore a good office to my friend if you adviſed him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a ſtanding precaution in converſation[e], that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood all at once.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.'

[e] See Guard. N° 24.

'P. S. I have a ſiſter who ſaves herſelf from being handled by one of theſe manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpleſs men.'

June 15, 1713.

I am of opinion, that no orator or ſpeaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, ſettling their own periwigs, toſſing or twiſting their heads, and all other geſticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the Engliſh liberty for a man to keep his neighbour's perſon in cuſtody in order to force an hearing; and farther declare, that all aſſent given by an auditor under ſuch conſtraint, is of itſelf void and of no effect[f].

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N° 85. Thurſday, June 18, 1713.
By STEELE.

——*Sed te decor iſte, quod optas*
Eſſe vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat.

OVID. Met. i. 488.

But ſo much youth, with ſo much beauty join'd
Oppoſe the ſtate, which thy deſires deſign'd.

DRYDEN.

To ſuffer ſcandal (ſays ſomebody) is the tax which every perſon of merit pays to the public[g]; and my lord Verulam finely obſerves, that a man

[f] See notes on N° 10, and N° 15,

[g] Dr. Swift, who if we decide on his merit by the ſcandal he ſuffered, was very meritorious.

who has no virtue in himſelf, ever envies virtue in others. I know not how it comes to paſs, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair ſex too eaſily give into. Not the Roman ſatyriſt could uſe them with more ſeverity than they themſelves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far when they take upon them to prove, in oppoſition to hiſtory, that Lais was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently diſpleaſing the Phrynes of thoſe times, they ſecretly prevailed with the hiſtorians to deliver her down to poſterity under the infamous character of an extorting proſtitute. But though I have the greateſt regard imaginable to that ſofter ſpecies, yet am I ſorry to find they have very little for themſelves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleaſure in deſtroying it. My lady the other day, when Jack was aſking who could be ſo baſe to ſpread ſuch a report about Mrs. ——, anſwered, 'None, you may be ſure, but a woman.' A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard Florella hint as if Cleora wore artificial teeth. The reaſon is, ſaid ſhe, becauſe Cleora firſt gave out that Florella owed her complexion to a waſh. Thus the induſtrious pretty creatures take pains by invention, to throw blemiſhes on each other, when they do not conſider that there is a profligate ſet of follows too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blaſt the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deſerves or rather

claims, protection from our ſex, ſince ſo barbarouſly treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury who gave ignorantly the occaſion of its being aſſaulted. Had the men been leſs liberal of their applauſes, the women had been more ſparing of theſe calumnious cenſures.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'I DO not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady; but I am one who can juſt look back upon fifteen. My father dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profuſely great, yet ſuch as might demand a very handſome ſettlement, if ever propoſals of marriage ſhould be offered. My mother, after the uſual time of retired mourning was over, was ſo affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her viſits; but ſtill not thinking ſhe gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, chearful, but innocent entertainments, where ſhe was too reſerved to appear herſelf. The two firſt years of my teens were eaſy, gay, and delightful. Every one careſſed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations uſed to tell my mother that pretty miſs Clary was ſhot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now not to let their eyes glance over me, and in moſt places I found myſelf diſtinguiſhed;

but obſerved, the more I grew into the eſteem of their ſex, the more I loſt the favour of my own. Some of thoſe whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent; others miſtook by deſign, my meaning, made me ſpeak what I never thought, and ſo by degrees took occaſion to break off all acquaintance. There were ſeveral little inſignificant reflections caſt upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintneſſes and ſuch like, which I ſeemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a ſcandal ſpread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty: I earneſtly intreated her to know it; ſhe refuſed me, but yeſterday it diſcovered itſelf. Being in an aſſembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to ſeveral of the ladies, at laſt turning to me, 'And as for you, madam, Prior has already given us your character,

"That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, yet beautifully leſs."

I perceived immediately a malignant ſmile diſplay itſelf in the countenance of ſome of the ladies, which they ſeconded with a ſcornful flutter of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer to contain, aſked the gentleman if he did not remember what Congreve ſaid about Aurelia, for ſhe thought it mighty pretty. He made no anſwer, but inſtantly repeated the verſes:

"The Mulcibers who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat;
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill."

This was no ſooner over, but it was eaſily diſcernible what an ill-natured ſatisfaction moſt of the company took; and the more pleaſure they ſhowed by dwelling upon the two laſt lines, the more they increaſed my trouble and confuſion. And now, ſir, after this tedious account, what would you adviſe me to? Is there no way to be cleared of theſe malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth that makes the poſſeſſor thus unhappy? Why was nature ſo laviſh of her gifts to me, as to make her kindneſs prove a cruelty? They tell me my ſhape is delicate, my eyes ſparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks forſooth, adorned with a juſt mixture of the roſe and lily; but I wiſh this face was barely not diſagreeable, this voice harſh and unharmonious, theſe limbs only not deformed, and then perhaps I might live eaſy and unmoleſted, and neither raiſe love and admiration in the men, nor ſcandal and hatred in the women.

Your very humble ſervant,

CLARINA.'

The beſt anſwer I can make my fair correſpondent is, that ſhe ought to comfort herſelf with this conſideration, that thoſe who talk thus of her know it is falſe, but wiſh they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themſelves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them: they have attained what they endeavoured if they make you uneaſy; for it is envy that

has made them ſo. I would not have you wiſh your ſhape one ſixtieth part of an inch diſproportioned, nor deſire your face might be impoveriſhed with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loſs inſenſible; but take courage, go into the brighteſt aſſemblies, and the world will quickly confeſs it to be ſcandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was aſſerted by ſome perſons that he was a very bad man, 'I ſhall take care,' ſaid he, 'to live ſo, that no body will believe them.'

I ſhall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell deſperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Meliſſa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent ſolicitations, ſhe refuſed ſeveral others of larger eſtates, and conſented to make me happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, until it appeared too true what Juba ſays,

'Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.'

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himſelf grow every day more uneaſy, and unwilling ſhe ſhould diſcover the cauſe, for diverſion came up to town, and to avoid all ſuſpicions, brought Meliſſa along with him. After ſome ſtay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a ſet of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of ſcandal, had touched upon Meliſſa——And was that the ſilly thing ſo much talked of! How did ſhe ever grow into a toaſt! For their parts they had eyes

as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay. Polydore upon hearing this, flew immediately home and told Melissa with the utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

'Mr. Ironside, Button's Coffee-house.

'I have observed that this day you make mention of Will's coffee-house, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button[h]. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would do so: therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of

Your humble servant,

Daniel Button[i].'

'The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed[k].'

h See Guard. N° 84; and note on Mrs. Heywood.

i Daniel Button had been a servant in the countess of Warwick's family, and under the patronage of Addison kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russel-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.' Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 399. Edit. 8vo. 1781.

k See notes on N° 10, N° 15.

⁎ Adv. For the benefit of Mr. Boman, at Drury-lane, on the 18th of June will be preſented, The Hiſtory and Fall of C. Marius. The part of Caius Marius by Mr. Powel; Marius junior, by Mr. Booth; Metellus, by Mr. Boman; Lavinia, by Mrs. Bradſhaw; Nurſe, by Mr. Bullock; Firſt Clown, by Mr Pinkethman; Second Clown, by Mr. Norris. With Dancing by Mr. Prince and Mrs. Bicknel. No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up.—Guardian, in fol. Nº 85.

Nº 86. Friday, June 19, 1713.

By STEELE.

——*Cui mens divinior, atque os*
Magna ſonaturum—— Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 43.

—————— who writes
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights.
Creech.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'Sir, Oxford[1], June 16, 1713.

'The claſſical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I purſue my ſtudies in divinity. I am perſuaded that they are fountains of good ſenſe and eloquence; and that it is abſolutely neceſſary for a young mind to form itſelf upon ſuch models.

[1] Willam Cary of Oriel college, M. A. June 2, 1711, is ſaid to have been a writer in the Guardian. Edward, afterwards Dr. Young, was likewiſe it is ſaid, a coadjutor in the ſame work, and at this time of Corpus Chriſti college, Oxford. Richard Parker, M. A. of Merton, Steele's intimate friend and fellow-collegian, deane Bartelett, M. A. of the ſame college, and at the ſame time, were among Steele's Oxford correſpondents, and probably his auxiliaries in the Guardian.

For by a careful ſtudy of their ſtyle and manner, we ſhall at leaſt avoid thoſe faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; ſuch as luxuriance of fancy, licentiouſneſs of ſtyle, redundancy of thought, and falſe ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have ſome genius for poetry, I ſometimes turn my thoughts that way: and with pleaſure reflect, that I have got over that childiſh part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit; and that I can take a manly and rational ſatisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be, that in theſe copyings of nature, the object is placed in ſuch lights and circumſtances as ſtrike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are ſurpriſed to find objects that are abſent, placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we amuſe ourſelves with comparing the picture and the original; or rather (which is moſt probable) becauſe all theſe reaſons concur to affect us; we are wonderfully charmed with theſe drawings after the life, this magic that raiſes apparitions in the fancy.

'Landſkips, or ſtill-life, work much leſs upon us, than repreſentations of the poſtures or paſſions of living creatures. Again, thoſe paſſions or poſtures ſtrike us more or leſs in proportion to the eaſe or violence of their motions. An horſe grazing moves us leſs than one ſtretching in a race, and a racer leſs than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult I believe, to expreſs violent motions which are fleeting and tranſitory,

either in colours, or words. In poetry it requires great ſpirit in thought, and energy in ſtyle; which we find more of in the eaſtern poetry, than in either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himſelf to thoſe he vouchſafed to ſpeak to, hath put into the mouth of his prophets ſuch ſublime ſentiments and exalted language, as muſt abaſh the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the moſt ancient poem in the world, we have ſuch paintings and deſcriptions as I have ſpoken of, in great variety. I ſhall at preſent make ſome remarks on the celebrated deſcription of the horſe in that holy book, and compare it with thoſe drawn by Homer and Virgil.

‘ Homer hath the following ſimilitude of an horſe twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him; at leaſt he hath deviated leſs from Homer, than Mr. Dryden hath from him;

“ Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds;
Or ſeeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood;
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his ſhoulders flows his waving mane;
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high,
Before his ample cheſt the foaming waters fly.”

Virgil's deſcription is much fuller than the foregoing, which as I ſaid, is only a ſimile; whereas Virgil profeſſes to treat of the nature of the horſe. It is thus admirably tranſlated:

"The fiery courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right ſhoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round;
His chin is double; ſtarting, with a bound
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe."

'Now follows that in the book of Job; which under all the diſadvantages of having been written in a language little underſtood; of being expreſſed in phraſes peculiar to a part of the world, whoſe manner of thinking and ſpeaking ſeems to us very uncouth; and, above all, of appearing in a proſe tranſlation; is nevertheleſs ſo tranſcendently above the heathen deſcriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are, which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that which is figured as it were, juſt as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God ſpeaking to Job, aſks him.

"Haſt thou given the horſe ſtrength? haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canſt thou make him afraid as a graſshopper? The glory of his noſtrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his ſtrength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the ſword. The quiver rattleth againſt him, the glittering ſpear, and the ſhield. He ſwalloweth the ground with fierceneſs and rage; nei-

ther believeth he that it is the ſound of the trumpet. He ſaith amongſt the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he ſmelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains, and the ſhouting."

'Here are all the great and ſprightly images, that thought can form of this generous beaſt, expreſſed in ſuch force and vigour of ſtyle, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the ſublime, had they been acquainted with theſe writings. I cannot but particularly obſerve, that whereas the claſſical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions; the ſacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he deſcribes, and thereby gives great ſpirit and vivacity to his deſcription. The following phraſes and circumſtances ſeem ſingularly remarkable:

"Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horſe, but his mane. The ſacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expreſſes the ſhaking of that remarkable beauty in the horſe, and the flakes of hair which naturally ſuggeſt the idea of lightning; but likewiſe the violent agitation and force of the neck, which in the oriental tongues had been flatly expreſt by a metaphor leſs than this.

"Canſt thou make him afraid as a graſshopper?" There is a twofold beauty in this expreſſion, which not only marks the courage of this beaſt, by aſking if he can be ſcared? but likewiſe raiſes a noble image of his ſwiftneſs, by inſinuating, that if he could be frighted, he would

bound away with the nimbleneſs of a graſshopper.

"The glory of his noſtrils is terrible." This is more ſtrong and conciſe than that of Virgil, which yet is the nobleſt line that was ever written without inſpiration:

"*Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.*"
Georg. iii. 85.

"And in his noſtrils rolls collected fire."

"He rejoiceth in his ſtrength——He mocketh at fear——neither believeth he that it is the ſound of the trumpet—He ſaith among the trumpets, Ha ha;"—are ſigns of courage as I ſaid before, flowing from an inward principle. There is a peculiar beauty in his "not believing it is the ſound of the trumpet:" that is, he cannot believe it for joy; but when he was ſure of it, and is "amongſt the trumpets, he ſaith, Ha, ha;" he neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the "rattling quiver, the glittering ſpear and the ſhield;" and is well imitated by Oppian (who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil) in his poem upon hunting:

"How firm the manag'd war-horſe keeps his ground,
Nor breaks his order, tho' the trumpets ſound!
With fearleſs eye the glittering hoſt ſurveys,
And glares directly at the helmet's blaze!
The maſter's word, the laws of war he knows,
And when to ſtop, and when to charge the foes."

"He ſwalloweth the ground" is an expreſſion for prodigious ſwiftneſs, in uſe among the Ara-

bians, Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have ſomething like it:

"*Latumque fugâ conſumere campum.*" Nemesian.
"In flight the extended champain to conſume."

"*Carpere prata fugâ.*" Virg. Georg. iii. 142.
"In flight to crop the meads."

"——— *campumque volatu*
"*Cùm rapuere, pedum veſtigia quæras.*" Sil. Ital.
"When in their flight the champain they have
ſnatch'd
No track is left behind."

'It is indeed the boldeſt and nobleſt of images for ſwiftneſs; nor have I met with any thing that comes ſo near it, as Mr. Pope's in Windſor Foreſt:

"The impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſt,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt."

"He ſmelleth the battle afar off," and what follows about the ſhouting, is a circumſtance expreſſed with great ſpirit by Lucan:

"So when the ring with joyful ſhouts rebounds,
With rage and pride the impriſon'd courſer bounds:
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein;
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong ſeeks the plain."

I am, Sir,

Your ever obliged ſervant,

John Lizard[m].'

[m] See notes on Guard. Nº 10, and Nº 15. This paper, Nº 86, ſigned J. Lizard, was the production probably of Dr. Young.

N° 87. Saturday, June 20, 1713.

By STEELE.

—— *Conſtiterant hinc Thiſbe, Priamus illinc,*
Inque vicem fuerat captatus anhelitus oris.

Ovid. Met. iv. 71.

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thiſbe, ſtrove
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

My precautions are made up of all that I can hear and ſee, tranſlate, borrow, paraphraſe, or contract, from the perſons with whom I mingle and converſe, and the authors whom I read. But the grave diſcourſes which I ſometimes give the town, do not win ſo much attention as lighter matters. For this reaſon it is, that I am obliged to conſider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, elſe I find in a very ſhort time I ſhall lie like waſte paper on the tables of coffee-houſes. Where I have taken moſt pains I often find myſelf leaſt read. There is a ſpirit of intrigue got into all, even the meaneſt of the people, and the very ſervants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languiſhers. I happened the other day to paſs by a gentleman's houſe, and ſaw the moſt flippant ſcene of low love that I have ever obſerved. The maid was rubbing the windows within ſide of the houſe, and her humble ſervant the footman was ſo happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the ſame glaſs on the ſide towards the ſtreet. The wench began with the greateſt ſeverity of aſpect imaginable, and breathing on the glaſs, followed

it with a dry cloth; her oppoſite obſerved her, and fetching a deep ſigh, as if it were his laſt, with a very diſconſolate air did the ſame on his ſide of the window. He ſtill worked on and languiſhed, until at laſt his fair one ſmiled, but covered herſelf, and ſpreading the napkin in her hand, concealed herſelf from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty conteſt held for four or five large panes of glaſs, until at laſt the waggery was turned into an humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impreſſion. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleaſing their imaginations with their nearneſs and diſtance, until the windows were ſo tranſparent that the beauty of the female made the man-ſervant impatient of beholding it, and the whole houſe beſides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my ſight. It may be imagined theſe oglers of no quality, made a more ſudden application of the intention of kind ſighs and glances, than thoſe whoſe education lays them under greater reſtraints, and who are conſequently more ſlow in their advances. I have often obſerved all the low part of the town in love, and taking a hackney-coach have conſidered all that paſſed by me in that light, as theſe cities are compoſed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that paſſion. When one is in this ſpeculation, it is not unpleaſant to obſerve alliances between thoſe males and females whoſe lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of ſummer are not more enter-

taining with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the ſeveral ſorts of people who act in public; they are divided into claſſes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruitreſſes, and milk-maids. They are a wild world of themſelves, and have voices ſignificant of their private inclinations, which ſtrangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad woman when ſhe cries wares you ſee ſhe does not carry, but thoſe in the ſecret know that cry is only an aſſignation to an hackney-coachman who is driving by, and underſtands her. The whole people is in an intrigue, and the undiſcerning paſſengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them. They know not how to ſeparate the cries of mercenary traders, from the ſighs and lamentations of languiſhing lovers. The common face of modeſty is loſt among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is viſible from the loſs of all deference in the low people towards thoſe of condition. One order of mankind trips faſt after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the converſations of the moſt wealthy, down to thoſe of the humbleſt degree. It is an act of great reſolution to paſs by a crowd of polite footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and obſerve upon all the paſſengers who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, party-men, and free-thinkers in livery. I take it for a rule,

that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what ſhould make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal ſays, there is the greateſt reverence to be had to the preſence of children; it may be as well ſaid of the preſence of ſervants, and it would be ſome kind of virtue, if we kept our vices to ourſelves. It is a feeble authority which has not the ſupport of perſonal reſpect, and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us is not of force enough to ſupport us againſt an habitual behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No man can be well ſerved, but by thoſe who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up, but by an exemption from thoſe faults which we would reſtrain in our dependents.

Though our fopperies imitated are ſubjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our ſervants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are ſo docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is therefore but common prudence to take care, that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect, that the ſingle conſideration of not offending us ſhould curb our ſervants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an obſervation, that the lower world is got into faſhionable vices, and above all to the underſtanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing ſongs which the footmen do not practiſe as well as their maſters. Spurious races of mankind, which

pine in want, and periſh in their firſt months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The poſſeſſion of wealth and affluence ſeems to carry ſome faint extenuation of his guilt who is ſunk by it into luxury; but poverty and ſervitude accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiouſneſs, is I believe, a circumſtance of ill peculiar to our age. This may perhaps, be matter of jeſt, or is overlooked by thoſe who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our ſervants ariſing from the negligence of maſters of families in their care of them, flows that irreſiſtible torrent of diſaſters which ſpreads itſelf through all human life. Old age oppreſſed with beggary, youth drawn into the commiſſion of murders and robberies, both owe their diſaſter to this evil. If we conſider the happineſs which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards ſervants, it would encourage a man to that ſort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble diſpoſition, that his domeſtics, in a nation of the greateſt liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themſelves, who live under his roof. He is the banker, the counſel, the parent of all his numerous dependents. Kindneſs is the law of his houſe, and the way to his favour is being gentle, and well-natured to their fellow-ſervants. Every one recommends himſelf, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have ſtreamed out of his favour; and his prudence is ſuch, that the

fountain is not exhausted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run new meanders. He bestows with so much judgment, that his bounty is the increase of his wealth; all who share his favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich[n].

N° 88. Monday, June 22, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D. D.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Mens agitat molem——— VIRG. Æn. vi. 727.

A mind informs the mass.

To one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which among the heathens, only here and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine ancient Greece,

[n] See notes on Guard. N° 10, and N° 15. Perhaps Mr. John Hughes was the writer of this paper, N° 87, and lord Cowper, the illustrious character celebrated here under the name of Lycurgus. If the paper was written by Addison or Steele, the allusion in this fine character was probably to lord Somers.

and the other eaſtern countries ſo renowned of old, in the moſt elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and induſtry? Have our common mechanics more refined underſtandings than the ancient philoſophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven, and condeſcended to be himſelf our teacher. It is as we are Chriſtians, that we profeſs more excellent and divine truths than the reſt of mankind.

If there be any of the free-thinkers who are not direct atheiſts, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the deſign of which is to compare the ideas that Chriſtians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the groſs notions of the heathen world. Is it poſſible for the mind of man to conceive a more auguſt idea of the Deity than is ſet forth in the holy ſcriptures? I ſhall throw together ſome paſſages relating to this ſubject, which I propoſe only as philoſophical ſentiments, to be conſidered by a free-thinker.

'Though there be that are called gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their hoſt; the earth and all things that are therein; the ſeas and all that is therein; He ſaid, Let them be, and it was ſo. He hath ſtretched forth the heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath ſhut up the ſea with doors, and ſaid, Hitherto ſhalt thou come and no farther, and here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtaid. The Lord is an inviſible ſpirit, in whom we live, and move,

and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and he healeth. By him kings reign, and princes decree justice, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All angels, authorities, and powers, are subject to him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going-down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish, but thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge; his understanding is infinite. He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of his habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-sitting and uprising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways; and when we enter our closet, and shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them; and no

thought can be withholden from him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consolation. The Lord is great, and we know him not; his greatness is unsearchable. Who but he hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is thy throne and earth is thy footstool.'

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth, in the strongest images and most emphatical language? And yet this is the language of shepherds, and fishermen. The illiterate Jews, and poor persecuted Christians retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were giving up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

'Who hath formed a god, and molten an image that is profitable for nothing? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea he is hungry, and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He rosteth rost. He warmeth himself,

And the refidue thereof he maketh a god. He falleth down unto it, and worfhippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and faith, Deliver me, for thou art my god. None confidereth in his heart, I have burnt part of it in the fire, yea alfo, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roafted flefh and eaten it, and fhall I make the refidue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the ftock of a tree[o]?

In fuch circumftances as thefe, for a man to declare for free-thinking, and difengage himfelf from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great afferters of reafon. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being[p], and (to fay the leaft) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worfhip that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious inftitutions of their country, fheweth an undiftinguifhing genius that miftakes oppofition for freedom of thought. And indeed, notwithftanding the pretences of fome few among our free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men fo ftupid and inconfiftent with themfelves, as to have a ferious regard for natural religion, and at

[o] Ifai. xliv. *paffim.*

[p] This and what follows concerning the object and manner of worfhip in the church of England, are round affertions; but to fay the leaft of them, they are certainly queftionable; and found Chriftians may have very ferious doubts about the truth of them, and even religioufly abftain from the worfhip as idolatrous, without thinking uncharitably, that the worfhippers are idolaters, though they themfelves, wanting the convictions of fincerity, would be felf-condemned in joining with them.

the ſame time uſe their utmoſt endeavours to deſtroy the credit of thoſe ſacred writings, which as they have been the means of bringing theſe parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, ſo in caſe they loſe their authority over the minds of men, we ſhould of courſe ſink into the ſame idolatry which we ſee practiſed by other unenlightened nations.

If a perſon who exerts himſelf in the modern way of free-thinking be not a ſtupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men ſo, either by ignorance or deſign; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not ſay of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or deteſtation of mankind[q].

N° 89. Tueſday, June 23, 1713.

BY G. BERKELEY, D. D.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Igneus eſt ollis vigor, et cœleſtis origo
Seminibus —— VIRG. Æn. vi. 730.

They boaſt etherial vigour, and are form'd
From ſeeds of heavenly birth.

THE ſame faculty of reaſon and underſtanding which placeth us above the brute part of the

[q] This paper, N° 88, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, the author of the preceding papers on free-thinkers; but it is not mentioned in the liſt of his father's papers, communicated by the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire: ſee N° 90, let. 2, from which it ſeems that the aſſignment of this and the two following papers, N° 89 and 90, to Dr. Berkeley, biſhop of Cloyne, reſts on the authority of Steele himſelf.

creation, doth alſo ſubject our minds to greater and more manifold diſquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are ſenſible of. It is by this that we anticipate future diſaſters, and oft create to ourſelves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs ariſing from thoſe which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the beſt uſe of that ſublime talent, which ſo long as it continues the inſtrument of paſſion, will ſerve only to make us more miſerable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that ſolicit his ſenſes, and turn his thoughts inward on himſelf. For my own part I often mitigate the pain ariſing from the little misfortunes and diſappointments that checker human life by this introverſion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own ſoul as the image of her Creator, and receive great conſolation from beholding thoſe perfections which teſtify her divine original, and lead me into ſome knowledge of her everlaſting Archetype.

But there is not any property or circumſtance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my immortality. I can eaſily overlook any preſent momentary ſorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thouſand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyſter than a man, the moſt ſtupid and ſenſeleſs of animals than a reaſonable mind tortured with an extreme innate deſire of that perfection which it deſpairs to obtain.

It is with great pleaſure that I behold inſtinct,

reaſon, and faith, concurring to atteſt this comfortable truth. It is revealed from heaven, it is diſcovered by philoſophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind have a natural propenſity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various ſhapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean tranſmigration, the ſenſual habitations of the Mahometan, and the ſhady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our exiſtence, and the diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments, proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all theſe ſchemes there is ſomething groſs and improbable, that ſhocks a reaſonable and ſpeculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and ſublime than the Chriſtian idea of a future ſtate. 'Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for thoſe that love him.' The above-mentioned ſchemes are narrow tranſcripts of our preſent ſtate: but in this indefinite deſcription there is ſomething ineffably great and noble. The mind of man muſt be raiſed to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Chriſtian paradiſe, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheleſs, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condeſcenſion to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made uſe of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly underſtand. 'The Lamb which is in the midſt of the throne ſhall

feed them, and ſhall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow, nor crying, neither ſhall there be any more pain, for the former things are paſſed away, and behold all things are new. There ſhall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the ſun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and ſhall make them drink of the river of his pleaſures; and they ſhall reign for ever and ever. They ſhall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.'

Theſe are chearing reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found ſo dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or ſo ill-natured, as to endeavour to perſuade mankind to the diſbelief of what is ſo pleaſing and profitable even in the proſpect; or ſo blind, as not to ſee there is a Deity, and if there be, that this ſcheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently correſponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to account for this abſurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment joined with an affection of ſingularity. I ſhall, therefore, inform our modern free-thinkers of two points whereof they ſeem to be ignorant. The firſt is, that it is not the being ſingular, but being ſingular for ſomething, that argues either extraordinary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and eſteem of the world. A miſtake in this point naturally ariſes from that confuſion of thought which I do

not remember to have ſeen ſo great inſtances of in any writers, as in certain modern free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of theſe objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and poſitions, and the relations ariſing between them are innumerable. There is therefore an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at leaſt with amuſement to themſelves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of free-thinking in this way; they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to ſee men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-ſubjects with contempt for profeſſing a belief of thoſe points on which the preſent as well as future intereſt of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I ſhall omit no endeavours to render their perſons as deſpicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deſerve[r].

[r] This paper, Nº 89, as well as the preceding, is aſcribed to biſhop Berkeley, who was at this time in London, aged about 29; and moſt probably the gentleman to whom the laſt letter of the following paper, Nº 90, was addreſſed. It is not mentioned as a paper of his father's in the liſt communicated by George Berkeley, ſtudent of Chriſt-church, and vicar of Bray, in Oxfordſhire. The author of this, and the foregoing papers on free-thinkers, was at this time fellow of Trinity college, Dublin; he was elected a ſenior fellow in 1717, and took the degrees of bachelor and doctor in divinity in 1721. In 1724, he was promoted to the deanery of Derry, worth

N° 90. Wednesday, June 24, 1713.

—— *Fungar vice cotis*— HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 304.

I'll play the whetstone. CREECH.

IT is, they say, frequent with authors to write letters to themselves, either out of laziness or vanity.

The following is genuine, and I think, deserves the attention of every man of sense in England.

‘TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘SIR, June 20.

‘THOUGH I am not apt to make complaints, have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever should, yet seeing that in your paper of this day, you take no notice of yesterday's Examiner, as I hoped you would; my love for my religion, which is so nearly concerned, would not permit me to be silent. The matter, sir, is this. A bishop [s] of our church (to whom the Examiner himself has nothing to object, but his care and concern for the protestant religion, which by him, it seems, is thought a sufficient fault) has lately published a book, in which he endeavours to shew the folly, igno-

1100l. per annum; and in 1734, to the bishopric of Cloyne, where he constantly resided, excepting one winter spent at Dublin, and applied himself diligently to the discharge of all episcopal duties.

[s] Dr. William Fleetwood, bishop of St. Asaph, published about this time, The Life and Miracles of St. Wenefrede, together with her Litanies. With some Historical Observations. Pr. 1s. 6d. Guard. in folio. N° 77.

rance, and miſtake of the church of Rome in its worſhip of ſaints. From this the Examiner takes occaſion to fall upon the author with his utmoſt malice, and to make him the ſubject of his ridicule. Is it then become a crime for a proteſtant to ſpeak or write in defence of his religion? Shall a papiſt have leave to print and publiſh in England what he pleaſes in defence of his own opinion, with the Examiner's approbation; and ſhall not a proteſtant be permitted to write an anſwer to it? For this, Mr. Guardian, is the preſent caſe. Laſt year a papiſt (or to pleaſe Mr. Examiner, a Roman catholic) publiſhed the life of St. Wenefrede, for the uſe of thoſe devout pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at her well. This gave occaſion to the worthy prelate, in whoſe dioceſe that well is, to make ſome obſervations upon it; and in order to undeceive ſo many poor deluded people, to ſhow how little reaſon, and how ſmall authority there is, not only to believe any of the miracles attributed to St. Wenefrede, but even to believe there ever was ſuch a perſon in the world. And ſhall then a good man, upon ſuch an account, be liable to be abuſed in ſo public a manner? Can any good Church-of-England man bear to ſee a biſhop, one whom her preſent majeſty was pleaſed to make, treated in ſo ludicrous a way? Or ſhall one paſs by the ſcurrility and the immodeſty that is to be found in ſeveral parts of the paper? Who can with patience ſee St. Paul and St. Wenefrede ſet by the Examiner, upon a level, and the authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who that is a

Chriſtian, can endure his inſipid mirth upon ſo ſerious an occaſion? I muſt confeſs it raiſes my indignation to the greateſt height, to ſee a pen that has been long employed in writing panegyrics upon perſons of the firſt rank (who would be indeed to be pitied were they to depend upon that for their praiſe) to ſee I ſay, the ſame pen at laſt made uſe of in defence of popery.

'I think I may now with juſtice, congratulate with thoſe whom the Examiner diſlikes; ſince for my own part, I ſhould reckon it my great honour to be worthy his diſ-eſteem, and ſhould count his cenſure praiſe.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.'

The above letter complains, with great juſtice, againſt this incorrigible creature; but I do not inſert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I ſay will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impreſſion which what he ſays may have upon others. I ſhall end this paper with a letter I have juſt now written to a gentleman, whoſe writings are often inſerted in the Guardian[t], without deviation of one tittle from what he ſends.

'Sir, June 23.

'I have received the favour of yours with the incloſed, which made up the papers of the two laſt days. I cannot but look

[t] George Berkeley, then fellow of Trinity college, Dublin. See Nº 89, note *ad finem*. See Introd. note to Nº 126; and Nº 130, note on Mr. Bartelett.

upon myſelf with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you ſo much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Until I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth to be capable of ſuch abſtracted and virtuous reflections (with a ſuitable life) as thoſe with which you entertain yourſelf, is the utmoſt of human perfection and felicity. The greateſt honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reverence to a younger, though that younger is not diſtinguiſhed above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleaſures, riches and honour will crown you with them all, and I wiſh you them not for your own ſake, but for the reaſon which only would make them eligible to yourſelf, the good of others.

I am, deareſt youth,

Your friend and admirer,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

Nº 91. Thurſday, June 25, 1713.

BY POPE.

—— *Ineſt ſua gratia parvis.*

Little things have their value.

IT is the great rule of behaviour 'to follow nature.' The author of the following letter is ſo much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little ſoul excepti-

ous, humourſome and particular in all his actions, to a ſubject of raillery and mirth. He is, you muſt know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be ſtill at his friend's elbow, and has ſet up a club, by which he hopes to bring thoſe of his own ſize into a little reputation.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I REMEMBER a ſaying of yours concerning perſons in low circumſtances of ſtature, that their littleneſs would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of it themſelves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the obſervation that no man is ridiculous, for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being ſomething more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

'I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to hear that a ſet of us have formed a ſociety, who are ſworn to "dare to be ſhort," and boldly bear out the dignity of littleneſs under the noſes of thoſe enormous engroſſers of manhood, thoſe hyperbolical monſters of the ſpecies, the tall fellows that overlook us.

'The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of December, being the ſhorteſt of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feaſt over a diſh of ſhrimps.

'The place we have choſen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

'At our firſt reſort hither an old woman brought her ſon to the club-room, deſiring he might be educated in this ſchool, becauſe ſhe ſaw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way diſcouraged our deſigns. We began with ſending invitations to thoſe of a ſtature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our aſſembly; but the greater part returned excuſes, or pretended they were not qualified.

'One ſaid he was indeed but five foot at preſent, but repreſented he ſhould ſoon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and ſhoe-maker having lately promiſed him three inches more betwixt them.

'Another alledged, he was ſo unfortunate as to have one leg ſhorter than the other, and whoever had determined his ſtature to five foot, had taken him at a diſadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at leaſt five foot[u] two inches and a half.

'There were ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs of our meaſures; and others, inſtead of complying, returned us informations of people yet ſhorter than themſelves. In a word, almoſt every one recommended ſome neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we ſhould look upon to be leſs than he. We were not a little aſhamed that thoſe who are paſt the years of growth, and whoſe beards pronounce them men, ſhould be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as the moſt aſpiring children when they are meaſured.

[u] "I could never", ſaid Swift, ſpeaking of Pope, "I could never get the blockhead to learn his grammar." The Doctor himſelf, and not ſeldom, broke Priſcian's head.

'We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. In the firſt place we cauſed a total removal of all chairs, ſtools, and tables, which had ſerved the groſs of mankind for many years. The diſadvantages we had undergone while we made uſe of theſe, were unſpeakable. The preſident's whole body was ſunk in the elbow chair: and when his arms were ſpread over it, he appeared (to the great leſſening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart. It was alſo ſo wide in the ſeat, as to give a wag occaſion of ſaying, that notwithſtanding the preſident ſat in it, there was a *ſede vacante.*

'The table was ſo high, that one who came by chance to the door, ſeeing our chins juſt above the pewter diſhes, took us for a circle of men that ſat ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club ſpoke contumeliouſly of the preſident, imagining he had been abſent, when he was only eclipſed by a flaſk of Florence which ſtood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furniſhed the room in all reſpects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, ſo as to admit no man above five foot high, without bruſhing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to ſit among us.

'*Some of the ſtatutes of the club are as follow:*

'I. If it be proved upon any member, though never ſo duly qualified, that he ſtrives as much as poſſible to get above his ſize, by ſtretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath ſtood on

tiptoe in a crowd, with deſign to be taken for as tall a man as the reſt: or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his ſeat: every ſuch offender ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

‘ II. If any member ſhall take advantage from the fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of his dreſs, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and ſet bounds to the extremities of his ſmall dimenſion, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his ſhoes.

‘ III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for his own riding above fourteen hands and an half in height, that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a Scotch galloway bought in its ſtead for him, and the overplus of the money ſhall treat the club.

‘ IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the ſociety, ſhall wear the heels of his ſhoes exceeding one inch and half, it ſhall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleneſs, and the criminal ſhall inſtantly be expelled. Note, The form to be uſed in expelling a member ſhall be in theſe words, ‘ Go from among us, and be tall if you can!’

‘ It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſociety, that ſince the race of mankind is granted to have decreaſed in ſtature from the beginning to this preſent, it is the intent of nature itſelf,

that men ſhould be little; and we believe that all human kind ſhall at laſt grow down to perfection, that is to ſay, be reduced to our own meaſure [v].

I am very literally,
Your humble ſervant,
Bob Short.'

[v] This paper, Nº 91, and its ſequel, Nº 92, is aſcribed to Pope on the authority of Steele himſelf. See The Publiſher to the Reader; and Guard. Nº 108.

*** Printed for J. Tonſon in the Strand; and ſold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, pr. 2d. 1713. Guard. in folio.

Nº 92. Friday, June 26, 1713.
By POPE.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! Plautus.
Now I recollect, how conſiderable are theſe little men!

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'Sir,

'The club riſing early this evening I have time to finiſh my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and deſign of our inſtitution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our converſation, are what remain for the ſubject of this epiſtle.

'The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly are, a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The firſt of theſe, Dick Diſtich by name, we have elected preſident, not only as he is the ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has entertained ſo juſt a ſenſe of the ſtature,

as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet leſs. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he ſtoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs. A ſpider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a diſtance for a ſmall windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promiſed to undertake a long work in ſhort verſe to celebrate the heroes of our ſize. He has entertained ſo great a reſpect for Statius, on the ſcore of that line,

" *Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,*"

" A larger portion of heroic fire
Did his ſmall limbs and little breaſt inſpire,"—

that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole Thebaid for the ſake of little Tydeus.

' Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the moſt gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end juſtice may be done him that way, conſtantly employs the ſame artiſt who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him ſometimes to boaſt of the favours of the fair, He was the other night, excuſing his abſence from the club upon account of an aſſignation with a lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had conſented to the full accompliſhment of his deſires that evening; but one of the company who was his confident, aſſured us ſhe was a woman of humour, and made

the agreement on this condition, that his toe [w] ſhould be tied to hers.

'Our politician is a perſon of real gravity, and profeſſed wiſdom. Gravity in a man of this ſize, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat, compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed to talk to himſelf, and was once over-heard to compare his own perſon to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the ſecrets of ſtate, and refined ſchemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and ſtudying for the welfare of Europe, which is alſo thought to have ſtinted his growth: for he hath deſtroyed his own conſtitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what monſ. Balzac calls a great diſtiller of the maxims of Tacitus. When he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too faſt with his obſervations; like a limbec that gives you drop by drop, an extract of the ſimples in it.

'The laſt I ſhall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his ſword, which interſects his perſon in a croſs line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly, that the boys have run a pin through and ſet a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he paſſed along the ſtreet. But what he eſpecially values himſelf upon is, that in

[w] Pope ſeems to allude here, and at the cloſe of this paper, to his waggiſh roundeau on Mrs. Eliz. Thomas, miſtreſs to H. Cromwell, eſq. See Biogr. Brit. art. Pope, p. 3414.

all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

‘ Theſe are the gentlemen that moſt enliven our converſation. The diſcourſe generally turns upon ſuch accidents whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occaſioned by our ſize. Theſe we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of conſolation to each other. The preſident had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a ſtormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no new diſaſter, but the ſame a certain ancient poet had been ſubject to, who is recorded to have been ſo light, that he was obliged to poiſe himſelf againſt the wind with lead on one ſide, and his own works on the other. The lover confeſſed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scaron, with his tea, three mornings ſucceſſively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unſucceſsful adventures. And as for the politician, he declares himſelf an utter enemy to all kind of burleſque, ſo will never diſcompoſe the auſterity of his aſpect by laughing at our adventures, much leſs diſcover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befal him, is by way of complaint, nor is he to be laughed at, but in his abſence.

‘ We are likewiſe particularly careful to communicate in the club all ſuch paſſages of hiſtory, or characters of illuſtrious perſonages, as any way

reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but juſt reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the ſame ſtories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliah, and little Luxembourg, that made Lewis XIV. a grand monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Diſtich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Auguſtus, who called Horace Lepidiſſimum Homunciolum; and is wonderfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scaron, for having ſo well deſcribed their diminutive forms to all poſterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, againſt a great reader and all his adherents [x], that Æſop was not a jot properer or handſomer than he is repreſented by the common pictures. But the ſoldier believes with the learned perſon above mentioned; for he thinks, none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of ſuch an unmannerly piece of ſatire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouſe and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus aſſures us, was a perſon of very low ſtature, but far exceeded all that went before him in diſcretion and politics.

'As I am ſecretary to the club, it is my buſineſs whenever we meet to take minutes of the tranſactions. This has enabled me to ſend you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have ſpies appointed in every

[x] Dr. Bentley, to whoſe conduct in Trinity college, objections were now under public conſideration, an anſwer to them being advertiſed, pr. 3d. in the preceding paper of the Guard. in folio.

quarter of the town, to give us informations of the miſbehaviour of ſuch refractory perſons as refuſe to be ſubject to our ſtatutes. Whatſoever aſpiring practices any of theſe our people ſhall be guilty of in their amours, ſingle combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we ſhall certainly be acquainted with, and publiſh to the world for their puniſhment and reformation. For the preſident has granted me the ſole property of expoſing and ſhewing to the town all ſuch intractable dwarfs, whoſe circumſtances exempt them from being carried about in boxes; reſerving only to himſelf, as the right of a poet, thoſe ſmart characters that will ſhine in epigrams. Venerable Neſtor, I ſalute you in the name of the club [y].

BOB SHORT, Secretary.'

Nº 93. Saturday, June 27, 1713.

By WILLIAM WOTTON, D.D.

——*Eſt animus lucis contemptor.* VIRG. Æn. ix. 205.

The thing call'd life with eaſe I can diſclaim. DRYDEN.

THE following letters are curious and inſtructive, and ſhall make up the buſineſs of the day.

'TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR, June 25, 1713.

'THE incloſed is a faithful tranſlation from an old author, which if it deſerves

y Nº 92 is aſcribed to Pope, on Steele's authority. See The Publiſher to the Reader; and Guard. Nº 108.

your notice, let the readers gueſs whether he was a heathen or a Chriſtian [z].

I am,

Your moſt humble ſervant.'

"I CANNOT, my friends, forbear letting you know what I think of death; for methinks I view and underſtand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that your fathers, thoſe illuſtrious perſons whom I ſo much loved and honoured, do not ceaſe to live, though they have paſſed through what we call death; they are undoubtedly ſtill living, but it is that ſort of life which alone deſerves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to eſteem ourſelves no other than a ſort of galley-ſlaves at the chain, ſince the ſoul, which is ſomewhat divine, and deſcends from heaven as the place of its original, ſeems debaſed and diſhonoured by the mixture with fleſh and blood, and to be in a ſtate of baniſhment from its celeſtial country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main reaſon of uniting ſouls to bodies was, that the great work of the univerſe might have ſpectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who ſhould ſtrive to expreſs that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I conſider the boundleſs activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things paſt, our foreſight of

[z] Xenoph. Opera, vol. i. p. 547, *et ſeq.* edit. A Erneſti, 8vo Lipſ. 1763, 4 tom. M T. Cicer. Opera, Pars Xma p. 3754, *et ſeq.* Cato Major, De Senectute. xxii. edit. J. Verburgij, 8vo. Amſt. 1724.

what is to come; when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements, by which these minds have advanced arts and sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any substance or nature different from its own; I conclude from thence that it is indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

"By no means think, therefore, my dear friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together, you do not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have one actuating and moving my body; doubt not then but that this same mind will have a being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive its actions. What nonsense would it be to pay those honours to great men after their deaths, which we constantly do, if their souls did not then subsist? For my own part, I could never imagine that our minds live only when united to bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which without them have neither sense nor reason: on the contrary, I believe the soul when separated from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and simplicity of its nature, and to have much more wisdom and light than while it was united. We see when the body dies what becomes of all the parts which composed it; but we do not see the

mind, either in the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing more reſembles death than ſleep, and it is in that ſtate that the ſoul chiefly ſhews it has ſomething divine in its nature. How much more then muſt it ſhew it, when entirely diſengaged?"

'TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

'SINCE you have not refuſed to inſert matters of a theological nature in thoſe excellent papers with which you daily both inſtruct and divert us, I earneſtly deſire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for aught I know, new to the Engliſh reader, and if they are true, will afford room for many uſeful inferences.

'No man that reads the evangeliſts, but muſt obſerve that our bleſſed Saviour does upon every occaſion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocriſy of the Phariſees. Upon that ſubject he ſhews a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his ſermons. They were ſo enraged at this public detection of their ſecret villanies, by one who ſaw through all their diſguiſes, that they joined in the proſecution of him, which was ſo vigorous, that Pilate at laſt conſented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of theſe repreſentations of our Lord, have made the word Phariſee to be looked upon as odious amongſt Chriſtians, and to mean only one who lays the utmoſt ſtreſs upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having ſuch an inward ſenſe of it, as would

lead him to a general and ſincere obſervance of thoſe duties which can only ariſe from the heart, and which cannot be ſuppoſed to ſpring from a deſire of applauſe or profit.

‘ This is plain from the hiſtory of the life and actions of our Lord in the four evangeliſts. One of them, St. Luke, continued his hiſtory down in a ſecond part, which we commonly call The Acts of the Apoſtles. Now it is obſervable, that in this ſecond part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apoſtles did and ſuffered at Jeruſalem upon their firſt entering upon their commiſſion, and alſo of what St. Paul did after he was conſecrated to the apoſtleſhip until his journey to Rome, we find not only no oppoſition to Chriſtianity from the Phariſees, but ſeveral ſignal occaſions in which they aſſiſted its firſt teachers, when the Chriſtian church was in its infant ſtate. The true, zealous and hearty perſecutors of Chriſtianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the freethinkers among the Jews. They believed neither reſurrection, nor angel, nor ſpirit, i. e. in plain Engliſh, they were deiſts at leaſt, if not atheiſts. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate, and they pretended forſooth to belong only to a particular ſect; and becauſe there was nothing in the law of Moſes which in ſo many words aſſerted a reſurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the old teſtament. Theſe men therefore juſtly dreaded the ſpreading of Chriſ-

tianity after the aſcenſion of our Lord, becauſe it was wholly founded upon his reſurrection.

'Accordingly therefore when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and had thereby raiſed a wonderful expectation of themſelves among the people, the prieſts and Sadducees, Acts iv. clapt them up, and ſent them away for the firſt time with a ſevere reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after thoſe ſevere inſtances of the apoſtolical power had alarmed the prieſts, who looked upon the temple-worſhip, and conſequently their bread, to be ſtruck at; theſe prieſts, and all they that were with them, who were of the ſect of the Sadducees, impriſoned the apoſtles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the prieſts and Sadducees propoſed to proceed with great rigour againſt them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Phariſee, St. Paul's maſter, a man of great authority among the people, many of whoſe determinations we have ſtill preſerved in the body of the Jewiſh traditions, commonly called the Talmud, oppoſed their heat, and told them, for aught they knew, the apoſtles might be actuated by the Spirit of God, and that in ſuch a caſe it would be in vain to oppoſe them, ſince if they did ſo, they would only fight againſt God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was ſo conſiderable a man among his own ſect, that we may reaſonably believe he ſpoke the ſenſe of his

party as well as his own. St. Stephen's martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was prosecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter and John. One novice indeed of that sect was so zealous, that he kept the clothes of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from heaven by which he was converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the apostle of the Gentiles. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in these earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees pursuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the 21st of the Acts. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the 22d chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the 23d chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him, though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah, yet they would not deny but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then if they opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our

Lord, which they ſaw ſo ſtrenuouſly aſſerted by the apoſtles, whoſe miracles they alſo ſaw and owned, (Acts iv. 16) ſeems to have ſtruck them, and many of them were converted (Acts xv. 5) even without a miracle, and the reſt ſtood ſtill and made no oppoſition.

'We ſee here what the part was which the Phariſees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees we meet not with one in the whole apoſtolic hiſtory that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Phariſee. St. Paul we ſee, after his converſion, always gloried in his having been bred a Phariſee. He did ſo to the people of Jeruſalem, to the great council, to king Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may juſtly infer, that it was not their inſtitution, which was in itſelf laudable, which our bleſſed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocriſy, their covetouſneſs, their oppreſſion, their overvaluing themſelves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions all which were not properly eſſentials of their inſtitution, that our Lord blamed.

'But I muſt not run on. What I would obſerve, ſir, is that atheiſm is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to human ſociety, if it were inveſted with ſufficient power, than religion under any ſhape, where its profeſſors do at the bottom believe what they profeſs. I deſpair not of a papiſt's converſion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papiſt's mercy, (and no

protestant would, if he knew what popery is) though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the free-thinker who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the just freedoms of mankind, no longer than until he himself gets into power; and by the instance before us, we have small grounds to hope for his salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

'If these notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this time, for which reason they are sent in this manner to you by,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM WOTTON[a].'

[a] This letter signed with the final letters of his name appears to be Dr. Wotton's, by comparing it with his Miscellaneous Discourses, vol. i. p. 95, *et seqq.* Dr. Wotton was probably the translator too of the parting Discourse of Cyrus to his Friends, and consequently the author of the whole of this paper, N° 93. See an account of Dr. Wotton, in Nichols's Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer, p. 50. and p. 73. See also Supplement to Granger, vol. i. p. 150.

Nº 94. Monday, June 29, 1713.

By STEELE.

Ingenium ſibi quod vacuas deſumpſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis; ſtatuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit——

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 81.

IMITATED.

The man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
The books and ſtudy gives ſeven years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare;
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue, you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air?

POPE.

SINCE our ſucceſs in worldly matters may be ſaid to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpoſe to enquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and ſurer than they are. The education of youth falls of neceſſity under the direction of thoſe, who through fondneſs to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the miſery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the ſufferers upon wrong advances, ſeldom find out the errors, until they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the univerſities, the errors which I conceive to be in thoſe places fall moſt naturally under the following obſervation. The firſt miſ-

management in theſe public nurſeries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howſoever different ages, views and capacities, to the ſame lectures. Surely there can be no reaſon to think, that a delicate tender babe, juſt weaned from the boſom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinencies of his heart's deſire, ſhould be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philoſophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occaſionally ſcourged through ſome of the great ſchools, groaned under conſtant rebuke and chaſtiſement, and maintained a ten years war with literature, under very ſtrict and rugged diſcipline.

I know the reader has pleaſed himſelf with an anſwer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and deſigns of the pupil, cannot be expected from the trifling ſalary paid upon ſuch account. The price indeed which is thought a ſufficient reward for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable conſideration; the enlarging which would not only increaſe the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to ſuch as deſigned to take this province upon them, to furniſh themſelves with a more general and extenſive knowledge. As the caſe now ſtands, thoſe of the firſt quality pay their tutors but little above half ſo much as they do their footmen: what morality, what hiſtory, what taſte of the modern languages, what laſtly, that can make a man happy or great, may not be expected in return for ſuch an immenſe treaſure. It is monſtrous indeed, that the men of the beſt eſtates and families, are more ſolicitous about the tutelage of a

favourite dog or horſe, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the univerſity for the Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon ſuch exerciſes as many of them are incapable of performing, with any tolerable ſucceſs. Upon this emergency they are ſuccoured by the allowed wits of their reſpective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very ſmall proportion of ſenſe.

But the moſt eſtabliſhed error of our univerſity education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accompliſhments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few bleſſed with a genius, that ſhall force ſucceſs by the ſtrength of itſelf alone, and few occaſions of life that require the aid of ſuch genius; the vaſt majority of the unbleſſed ſouls ought to ſtore themſelves with ſuch acquiſitions, in which every man has capacity to make a conſiderable progreſs, and from which every common occaſion of life may reap great advantage. The perſons that may be uſeful to us in the making our fortunes, are ſuch as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to ſay, that the men of figure and family are more ſuperficial in their education, than thoſe of a leſs degree, and of courſe, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another, which they themſelves are maſters of. For their own application implies the purſuit of ſomething commendable; and when they ſee their own

characters propoſed as imitable, they muſt be won by ſuch an irreſiſtible flattery. But thoſe of the univerſity, who are to make their fortunes by a ready inſinuation into the favour of their ſuperiors, contemn this neceſſary foppery ſo far, as not to be able to ſpeak common ſenſe to them without heſitation, perplexity, and confuſion. For want of care in acquiring leſs accompliſhments which adorn ordinary life, he that is ſo unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him ſo.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is ſaid purely for their ſervice, and tends to no other injury againſt them, than admoniſhing them not to overlook ſuch little qualifications, as they every day ſee defeat their greater excellencies in the purſuit both of reputation, and fortune.

If the youth of the univerſity were to be advanced, according to their ſufficiency in the ſevere progreſs of learning; or 'riches could be ſecured to men of underſtanding, and favour to men of ſkill;' then indeed all ſtudies were ſolemnly to be defied, than did not ſeriouſly purſue the main end; but ſince our merit is to be tried by the unſkilful [b] many, we muſt gratify the ſenſe of the injudicious majority, ſatisfy ourſelves that the ſhame of a trivial qualification, ſticks only upon him that prefers it to one more ſubſtantial. The more accompliſhments a man is

[b] If the univerſities are to be modelled agreeably to the fancies of the unſkilful, I cannot think at what point they are to ſtop. All that can be ſaid is, that accompliſhed characters are formed at our univerſities, and not on too ſlaviſh a plan; for Cromwell, Milton, Locke, &c. were bred there. A.

maſter of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance, and upon theſe conſiderations without doubt, the author of the Italian book called Il Cortegiano, or the Courtier[c], makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horſe, nay even wreſtling, with ſeveral other as low qualifications, neceſſary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reaſon no doubt, becauſe his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to purſue this end, was the furniſhing him with ſuch real and ſeeming excellencies as each degree had its particular taſte of. But thoſe of the univerſity, inſtead of employing their leiſure hours in the purſuit of ſuch acquiſitions as would ſhorten their way to better fortune, enjoy thoſe moments at certain houſes in the town, or repair to others at very pretty diſtances out of it, where 'they drink and forget their poverty, and remember their miſery no more.' Perſons of this indigent education are apt to paſs upon themſelves and others for modeſt, eſpecially in the point of behaviour; though it is eaſy to prove, that this miſtaken modeſty not only ariſes from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its oppoſite, pride. For he that is conſcious of his own inſufficiency to addreſs his ſuperiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the ſame neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the conſtruction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue againſt the baſe ſubmiſſive application from men

[c] Written by Conte Baldaſſar Caſtiglione, and publiſhed in Italian and Engliſh, with a life of the author, by A. P. Caſtiglione, of the ſame family. 4to. Lond. 1727.

of letters to men of fortune, and be grieved when they ſee, as Ben Jonſon ſays,

> '——The learned pate
> Duck to the golden fool ——'

though theſe are points of neceſſity and convenience, and to be eſteemed ſubmiſſions rather to the occaſion than to the perſon. It was a fine anſwer of Diogenes, who being aſked in mockery, why philoſophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philoſophers, replied, 'Becauſe the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.' It certainly muſt be difficult to prove, that a man of buſineſs, or a profeſſion, ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are ſo. Upon this account they have little converſation with thoſe who might do them moſt ſervice, but upon ſuch occaſions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or ſay in ſuch matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being ſerviceable, is conſtantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau, is I think, what the men that pretend to learning pleaſe themſelves in ridiculing: and yet if we compare theſe perſons as we ſee them in public, we ſhall find that the lettered coxcombs without good-breeding, give more juſt occaſion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more perſons than our converſation, and a failure in it is therefore more viſible. What pleaſant victories over the

loud, the ſaucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding; which qualifications, could we but join them, would beget a confidence, as ariſing from good ſenſe and good-nature, would never let us oppreſs others, or deſert ourſelves. In ſhort, whether a man intends a life of buſineſs or pleaſure, it is impoſſible to purſue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good breeding. I ſhall conclude with the face at leaſt of a regular diſcourſe; and ſay, if it is our behaviour and addreſs upon all occaſions that prejudice people in our favour, or to our diſadvantage, and the more ſubſtantial parts, as our learning and induſtry, cannot poſſibly appear but to few; it is not juſtifiable to ſpend ſo much time, in that which ſo very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the cenſure of ſo many.

Nº 95. Tueſday, June 30, 1713.

By STEELE.

—Aliena negotia centum—— HOR. 2. Sat. vi. 33.
A crowd of petitioners. CREECH.

I FIND buſineſs increaſe upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

'SIR, Oxford, June 24, 1713.

'THIS day Mr. Oliver Purville, gentleman, property-man to the theatre royal in the room of Mr. William Peer[d], deceaſed, arrived

[d] See Guard. Nº 82. Account of Mr. William Peer, property-man.

here in widow Bartlett's waggon. He is an humble member of the Little Club[e], and a paſſionate man, which makes him tell the diſaſters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly underſtood. By what I can gather from him, it ſeems that within three miles of this ſide Wickham, the party was ſet upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was ſupercargo to the great hamper in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre; the crowns and ſcepters of the poſterity of Banquo; the bull, bear and horſe of captain Otter; bones, ſkulls, pickaxes, a bottle of brandy, and five muſkets; fourſcore pieces of ſtock-gold, and thirty pieces of tin-ſilver hid in a green purſe within a ſkull. Theſe the robbers, by being put up ſafe, ſuppoſed to be true, and rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville's own current coin. They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was caſed up in the ſame hamper, and one of them put on the ſaid Jacomo's maſk to eſcape. They alſo did ſeveral extravagancies with no other purpoſe but to do miſchief; they broke a mace for the lord mayor of London. They alſo deſtroyed the world, the ſun and moon, which lay looſe in the waggon. Mrs. Bartlett is frighted out of her wits, for Purville ſays he has her ſervant's receipt for the world, and expects ſhe ſhall make it good. Purville is reſolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes behind the ſcenes a bed chamber of the hamper. His bed is that in which Deſdemona is to die, and he uſes the

[e] See Guard. Nº 91 and Nº 92, by Mr. Pope.

ſheet in which Mr. Johnſon is tied up in a comedy, for his own bed of nights. It is to be hoped the great ones will conſider Mr. Purville's loſs. One of the robbers has ſent, by a country fellow, the ſtock gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville:'

"SIR,

"IF you had been an honeſt man, you would not have put bad money upon men who venture their lives for it. But we ſhall ſee you when you come back.

PHILIP SCOWRER."

'There are many things in this matter which employ the ableſt men here, as whether an action will lie for the world among people who make the moſt of words? or whether it be adviſeable to call that round ball the world, and if we do not call it ſo, whether we can have any remedy? The ableſt lawyer here ſays there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be anſwered how could the world be in one ſhire, to wit, that of Buckingham; for the county muſt be named, and if you do not name it we ſhall certainly be nonſuited. I do not know whether I make myſelf underſtood; but you underſtand me right when you believe I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

and faithful correſpondent,

The PROMPTER[f].'

[f] See inventory of playhouſe-goods, by Addiſon, in the Tat. N° 42; and the laſt letter of this N° 95.

'Honoured Sir,

'Your character of Guardian makes it not only neceſſary, but becoming, to have ſeveral employed under you. And being myſelf ambitious of your ſervice, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet diſpoſed of—I mean that of your lion-catcher[g]. It was, ſir, for want of ſuch commiſſion from your honour, that very many lions have lately eſcaped. However, I made bold to diſtinguiſh a couple. One I found in a coffee-houſe—He was of the larger ſort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I conſidered wherein he was dangerous; and accordingly expreſſed my diſpleaſure againſt him, in ſuch a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to ſhow his teeth. The other was a ſmall lion, who was ſlipping by me as I ſtood at the corner of an alley—I ſmelt the creature preſently, and catched at him, but he got off with the loſs of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth abovementioned I have by me, and deſign them both for a preſent to Button's coffee-houſe.

'Beſides this way of dealing with them, I have invented many curious traps, ſnares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole ſpecies in a ſhort time.

'This is humbly ſubmitted to your honour's conſideration; and I am ready to appear before your honour, to anſwer to ſuch queſtions as you,

[g] This letter refers to Guard. Nº 71, an eſſay on political lions, by Addiſon.

in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask, whenever you please to command,

Your Honour's most obedient
humble servant,
Midsummer-day. HERCULES CRABTREE[h].

'N. B. I have an excellent nose.'

Tom's coffee-house, in
'SIR, Cornhill, June 19, 1713.

'READING in your yesterday's paper a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-house for polite conversation and freedom from the argument by the Button[h], I make bold to send you this to assure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a decorum in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c. as at Will's, or at any other coffee-house at your end of the town. In order therefore to preserve this house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent, by seizing on the collar, neckcloth, or any other part of the body, or dress, it would be of signal service if you would be pleased to intimate, that we, who frequent this place after Exchange-time, shall have the honour of seeing you here sometimes; for that would be a sufficient guard to us from all such petty practices, and also be a means of enabling the honest man, who keeps the house, to continue to serve us with the best bohea and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
JAMES DIAPER.

[h] See Guard. Nº 85, and Nº 84.

'P. S. The room above ſtairs is the handſomeſt in this part of the town, furniſhed with large pier glaſſes for perſons to view themſelves in, who have no buſineſs with any body elſe, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.'

'SIR,

'I AM a very great ſcholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immenſe number of books curiouſly bound and gilt. I excel in a ſingularity of diction and manners, and viſit perſons of the firſt quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle-ſhells, which, however does not defend me from the inſults of another learned man, who neglects me in a moſt inſupportable manner: for I have it from perſons of undoubted veracity, that he preſumed once to paſs by my door without waiting upon me. Whether this be conſiſtent with the reſpect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgment, and am,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

PHILAUTUS[i].'

'FRIEND NESTOR, Oxford[k], June 18, 1713.

'I HAD always a great value for thee, and have ſo ſtill: but I muſt tell thee, that thou ſtrangely affecteſt to be ſage and ſolid: now pr'ythee let me obſerve to thee, that though

[i] See Tat. Nº 216, Nº 221, and notes.
[k] See Guard. Nº 72, and notes.

it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not ſo common to become wiſer. Verily to me thou ſeemeſt to keep ſtrange company, and with a poſitive ſufficiency incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependeſt too much likewiſe upon thy correſpondence here, and art apt to take people's words without conſideration. But my preſent buſineſs with thee is to expoſtulate with thee about a late paper occaſioned as thou ſay'ſt, by Jack Lizard's information (my very good friend), that we are to have a Public Act.

'Now I ſay, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common-ſenſe will deny: all that is there ſaid, is that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blaſted, i. e. nobody ought to have an ill character, who does not deſerve it. Very true; but here's this falſe conſequence inſinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleaſes, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironſide, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppreſſions ought to be concealed, or juſtified? Art thou a gentleman, and would'ſt thou have baſe, ſordid, ignoble tricks connived at, or tolerated? Art thou a ſcholar, and would'ſt thou have learning and good-manners diſcouraged? Would'ſt thou have cringing ſervility, paraſitical ſhuffling, fawning, and diſhoneſt compliances, made the read to ſucceſs? Art thou a Chriſtian, and would'ſt thou have all villainies within the law practiſed with impu-

nity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain, there are many things which though there are no laws againſt them, yet ought not to be done; and in ſuch caſes there is no argument ſo likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public ſhame for doing them. The two great reaſons againſt an Act are always, the ſaving of money, and hiding of roguery.

"Here many things are omitted which will be in the ſpeech of the Terræfilius."

'And now, dear Old Iron, I am glad to hear that at theſe years thou haſt gallantry enough left to have thoughts of ſetting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monſters, and a defender of diſtreſt damſels.

'Adieu, old fellow, and let me give thee this advice at parting. E'en get thyſelf caſe-hardened[l]; for though the very beſt ſteel may ſnap, yet old iron you know will ruſt.

UMBRA.

'Be juſt, and publiſh this.'

'MR. IRONSIDE, Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713.

'THIS day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr. George Powel, commanded the artillery both celeſtial and terreſtrial. The magazines of ſnow, lightning, and thunder, are ſafely laid up[m]. We

[l] A conceit on Steele's name; caſe-hardening of iron is a ſuperficial converſion of that metal into ſteel. See Guard. N° 102, *ad finem*, by Addiſon.

[m] See Tat, N° 42. Inventory of the playhouſe; and Guard. N° 72.

have had no diſaſter on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon: but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were ſhown our [n] chambers in Lincoln college. The Terræfilius expects you down, and we of the theatre deſign to bring you into town with all our guards. Thoſe of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæſar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, ſhall meet you at Shotover. The ghoſt of Hamlet, and the ſtatue which ſupped with Don John, both ſay, that though it be at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We ſhall be in very good order when all are come down. We have ſent to town for a brick-wall which we forget. The ſea is to come by water.

Your moſt humble ſervant,
and faithful correſpondent,
THE PROMPTER [o].'

[n] For our read your

[o] See notes on Guard. Nº 10 and Nº 15. Mr. L. Euſden was perhaps the writer of this and the preceding letter from Oxford. See The Publiſher to the Reader.

*** This day was publiſhed, The Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff. Printed for A. Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-Lane. Price 3d.—Guard. in fol. By the author of the following paper.

Nº 96. Wednesday, July 1, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.

VIRG. Æn. v. 70.

Let all be present at the games prepar'd ;
And joyful victors wait the just reward.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says mon-

ſieur le Comte [p], until the ſubject is dead. If he has pleaſed his emperor to the laſt, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious ſubject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his ſovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more eſteemed by the perſon who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince than the giving of medals. But there is ſomething in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes ſuch a reward much leſs valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin ſtamped on the occaſion, which is made a preſent to the perſon who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own cuſtody. The applauſe that is beſtowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in poſſeſſion of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may ſee the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a ſtranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in

[p] Pere le Compte, or Comte, a Jeſuit miſſionary, publiſhed his remarks on China in the French language, under the title of Nouveaux Memoires ſur l'état preſent de la Chine. The edition of Amſterdam in 1698, is in 2 vols. 8vo; that of Paris in 1701, is in 3 vols. Of the Engliſh tranſlation there are two editions in 8vo.; the laſt is in 1737. See Spect. Nº 189.

this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend [q] of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gen-

[q] Dr. Swift. Something in this way was actually done under the direction of sir Andrew Fountaine, who was warden of the Mint, and raised, but did not gratify the expectations of the public. The coins and medals struck with relation to public affairs fell very far short of those of the ancients, and even of France, in design, device, spirit, and legend; it was said that the warden's genius was cramped by the saving knowledge of some people concerned in the business. Sir A. Fountaine was knighted by king William, and was vice chamberlain to queen Caroline. He was well versed in the knowledge of antiquities, and perfectly master of the taste of Virtu. In the 78th year of his age, he died at his seat at Narford in Norfolk, A. D. 1753. His fine and large collection of antiquities, china, Roman Fayence, called Raphael's Earthen Ware, &c. &c. was disposed at his seat in the most secure and elegant manner, where it still is, or was very lately.

tleman above-mentioned to men of the greateſt genius, as well as quality; I am informed there is now a deſign on foot for executing the propoſal which was then made, and that we ſhall have ſeveral farthings and halfpence charged on the reverſe with many of the glorious particulars of her majeſty's reign. This is one of thoſe arts of peace which may very well deſerve to be cultivated, and which may be of great uſe to poſterity.

As I have in my poſſeſſion the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord treaſurer, I ſhall here give the public a ſight of it. For I do not queſtion but that the curious part of my readers will be very much pleaſed to ſee ſo much matter, and ſo many uſeful hints upon this ſubject, laid together in ſo clear and conciſe a manner.

THE Engliſh have not been ſo careful as other polite nations to preſerve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their ſubjects are few, their mottos and devices mean, and the coins themſelves not numerous enough to ſpread among the people, or deſcend to poſterity.

The French have outdone us in theſe particulars, and by the eſtabliſhment of a ſociety for the invention of proper inſcriptions and deſigns, have the whole hiſtory of their preſent king in a regular ſeries of medals.

They have failed as well as the Engliſh, in coining ſo ſmall a number of each kind, and thoſe of ſuch coſtly metals, that each ſpecies may

be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or high-way, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society,

nor if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time, perpetuate the glories of her majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions. ☞[r].

Nº 97. Thursday, July 2, 1713.

By ADDISON.

—*Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.* JUV. Sat. viii. 97.

'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left. STEPNEY.

'SIR,

'I WAS left a thousand pounds by an uncle; and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my application to one who had

r. Distinguished by a hand, the mark of Addison's papers in the Guardian, as Steele informs us in The Publisher to the Reader. It is reprinted in Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 135.

buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she-friends who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman. Now you must know, sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas[s], and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword knot, a pair of silver-fringed gloves, and a diamond ring[t]. But whether out of ficklenesss or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day, she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with

[s] Duumvirs fair wig cost forty guineas. Tat. N° 54.
[t] See Guard. N° 34, *ad finem.*

it above an hour together, without receiving the leaſt reprimand, and had many other marks of favour ſhown me, which I thought amounted to a promiſe. If ſhe chanced to drop her fan, ſhe received it from my hands with great civility. If ſhe wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards received a diſh of it from her own hands. Now, ſir, do you judge, if after ſuch encouragements ſhe was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpoſe to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the ſpace of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thouſand pound upon her, having laid out the laſt fifty in a new ſuit of clothes, in which I was reſolved to receive a final anſwer, which amounted to this, "that ſhe was engaged to another; that ſhe never dreamt I had any ſuch thing in my head as marriage; and that ſhe thought I had frequented her houſe only becauſe I loved to be in company with my relations." This, you know, ſir, is uſing a man like a fool, and ſo I told her; but the worſt of it is, that I have ſpent my fortune to no purpoſe. All therefore that I deſire of you is, to tell me whether upon exhibiting the ſeveral particulars which I have related to you, I may not ſue her for damages in a court of juſtice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige

Your moſt humble admirer,

SIMON SOFTLY.

Before I anſwer Mr. Softly's requeſt, I find myſelf under a neceſſity of diſcuſſing two nice points. Firſt of all, What it is, in caſes of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement? Secondly, What it is that amounts to a promiſe? Each of which ſubjects requires more time to examine than I am at preſent maſter of. Beſides, I would have my friend Simon conſider, whether he has any counſel that will undertake his cauſe *in forma pauperis*, he having unluckily diſabled himſelf, by his account of the matter, from proſecuting his ſuit any other way.

In anſwer however to Mr. Softly's requeſt, I ſhall acquaint him with a method made uſe of by a young fellow in king Charles the Second's reign, whom I ſhall here call Silvio, who had long made love with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whoſe true name I ſhall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more ſmitten with her fortune than her perſon, finding a twelvemonth's application unſucceſsful, was reſolved to make a ſaving bargain of it; and ſince he could not get the widow's eſtate into his poſſeſſion, to recover at leaſt what he had laid out of his own in the purſuit of it.

In order to this he preſented her with a bill of coſts, having particularized in it the ſeveral expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was ſo pleaſed with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that upon the peruſal of the bill, ſhe ſent him a purſe of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover in leſs than a year, got a woman of a greater fortune than

her[u] he had miſſed. The ſeveral articles in the bill of coſts I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular ſum charged to each article.

Laid out in ſupernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a ſerenade, with a ſpeaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of ſonnets and love-verſes, purchaſed at different times of Mr. Triplet at a crown a ſheet.

To Zelinda two ſticks of May-cherries.

Laſt ſummer at ſeveral times, a buſhel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The firſt who ſtood centry near her door.

The ſecond who had his ſtand at the ſtables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the ſtreet where Ned Courtall lives, who has ſince married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurors kept in pay all laſt winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningſmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigail) an Indian

u 'Than ſhe was whom he had miſſed.' Lowth's Introd. to Engl. Grammar. 2d edit. 1763. p. 160.

fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-ſervice money to Betty at the ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loſs of time. ☞[v].

N° 98. Friday, July 3, 1713.

By ADDISON.

In ſeſe redit—— VIRG. Georg. iv. 444.

He reſumes himſelf.

THE firſt who undertook to inſtruct the world in ſingle papers was Iſaac Bickerſtaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironſides. We have often ſmoaked a pipe together; for I was ſo much in his books[w], that at his deceaſe he left me a ſilver ſtandiſh, a pair of ſpectacles, and the lamp by which he uſed to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Iſaac was ſucceeded by a gentleman of the ſame family, very memorable for the ſhortneſs of his face and of his ſpeeches. This ingenious author publiſhed his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applauſe, for two years together.

I Neſtor Ironſide, have now for ſome time undertaken to fill the place of theſe my two renowned kinſmen and predeceſſors. For it is ob-

[v] Diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the mark of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 138.

[w] Books. i. e. good graces.

ſerved of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of ſome of us, that we are apt on this occaſion, rather to give than take [x].

However it be, I cannot but obſerve with ſome ſecret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not ſucceeded for any ſpace of time in the hands of any perſons who are not of our line. I believe I ſpeak within compaſs, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, ſome of which have been writers in other kinds of the greateſt eminence in the kingdom: but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unſucceſsful eſſays. It puts me in mind of a ſtory which was lately told me of a pleaſant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid ſervant ſeeing his inſtrument lying upon the table, and being ſenſible there was muſic in it, if ſhe knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the ſtrings, and at laſt told her maſter ſhe had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burthen of ſuch a paper is only fit to reſt on the ſhoulders of Bickerſtaff or an Ironſide; there are ſeveral who can acquit themſelves of a ſingle day's labour in it with ſuitable abilities. Theſe are gentlemen whom I

[x] An alluſion to Steele, See Addiſon's let. in Hughes's correſpondence. Vol. i, p. 80. let. 26.

have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have ſeveral of them acquitted themſelves to my private emoluments; as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulyſſes his bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his ſtrength. One who does not care to write a book without being ſure of his abilities, may ſee by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taſte.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the beſt ſenſe, who are always diffident of their private judgment, until it receives a ſanction from the public. ‘*Provoco ad populum,*’ ‘I appeal to the people,’ was the uſual ſaying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any diſpute with particular perſons about the juſtneſs and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be ſatisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world beſides himſelf. Common modeſty ſhould, on this occaſion, make a man ſuſpect his own judgment, and that he miſapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himſelf ſingular in the applauſe which he beſtows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a juſt deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. ‘I laugh at every one,’ ſaid an old cynic, ‘who laughs at me.’ ‘Do you ſo,’ replied the philoſopher; ‘then let me tell you, you live the merrieſt life of any man in Athens.’

It is not therefore the leaſt uſe of this my pa-

per, that it gives a timorous writer, and ſuch is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of ſounding the public before he launches into it. For this reaſon I look upon my paper as a kind of nurſery for authors, and queſtion not but ſome who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flouriſh under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy (though I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of ſome other perſon, and not of Neſtor Ironſide.

I have I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myſelf, *more majorum*, almoſt the length of a whole Guardian; I ſhall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what ſtill relates to my own perſon, and my correſpondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth inſtant it is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of thoſe I have deſcribed in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is ſaid to paſs. This head is to open a moſt wide and voracious mouth, which ſhall take in ſuch letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correſpondents, it being my reſolution to have a particular regard to all ſuch matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own cuſtody,

to receive ſuch papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion ſwallows I ſhall digeſt for the uſe of the public. This head requires ſome time to finiſh, the workman being reſolved to give it ſeveral maſterly touches, and to repreſent it as ravenous as poſſible. It will be ſet up in Button's coffee-houſe in Covent-garden [y], who is directed to ſhew the way to the lion's head; and to inſtruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with ſafety and ſecrecy. ☞ [z].

[y] The lion's head, formerly at Button's coffee-houſe, is ſtill preſerved at the Shakſpeare tavern in Covent-garden. There is under it an inſcription incorrectly formed from the two following detached lines of Martial.

> '*Servantur magnis iſti cervicibus ungues:*
> *Non niſi dilectâ paſcitur ille ferâ.*'

See the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvii. p. 311.

[z] Diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the mark of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, as Steele informs us in The Publiſher to the Reader. It is likewiſe reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 141. See Guard. N° 114, N° 116, N° 118, N° 134.

N° 99. Saturday, July 4, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Juſtum et tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni,
Mente quatit ſolidâ; neque auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor. 3 Od. iii. 1.

PARAPHRASED.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours, and tumultuous cries:
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtues of his ſoul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt the falling world. Anon.

There is no virtue ſo truly great and godlike as juſtice. Moſt of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Juſtice is that which is practiſed by God himſelf, and to be practiſed in its perfection by none but him. Omniſcience

and omnipotence are requiſite for the full exertion of it. The one to diſcover every degree of uprightneſs or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other, to meaſure out and impart ſuitable rewards and puniſhments.

As to be perfectly juſt is an attribute in the Divine Nature, to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public adminiſtration in his hands, acts like the repreſentative of his Maker, in recompenſing the virtuous, and puniſhing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or as my friend Cato expreſſes it much better in a ſentiment conformable to his character,

‘ When by juſt vengeance impious mortals periſh,
The Gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aſide.’

When a nation once loſes its regard to juſtice; when they do not look upon it as ſomething venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare preſume to leſſen, affront or terrify thoſe who have the diſtribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cauſe may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that ſuch a nation is haſtening to its ruin.

For this reaſon the beſt law that has ever paſt in our days, is that which continues our judges in their poſt during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of ſuch who in

ill times might, by an undue influence over them trouble and pervert the courſe of juſtice. I dare ſay the extraordinary perſon who is now poſted in the chief ſtation of the law[a], would have been the ſame had that act never paſt; but it is a great ſatisfaction to all honeſt men, that while we ſee the greateſt ornament of the profeſſion in its higheſt poſt, we are ſure he cannot hurt himſelf by that aſſiduous, regular and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, for which he is ſo univerſally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greateſt national bleſſings, and ſhould have that honour paid them whilſt they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I ſee a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, reſentment, ſolicitation, and even pity itſelf. Whatever paſſion enters into a ſentence or deciſion, ſo far will there be in it a tincture of injuſtice. In ſhort, juſtice diſcards party, friendſhip, kindred, and is therefore always repreſented as blind, that we may ſuppoſe her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cauſe, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a Perſian ſtory, which is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject. It will not a little pleaſe the reader, if he has the ſame taſte of it which I myſelf have.

[a] Sir Thomas Parker, l. c. j. of the queen's bench, afterwards earl of Macclesfield and lord chancellor.

As one of the ſultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peaſant's houſe, and finding his wife very handſome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peaſant complained the next morning to the ſultan, and deſired redreſs; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incenſed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another viſit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the officer entered again the peaſant's houſe, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himſelf to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The ſultan went in perſon, with his guards, to the poor man's houſe, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the ſultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the houſe, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpſe laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and ſtand about the dead body. The ſultan approaching it looked about the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his riſing up, he ordered the peaſant to ſet before him whatever food he had in the houſe. The peaſant brought out a good deal of coarſe fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peaſant ſeeing him in good humour, pre-

ſumed to aſk of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer ſhould be ſlain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be ſet before him, of which he now eat ſo heartily? The ſultan being willing to gratify the curioſity of his hoſt, anſwered him in this manner. 'Upon hearing the greatneſs of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reaſon to think it might have been one of my own ſons, for who elſe would have been ſo audacious and preſuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguiſhed, that I might not be led aſtray, by partiality or compaſſion, from doing juſtice on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flambeaux a ſecond time, I looked upon the face of the dead perſon, and, to my unſpeakable joy, found it was not my ſon. It was for this reaſon that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have ſet before me, you will ceaſe to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occaſion, ſince the firſt complaints you brought me, has hindered me eating any thing from that time until this very moment.' ☞[b].

[b] Diſtinguiſhed by a hand, which Steele aſcertains as the mark of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 143.

N° 100. Monday, July 6, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Hoc vos præcipuè, niveæ, decet; hoc ubi vidi,
Oſcula ferre humero, quà patet, uſque libet.
OVID. Ars Amator. iii. 309.

If ſnowy-white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare;
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.
CONGREVE.

THERE is a certain female ornament by ſome called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a ſlip of fine linen or muſlin that uſed to run in a ſmall kind of ruffle round the uppermoſt verge of the woman's ſtays, and by that means covered a great part of the ſhoulders and boſom. Having thus given a definition, or rather deſcription of the tucker, I muſt take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aſide this fig-leaf, and expoſed in its primitive nakedneſs that gentle ſwelling of the breaſt which it was uſed to conceal. What their deſign by it is, they themſelves beſt know.

I obſerved this as I was ſitting the other day by a famous ſhe-viſitant at my lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my ſight fall into her boſom[c]. I was ſurpriſed with beauties which I never before diſcovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herſelf could not forbear bluſhing, when

[c] See N° 109, ſecond letter ſigned Olivia.

ſhe obſerved by my looks that ſhe had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could ſcarce forbear making uſe of my hand to cover ſo unſeemly a ſight.

If we ſurvey the pictures of our great grand-mothers in queen Elizabeth's time, we ſee them clothed down to the very wriſts, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only ſamples they gave of their beautiful perſons. The following age of females made larger diſcoveries of their complexion. They firſt of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of their ſex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expoſe their arms to the coldneſs of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath ſucceeded to their wiſhes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have eſcaped them had they been ſtill concealed.

About the ſame time the ladies conſidering that the neck was a very modeſt part in a human body, they freed it from thoſe yokes, I mean thoſe monſtrous linen ruffs, in which the ſimplicity of their grand-mothers had incloſed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dreſs ſtill ſunk lower; ſo that when we now ſay a woman has a handſome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The diſuſe of the tucker has ſtill enlarged it, inſomuch that the neck of a fine woman at preſent takes in almoſt half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies ſeem diſpoſed to diſcover them-

ſelves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themſelves where to make a ſtop.

For my own part, their necks as they call them, are no more than buſts of alabaſter in my eye. I can look upon

'The yielding marble of a ſnowy breaſt,'

with as much coldneſs as the line of Mr. Waller repreſents in the object itſelf. But my fair readers ought to conſider that all their beholders are not Neſtors. Every man is not ſufficiently qualified with age and philoſophy, to be an indifferent ſpectator of ſuch allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations are of a roving nature, and their paſſions under no diſcipline or reſtraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I ſee her thus expoſing herſelf to the regard of every impudent ſtaring fellow. How can ſhe expect that her quality can defend her, when ſhe gives ſuch provocation? I could not but obſerve laſt winter, that upon the diſuſe of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the faſhionable term of art) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and ſtare the fair ſex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent theſe ſaucy familiar glances, I would intreat my gentle readers to ſew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modeſty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedneſs but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What moſt troubles and indeed ſurpriſes me in

this particular, I have obſerved that the leaders in this faſhion were moſt of them married women. What their deſign can be in making themſelves bare I cannot poſſibly imagine. Nobody expoſes wares that are appropiated. When the bird is taken, the ſnare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumſtance in the inſtitution of the ſevere Lycurgus: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and ſtrength of a republic conſiſted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to it he preſcribed a certain looſe dreſs for the Spartan maids, in which there were ſeveral artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themſelves in motion diſcovered ſeveral limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made uſe of, by that wiſe law-giver to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once ſped, ſhe was not ſuffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were cloſed up, ſtitched together with the greateſt care imaginable. The ſhape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occaſions, and ſhall ſtill continue to inculcate[d] into my female readers; namely, that nothing beſtows ſo much beauty on a woman as Modeſty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himſelf, the

[d] This word is reprobated by Dr. Armſtrong, in his Sketches, by L. Temple.

greateſt maſter in the art of love. He obſerves upon it, that Venus pleaſes moſt when ſhe appears *(ſemi-reducta)* in a figure with drawing herſelf from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the ſtatue which we ſee in the Venus de Medicis, where ſhe is repreſented in ſuch a ſhy retiring poſture, and covers her boſom with one of her hands. In ſhort, modeſty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it beſtows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinſtates the widow in her virginity. ☞[e]

N° 101. Tueſday, July 7, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Tros Tyriuſve mihi nullo diſcrimine habetur.

VIRG. Æn. i. 730.

Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name;
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

THIS being the great day of thankſgiving for the peace[f], I ſhall preſent my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to ſee France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in ſeveral epiſtles. Thoſe which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I queſtion not

[e] Diſtinguiſhed by a hand, as one of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 146. See Guardian, N° 109.

[f] See N° 103, paragr. 2; N° 105; and N° 102, Adv.

but my reader will think himſelf obliged to me for ſo doing.

'SIR,

'SINCE I had the happineſs to ſee you laſt, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and ſince that ſeveral bruiſes upon the land, lame poſt-horſes by day, and hard beds at night, with many other diſmal adventures,

"*Quorum animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit.*"
VIRG. Æn. ii. 12.

"At which my memory with grief recoils."

'My arrival at Paris was at firſt no leſs uncomfortable, where I could not ſee a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; ſo that my moſt agreeable companions have been ſtatues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not ſpeak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative,

'I am ſettled for ſome time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been I think the pleaſanteſt part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art, to furniſh out ſuch a multitude of noble ſcenes as I there met with, or that ſo many delightful proſpects could lie within the compaſs of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the courſe of rivers, raiſes woods in a day's time, and

plants a village or town on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to ſee how many tricks he has made the water play for his diverſion. It turns itſelf into pyramids, triumphal arches, glaſs bottles, imitates a firework, riſes in a miſt, or tells a ſtory out of Æſop.

'I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landſcapes than thoſe about the king's houſes, or with all your deſcriptions raiſe a more magnificent palace than Verſailles. I am however ſo ſingular as to prefer Fontainbleau to all the reſt. It is ſituated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of ſavage proſpects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made uſe of ſo much art as is neceſſary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The caſcades ſeem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moſs, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildneſs in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, inſtead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that ſtrikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is ſomething more charming in theſe rude heaps of ſtone than in ſo many ſtatues, and would as ſoon ſee a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is toſſed up in ſo many whimſical figures at Verſailles. To paſs from works of nature to thoſe of art. In my opinion, the pleaſanteſt part of Verſailles is the gallery. Every one ſees on each ſide of it ſomething that will

be ſure to pleaſe him. For one of them commands a view of the fineſt garden in the world, and the other is wainſcotted with looking-glaſs[g]. The hiſtory of the preſent king until the year 16 . . . is painted on the roof by Le Brun, ſo that his majeſty has actions enough by him to furniſh another gallery much longer than the preſent.

'The painter has repreſented his moſt chriſtian majeſty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and ſtriking terror into the Danube, and Rhine, that lie aſtoniſhed and blaſted with lightning above the cornice.

'But what makes all theſe ſhows the more agreeable, is the great kindneſs and affability that is ſhown to ſtrangers. If the French do not excel the Engliſh in all the arts of humanity, they do at leaſt in the outward expreſſions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the Engliſh are a much wiſer nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the moſt agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briſkneſs in him at threeſcore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones ſcarce converſible, when a little waſted and tempered by years, makes a very pleaſant and gay old age. Beſides, this national fault of being ſo very talkative looks natu-

[g] There are vaſt windows into the garden, and the ſame in looking glaſs oppoſite to them, on the blank ſide, which produce a fine effect, for you ſee the garden on both ſides of you as you walk along the gallery. A.

ral and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

I am, Sir, &c.[h]'

'Sir, Blois, May 15, N. S.

'I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

'I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magni-

h This and the following letter, with two more in Guardian N° 104, seem to have been the communications of Mr. G. Berkeley, of Trinity college, Dublin, afterwards D. D. dean of Derry, and bishop of Cloyne. He certainly went abroad as chaplain and secretary to the earl of Peterborough, in 1713, and perhaps two or three months sooner than the time mentioned in the memoirs of the bishop published in 1784, 8vo. on the authority it is said of the bishop's brother, lord Robert Berkeley, D. D. rector of Middleton, in the diocese of Cloyne. See Memoirs of G. Berkeley, D. D. &c. p. 7. Addison evidently was only the publisher of this paper, and of N° 104. The letters of which they consist were probably written by Mr. Berkeley to Steele. See N° 104.

ficence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can ſcarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the ſame time it makes half his ſubjects go barefoot. The people are however the happieſt in the world, and enjoy from the benefit of their climate, and natural conſtitution, ſuch a perpetual gladneſs of heart and eaſineſs of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot beſtow on thoſe of other nations. It is not in the power of want or ſlavery, to make them miſerable. There is nothing to be met with in the country, but mirth, and poverty. Every one ſings, laughs, and ſtarves. Their converſation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or ſenſe, they are ſure to ſhow it. They never mend upon a ſecond meeting, but uſe all the freedom and familiarity at firſt ſight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can ſcarce draw from an Engliſhman. Their women are perfect miſtreſſes in the art of ſhowing themſelves to the beſt advantage. They are always gay and ſprightly, and ſet off the worſt faces in Europe with the beſt airs. Every one knows how to give herſelf as charming a look and poſture as ſir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without obſerving, that from what I have already ſeen of the world, I cannot but ſet a particular mark of diſtinction upon thoſe who abound moſt in the virtues of their nation, and leaſt with its imperfections. When therefore I ſee the good ſenſe of an Engliſhman in its higheſt perfection without any mixture of the ſpleen, I

hope you will excuſe me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Sir, yours, &c.'

☞[i].

[i] Diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the mark of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 152. N. B. Addiſon ſeems to have compiled or communicated this paper, N° 101, from the letter-box. In ſome copies it is not diſtinguiſhed by his mark, and wants the hand at the end. See Guard. N° 104.

*** Juſt publiſhed, the ſeventh edition of Cato, in a neat pocket volume, 12mo, with copies of verſes to the author, prefixed. Guard. in folio.

N° 102. Wedneſday, July 8, 1713.

By ADDISON.

—— *Natos ad flumina primùm*
Deferimus, ſævoque gelu duramus et undis

VIRG. Æn. ix. 603.

Strong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

DRYDEN.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for ſomething that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The preſent ſeaſon of the year having put moſt of them in ſlight ſummer-ſuits, has turned my ſpeculations to a ſubject that concerns every one who is ſenſible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greateſt part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconſtant than the Britiſh climate, if we except the humour

of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the ſeaſons of the year. I have ſhivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in Auguſt, and roſe in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily[k] ſuit.

I remember a very whimſical fellow (commonly known by the name of Poſture-maſter[l]) in king Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the taylors about town. He would often ſend for one of them to take meaſure of him, but would ſo contrive it as to have a moſt immoderate riſing in one of his ſhoulders. When the clothes were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other ſhoulder. Upon which the taylor begged pardon for the miſtake, and mended it faſt as he could, but upon a third trial found him a ſtraight-

[k] Doily was a famous draper about this time, probably the inventor, certainly a principal vender of this kind of cloth, &c.

[l] Mr. Joſeph Clark, commonly called the poſture-maſter. His father, a diſtiller in Shoe-lane, put him firſt to liking to Mr. John Coniers, an apothecary in Fleet-ſtreet; but not being pleaſed with that employment, he was bound apprentice to a ſilk-man in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, beyond Bedlam. He travelled afterwards in the duke of Buckingham's retinue to Paris, where he began to be taken notice of for his agility and poſtures. Thence he went into Ireland. In 1690 he died in his houſe in Pall-Mall, and was buried in the Pariſh-church of St. Martin in the Fields. Harl. MSS. 5912. There are many repreſentations of Clark, in different attitudes, in the London Cries, and in the Britiſh Muſeum. See Dr. King's Works, 3 vol. cr. 8vo. 1776. Vol. ii. p. 17. Tat. Nº 108, and note on poſture-maſter.

ſhouldered man as one would deſire to ſee, but a little unfortunate in a humpt back. In ſhort, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impoſſible to accommodate ſo changeable a cuſtomer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a ſuit to a ſeaſon of our Engliſh climate.

After this ſhort deſcant on the uncertainty of our Engliſh weather, I come to my moral.

A man ſhould take care that his body be not too ſoft for his climate; but rather, if poſſible, harden and ſeaſon himſelf beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourſelves by cuſtom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakneſs of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The ſofteſt of our Britiſh ladies expoſe their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accuſtomed to it. The whole body by the ſame means might contract the ſame firmneſs and temper. The Scythian that was aſked how it was poſſible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, 'Becauſe we are all over face.' Mr. Locke adviſes parents to have their children's feet waſhed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the moſt healthful exerciſes in the world, were it made uſe of in the education of youth. It

would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be ſomewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is ſaid to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The ſtory adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immerſion, and which by that means loſt the benefit of theſe hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually ſoftening ourſelves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it, than the air without doors[m].

Craſſus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For theſe twenty years laſt paſt he has been clothed in frize of the ſame colour, and of the ſame piece. He fancies he ſhould catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was thread-bare, he dares not do it leſt he ſhould take cold when the knap is off. He could no more live without his frize-coat, than without his ſkin. It is not indeed ſo properly his coat as what the anatomiſts call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Craſſus from myſelf! It is indeed the particular diſtinction of the Ironſides to be robuſt and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worſt. My

[m] A peaſant's cottage in Yorkſhire is often heated up to 70 degrees on Fahrenheit's ſcale, and is generally warmer than the parlours of the rich and effeminate, in this age of liſt and carpets.

father lived until a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather uſed to throw off his hat, and go open-breaſted, after fourſcore. As for myſelf, they uſed to ſowſe me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, ſo that I am now looked upon as one of the moſt caſe-hardened[n] of the whole family of the Ironſides. In ſhort, I have been ſo plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myſelf as a piece of true-tempered ſteel[o], and can ſay with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies pleaſe, forehead all over[p].

[n] See Guard. N° 95. Note on caſe-hardened.

[o] Iron and ſteel are but one and the ſame metal in different ſtates; ſteel is tempered, by being ſuddenly plunged when red hot into cold water; and when tempered it may be untempered again.

[p] Diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the mark of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian. See the Publiſher to the Reader. It is likewiſe reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to, vol. iv. p. 152. Steele was too delicate to have named himſelf, even in a pun.

*** There is now in hand, and will be ſpeedily publiſhed, an exact draught of the royal Fireworks which were yeſterday performed, by the directions of colonel Hopkey and colonel Boigard, on the river Thames before Whitehall. Etched by Mr. James Thornhill. Guard. in fol.

N° 103. Thursday, July 9, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur olympi.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 586.

With mimic thunder impiously he plays,
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

I AM considering how most of the great phænomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor[q]. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed[r], that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble firework that was exhibited last night upon

[q] Phosphorus, or phosphor, a name applied to all substances capable of giving light in the dark; but it signifies here a kind of very combustible sulphur composed of a peculiar acid, united with phlogiston, which may be made to burn weakly in a heat from ten to fifteen degrees. The discovery of this phosphor was not very much antecedent to the date of this paper. Processes for making it were known before this century began; but they were incomplete, or over-expensive, and the operation still continued a secret till 1737, when a stranger introduced it into France, and for a public reward communicated the process for making it as now made.

[r] See N° 101, N° 105, and notes.

the Thames. You might there ſee a little ſky filled with innumerable blazing ſtars and meteors. Nothing could be more aſtoniſhing than the pillars of flame, clouds of ſmoke, and multitudes of ſtars mingled together in ſuch an agreeable confuſion. Every rocket ended in a conſtellation, and ſtrow'd the air with ſuch a ſhower of ſilver ſpangles, as opened and enlightened the whole ſcene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in Œdipus,

'Why from the bleeding womb of monſtrous night
Burſt forth ſuch myriads of abortive ſtars?'

In ſhort, the artiſt did his part to admiration, and was ſo encompaſſed with fire and ſmoke, that one would have thought nothing but a Salamander could have been ſafe in ſuch a ſituation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole ſhow. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occaſions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is preſent, began to exert his talent upon the ſeveral objects we had before us. 'I am mightily pleaſed,' ſays he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world ſo proper to write with as wild-fire, as no character can be more legible than thoſe which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for ſeeing them in ſuch combuſtible figures. Who can imagine Chaſtity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Juſtice indeed may be furniſhed out of this element as far as her ſword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze if the artiſt pleaſes.

Our companion obſerving that we laughed at this unſeaſonable ſeverity, let drop the critic, and propoſed a ſubject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amuſing, if executed by ſo able an artiſt[s] as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a ſcene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery repreſent the Pan-dæmonium, where

'——— from the arched roof
Pendant by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky—————'

This might be finely repreſented by ſeveral illuminations diſpoſed in a great frame of wood, with ten thouſand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men verſed in this art know very well how to raiſe. The evil ſpirits at the ſame time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of Art to terrify and ſurpriſe the Spectator.

We are well enough pleaſed with this ſtart of thought, but fancied there was ſomething in it too ſerious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work deſcribed, if I am not miſtaken, by Strada[t]. A prince of Italy, it ſeems, entertained his miſtreſs with it upon a great lake. In the midſt of this lake was a huge floating moun-

[s] There were two artiſts on this occaſion, colonel Hopkey, and colonel Boigard. See advert. *ad finem.*

[t] Stradæ Prol. Acad. l. ii. Prol. 6. Acad. ii.

tain made by art. The mountain repreſented Ætna, being bored through the top with a monſtrous orifice. Upon a ſignal given the eruption began. Fire and ſmoke, mixed with ſeveral unuſual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for ſome time. On a ſudden there was heard a moſt dreadful rumbling noiſe within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burſt, and diſcovered a vaſt cavity in that ſide which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's ſhop full of fire, and clock-work. A column of blue flame iſſued out inceſſantly from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flaſhes. Venus ſtood by him in a figure of the brighteſt fire, with numberleſs Cupids on all ſides of her, that ſhot out vollies of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot ſeveral other particulars no leſs curious, and have only mentioned theſe to ſhew that there may be a ſort of fable or deſign in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to thoſe ſurpriſing objects.

I ſeldom ſee any thing that raiſes wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I have ſeen, I could not forbear reflecting on the inſignificancy of human art, when ſet in compariſon with the deſigns of Providence. In the purſuit of this thought I conſidered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-ſtar, as a ſky-

rocket difcharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers faw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of fwiftnefs than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourfcore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought it is to confider this ftupendous body traverfing the immenfity of the creation with fuch a rapidity, and at the fame time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prefcribed for it! that it fhould move in fuch inconceiveable fury and combuftion, and at the fame time with fuch an exact regularity! How fpacious muft the univerfe be that gives fuch bodies as thefe their full play, without fuffering the leaft diforder or confufion. What a glorious fhow are thofe beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and fee myriads of fuch tremendous objects wandering through thofe immeafurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courfes! Our eyes may hereafter be ftrong enough to command this magnificent profpect, and our underftandings able to find out the feveral ufes of thefe great parts of the univerfe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of Infinite Wifdom and Power, and learn to think humbly of ourfelves, and of all the little works of human invention.

☞[u]

[u] This paper Nº 103, as well as the feven preceding numbers, are diftinguifhed by a hand, the mark of Addifon's papers in the Guardian. It is likewife reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edit. of Addifon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 254.

, There is now in hand, and will be ſpeedily publiſhed, an exact draught of the royal Fireworks which were yeſterday performed by the directions of colonel Hopkey and colonel Boigard, on the river Thames, before Whitehall. Etched by Mr. James Thornhill. Guardian in folio. N° 102. It is advertiſed as publiſhed that day, in Guardian N° 120. July 29, 1713.

†‡† 'Showers of rain,' ſays the author of this paper, 'are to be met with in every water-work,' p. 129. The obſervation probably roſe out of the advertiſement of Winſtanley's Water Theatre, at the end of this number in the Guardian, in fol. which is not different from ſimilar advertiſements given before.

N° 104. Friday, July 10, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent. TACIT.

The farther fetch'd, the more they pleaſe.

On Tueſday laſt [v] I publiſhed two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my beſt readers, I ſhall this day publiſh two more from the ſame hand. The firſt of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deſerve the attention of thoſe who are verſed in our Britiſh antiquities.

[v] See Guard. N° 101, and note, which ſuggeſts a conjecture that George Berkeley, then fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, afterwards D. D. and biſhop of Cloyne, was really the author both of that and of this paper, of which Addiſon appears to have been only the publiſher; nevertheleſs both theſe papers, N° 101 and N° 104, are reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 149; and p. 157, *et ſeqq.*

'SIR, Blois, May 15, N. S.

'BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

'I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

"In the reign of king John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine, his brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John the other brother, who in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the king of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother,

and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; until after some toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the king of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English."

"*Le Roi d'Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle mémoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidélité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d'argent cantonée de quatre coquilles d'or en champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle qui est participation des deux croix que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.*"

'I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder that I ſhould ſend you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare ſay never thought, when you deſired me to write to you, that I ſhould trouble you with a ſtory of king John, eſpecially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furniſhes diſcourſe for all Europe. But I confeſs I am the more fond of the relation, becauſe it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though at the ſame time I muſt own it is not ſo much the vanity of an Engliſhman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking an occaſion to ſubſcribe myſelf, Sir,

Yours, &c.'

'Sir, Blois, May 20, N. S.

'I am extremely obliged to you for your laſt kind letter[w], which was the only Engliſh that had been ſpoken to me for ſome months together, for I am at preſent forced to think the abſence of my countrymen my good fortune:

'*Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abeſſet.*'
Ovid. Met. iii. 468.

'Strange wiſh, to harbour in a lover's breaſt!
I wiſh that abſent, which I love the beſt.'

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I ſtayed near the French court, though

[w] A letter probably from Steele, to the Traveller, ſuppoſed to be Mr. (afterwards biſhop) Berkeley.

I muſt confeſs I would not but have ſeen it, becauſe I believe it ſhewed me ſome of the fineſt places, and of the greateſt perſons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor ſee a man that has not ſignalized himſelf in a battle. One would fancy one's ſelf to be in the inchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with ſo many heroes, and finds ſomething ſo like ſcenes of magic in the gardens, ſtatues, and water-works. I am aſhamed that I am not able to make a quicker progreſs through the French tongue [x], becauſe I believe it is impoſſible for a learner of a language to find in any nation ſuch advantages as in this, where every body is ſo very courteous, and ſo very talkative. They always take care to make a noiſe as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour in the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have ſeen, there is more mirth in the French converſation, and more wit in the Engliſh. You abound more in jeſts, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of ſo much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his anſwering only No or Yes to a queſtion, which a Frenchman generally makes a ſentence of. They have a ſet of ceremonious phraſes that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than

[x] Is it tongue or language, ſays Swift to Mrs. Johnſon, his wife.

to hear a ſhopkeeper deſiring his neighbour to have the goodneſs to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of coblers that are extremely glad of the honour of ſeeing one another.

'The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this ſeaſon pleaſant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than thoſe of our own nation. I am ſure the French year has got the ſtart of ours more in the works of nature, than in the new ſtile. I have paſt one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being waſhed with rains.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

☞ y

y This paper, and Nº 101, are diſtinguiſhed by hands, as papers of Addiſon, who probably was not the author, but only the publiſher, of them. The publication of the Guardian devolved entirely on Addiſon, for two or three weeks, about this time: and it ſeems that if he had been always circumſtanced as Steele was, he would have called as loudly for 'the letter box,' as Steele is ſaid to have done by Dr. Johnſon. An attentive reader muſt long ere now have anticipated this remark, and can be at no loſs for previous inſtances that might be urged as arguments of its probability.

N° 105. Saturday, July 11, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris:
Perdere nec fœtus ausa Leæna suos.
At teneræ faciunt, sed non impune puellæ;
Sæpe, suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.
Ovid. Amor. 2 Eleg. xiv. 35.

The tigresses, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will spare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food!
Nor will the Libyan lionesses slay
Their whelps: but women are more fierce than they,
More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear;
Nor Nature's call, tho' loud she cries, will hear.
But righteous vengeance oft their crimes pursues,
And they are lost themselves who would their children lose.
Anon.

There was no part of the show on the thanksgiving-day [z] that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed

[z] See N° 101, and N° 103.

among this little helpleſs people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any ſentiments of humanity.

I am very ſorry that her majeſty did not ſee this aſſembly of objects, ſo proper to excite that charity and compaſſion which ſhe bears to all who ſtand in need of it, though at the ſame time I queſtion not but her royal bounty will extend itſelf to them. A charity beſtowed on the education of ſo many of her young ſubjects, has more merit in it than a thouſand penſions to thoſe of a higher fortune who are in greater ſtations in life.

I have always looked on this inſtitution of charity-ſchools, which of late years has ſo univerſally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the moſt proper means that can be made uſe of to recover it out of its preſent degeneracy and depravation of manners. It ſeems to promiſe us an honeſt and virtuous poſterity. There will be few in the next generation, who will not at leaſt be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the ſeveral perſons of wealth and quality, who made their proceſſion through the members of theſe new-erected ſeminaries, will not regard them only as an empty ſpectacle, or the materials of a fine ſhow, but contribute to their maintenance and increaſe. For my part, I can ſcarce forbear looking on the aſtoniſhing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in ſome meaſure the bleſſings returned upon that national charity which has been ſo conſpicuous of late; and that the great ſucceſſes of the laſt war, for which we

lately offered up our thanks, were in ſome meaſure occaſioned by the ſeveral objects which then ſtood before us.

Since I am upon this ſubject, I ſhall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deſerves our attention the more, becauſe it is practiſed by moſt of the nations about us. I mean a proviſion for foundlings[a], or for thoſe children who through want of ſuch a proviſion are expoſed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by thoſe who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either aſhamed, or unable to provide for them.

There is ſcarce an aſſizes where ſome unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of theſe monſters of inhumanity may we ſuppoſe to be wholly undiſcovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence! Not to mention thoſe, who by unnatural practices do in ſome meaſure defeat the intentions of Providence, and deſtroy their conceptions even before they ſee the light. In all theſe the guilt is equal, though the puniſhment is not ſo. But to paſs by the greatneſs of the crime (which is not to be expreſſed by words) if we only conſider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number

[a] See Spect. N° 190, note on the Magdalen-houſe and Aſylum, ſigned P. and the life of capt. Thomas Coram, to whom the public is indebted for the Foundling-hoſpital. New Gen. Biogr. Dict. 8vo.

of citizens, it certainly deſerves the utmoſt application and wiſdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays theſe profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderneſs which is natural to them on other occaſions, is the fear of ſhame, or their inability to ſupport thoſe whom they give life to. I ſhall therefore ſhew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from thoſe who have been converſant in the ſeveral great cities in Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Liſbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hoſpitals built like our colleges. In the walls of theſe hoſpitals are placed machines, in the ſhape of large lanthorns[b], with a little door in the ſide of them turned towards the ſtreet, and a bell hanging by them. The child is depoſited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inſide of the hoſpital. The perſon who conveys the child, rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further enquiries. The parent, or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet chriſtened, the name it ſhould be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been ſome years in the hoſpital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling

[b] Baſkets in the ſhape of large lanthorns. A.

for his ſon, or left his eſtate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preſerved, and do ſignal ſervices to their country, who without ſuch a proviſion might have periſhed as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like deſtruction.

This I think is a ſubject that deſerves our moſt ſerious conſideration, for which reaſon I hope I ſhall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers. ☞ [c]

N° 106. Monday, July 13, 1713.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ.

PERS. Sat. v. 29.

The deep receſſes of the human breaſt.

As I was making up my Monday's proviſion for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furniſh out myſelf, I ſhall ſet it before the reader, and deſire him to fall on without farther ceremony.

'SIR,

'YOUR two kinſmen and predeceſſors of immortal memory [d], were very famous

[c] This paper, N° 105, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted, by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 160.

[d] Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. and the Spectator.

for their dreams and viſions, and contrary to all other authors never pleaſed their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is obſerved, that the ſecond ſight generally runs in the blood; and, ſir, we are in hopes that you yourſelf, like the reſt of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a ſeer of viſions. In the mean time while I beg leave to make you a preſent of a dream, which may ſerve to lull your readers until ſuch time as you yourſelf ſhall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal diſcoveries.

'You muſt underſtand, ſir, I had yeſterday been reading and ruminating upon that paſſage where Momus is ſaid to have found fault with the make of a man, becauſe he had not a window in his breaſt. The moral of this ſtory is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is ſo full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no gueſſing at what he is, from his ſpeeches, and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the ſexes would be, if there was a window in the breaſt of every one that makes or receives love. What proteſtations and perjuries would be ſaved on the one ſide, what hypocriſy and diſſimulation on the other! I am myſelf very far gone in this paſſion for Aurelia, a woman of an unſearchable heart. I would give the world to know the ſecrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is the happy perſon.

'I fell aſleep in this agreeable reverie, when

on a ſudden methought Aurelia lay by my ſide. I was placed by her in the poſture of Milton's Adam, and with looks of cordial love "hung over her enamour'd." As I caſt my eye upon her boſom, it appeared to be all of chryſtal, and ſo wonderfully tranſparent that I ſaw every thought in her heart. The firſt images I diſcovered in it were fans, ſilk, ribbands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay ſo thick together, that the whole heart was nothing elſe but a toyſhop. Theſe all faded away and vaniſhed, when immediately I diſcerned a long train of coaches and ſix, equipages and liveries, that ran through the heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I obſerved the whole ſpace to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could ſee diſtinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick ſucceſſion of different ſcenes. A play-houſe, a church, a court, a puppet-ſhow, roſe up one after another, until at laſt they all of them gave place to a pair of new ſhoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. Theſe were driven at laſt off by a lap-dog, who was ſucceeded by a guinea-pig, a ſquirrel, and a monkey. I myſelf, to my no ſmall joy, brought up the rear of theſe worthy favourites. I was raviſhed at being ſo happily poſted and in full poſſeſſion of the heart: but as I ſaw the little figure of myſelf ſimpering and mightily pleaſed with its ſituation, on a ſudden the heart methought gave a ſigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little repreſentative vaniſhed; for upon applying my eye, I

found my place taken up by an ill-bred, aukward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman however did not keep his ſtation long, before he yielded it up to a wight as diſagreeable as himſelf, with a white ſtick in his hand. Theſe three laſt figures repreſented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart, between Love, Avarice, and Ambition; for we juſtled one another out by turns, and diſputed the poſt for a great while. But at laſt, to my unſpeakable ſatisfaction, I ſaw myſelf entirely ſettled in it. I was ſo tranſported with my ſucceſs, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of cryſtal, when to my unſpeakable mortification I awaked, and found my miſtreſs metamorphoſed into a pillow.

'This is not the firſt time I have been thus diſappointed.

'O venerable Neſtor, if you have any ſkill in dreams, let me know whether I have the ſame place in the real heart, that I had in the viſionary one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very ſanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the chryſtal heart, remembering that confounded ſimile in Valentinian, of a maid "as cold as cryſtal never to be thawed." Beſides, I verily believe if I had ſlept a little longer, that aukward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his ſecond entrance. If you can tell the fair-one's mind, it will be no ſmall proof of your art, for I

dare ſay it is more than ſhe herſelf can do. Every ſentence ſhe ſpeaks is a riddle ; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

Your humble ſervant,

PETER PUZZLE[e]."

N° 107. Tueſday, July 14, 1713.

BY ADDISON.

——*tentanda via eſt*—— VIRG. Georg. iii. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller[f], and may poſſibly, in ſome of my future papers, oblige him with more from the ſame hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a ſort of correſpondent as diverting as a traveller; his ſubject having the ſame grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curioſity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondneſs for a project, and may ſay without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myſelf. I could mention ſome which I have brought to maturity, others which have miſcarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their

[e] This paper, N° 106, is not diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, but it is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, vol. iv. p. 162. The reader muſt judge for himſelf of the deference due in this caſe to Mr Tickell's authority ; to the deciſiveneſs of which the paper itſelf ſuggeſts objections.

[f] See N° 101, N° 104, and notes on the author of them.

ſtate in the world when I ſee a proper juncture: I had a hand in the land bank [g], and was conſulted with, upon the reformation of manners [h]. I have had ſeveral deſigns upon the Thames and the New-river [i], not to mention my refinements upon lotteries [k], and inſurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which if it had ſucceeded to my wiſhes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper [l]. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from theſe my deſigns, it was not for want of any good-will towards them. They are obliged to me for

g The land bank was once really propoſed, and deſigned as a rival bank, to lend money upon land ſecurity.

h See Tat. N° 3, and note on the ſociety for the reformation of manners.

i This ſeems to refer to Steele's contrivance for bringing fiſh to London, which was not completed till four or five years after the date of this paper, and did not ſucceed. See an account of it in a note on Steele's Letters, vol. i. let. 279, p. 165, 2 vol. cr. 8vo. 1787.

k This ſeems to allude to Steele's Multiplication Table; a ſpecies of lottery which proved illegal. See Spect. N° 413, N° 415, N° 417, new edition; and Swift's Works, vol. 19, p. 169, cr. 8vo.

l This appears to be another of Addiſon's oblique ſtrokes at Steele, who is ſaid to have been one of the laſt eminent men in this country who waſted money in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone. Certainly he had a laboratory at Poplar, now converted into a garden-houſe, where it may be he cultivated general chemiſtry, at greater expence than his fortune could bear. See Tat. N° 7, note, and Guard. N° 166. If theſe pleaſantries and oblique ſtrokes were really Addiſon's, they ſeem to have been unfriendly, becauſe unſeaſonable; for it appears that Steele was at this time embarraſſed and in a ſtate of vexation. See his letters of this date to his wife. Steele's Letters, vol. i. let. 172, let. 174, &c. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 1787; and Town-Talk, N° iv.

my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

'SIR,

'A MAN of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is, in English, men who call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose: I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a nomenclator to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the Ring[m], I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the

[m] In Hyde-park, then a fashionable place of resort.

boxes, and at the ſame time point out to him the perſons who ogle them from their reſpective ſtations. I need not tell you that I may be of the ſame uſe in any other public aſſembly. Nor do I only profeſs the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the ſight of a reigning beauty, I ſhall mention her admirers, and diſcover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I ſhall likewiſe mark out every toaſt, the club in which ſhe was elected, and the number of votes that were on her ſide. Not a woman ſhall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too ſhall be ſet out in their diſtinguiſhing characters, and declared whoſe properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good-humour, their perſons, ſtations, and titles, ſhall be deſcribed at large.

'I have a wife who is a nomenclatreſs, and will be ready, on any occaſion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myſelf, and is acquainted with all the private hiſtory of London and Weſtminſter, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herſelf, and thirty clandeſtine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

'N. B. She is a near kinſwoman of the author of the New Atalantis[n].

'I need not recommend to a man of your

[n] Mrs. A. D. Manley. See Tat. Nº 63, Nº 243, and notes.

ſagacity, the uſefulneſs of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon

Your humble ſervant.'

After this letter from my whimſical correſpondent, I ſhall publiſh one of a more ſerious nature, which deſerves the utmoſt attention of the public, and in particular of ſuch who are lovers of mankind. It is on no leſs a ſubject than that of diſcovering the longitude, and deſerves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any ſuch term. But all I can ſay on this ſubject will be ſuperfluous when the reader ſees the names of thoſe perſons by whom this letter is ſubſcribed, and who have done me the honour to ſend it me. I muſt only take notice, that the firſt of theſe gentlemen is the ſame perſon who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, intitled, A Scheme of the Solar Syſtem, with the orbits of the planets and comets belonging thereto, deſcribed from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philoſoph. Tranſ. No. 297, founded on ſir Iſaac Newton's wonderful diſcoveries, by Willam Whiſton, M. A.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

AT BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE, NEAR COVENT-GARDEN.

'SIR, London, July 11, 1713.

'HAVING a diſcovery of conſiderable importance to communicate to the public,

º See Tat. Nº 43, note.

and finding that you are pleaſed to concern yourſelf in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to deſire the inſertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in ſo uſeful a paper. Nor do we inſiſt on any protection from you, if what we propoſe ſhould fall ſhort of what we pretend to; ſince any diſgrace, which in that caſe muſt be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely borne by ourſelves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

'It is well known, ſir, to yourſelf and to the learned, and trading, and ſailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ſhip at ſea has no certain method, in either her eaſtern or weſtern voyages, or even in her leſs diſtant ſailing from the coaſts to know her longitude, or how much ſhe is gone eaſtward or weſtward, as it can eaſily be known in any clear day or night, how much ſhe is gone northward or ſouthward. The ſeveral methods by lunar eclipſes, by thoſe of Jupiter's ſatellites, by the appulſes of the moon to fixed ſtars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how ſolid foundations ſoever they are built, ſtill failing in long voyages at ſea, when they come to be practiſed; and leaving the poor ſailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is ſo great, and ſo many ſhips have been loſt by it, and this has been ſo long and ſo ſenſibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are ſaid to be publicly offered for

its ſupply. We are well ſatisfied, that the diſcovery we have to make as to this matter is eaſily intelligible by all, and ready to be practiſed at ſea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewiſe found at the ſame time; and that with proper charges it may be made as univerſal as the world ſhall pleaſe; nay that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactneſs than the latitude itſelf is now uſually found at ſea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public conſideration. We are ready to diſcloſe it to the world, if we may be aſſured that no other perſon ſhall be allowed to deprive us of thoſe rewards which the public ſhall think fit to beſtow for ſuch a diſcovery; but do not deſire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till ſir Iſaac Newton himſelf, with ſuch other proper perſons as ſhall be choſen to aſſiſt him, have given their opinion in favour of this diſcovery. If Mr. Ironſide pleaſes ſo far to oblige the public as to communicate this propoſal to the world, he will alſo lay a great obligation on

His very humble ſervants,

WILL. WHISTON,

HUMPHRY DITTON.'

☞ [p]

[p] This paper, N° 107, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian: and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 165.

N. B. Addiſon and Steele befriended Whiſton eſſentially, promoted a ſubſcription for his aſtronomical lectures at Button's coffee-houſe, and were among the honourable few who raiſed a comfortable ſubſiſtence to this ungrateful man and his family when diſtreſſed. See Tat. cr. 8vo. 6 vols. N° 251, vol. vi. note.

N° 108. Wednesday, July 15, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Abietibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui.
VIRG. Æn. ix. 674.

———Youths, of height and ſize,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe,
DRYDEN.

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but ſince I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to ſome gentlemen whom it would not be very ſafe to diſoblige, I muſt inſert the following remonſtrance; and at the ſame time promiſe thoſe of my correſpondent who have drawn this upon themſelves to exhibit to the public any ſuch anſwer as they ſhall think proper to make to it.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I WAS very much troubled to ſee the two letters which you lately publiſhed concerning the ſhort club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themſelves ſince the reading of thoſe papers[q]. Every one cocks and ſtruts upon it, and pretend to overlook us who are two foot higher than themſelves. I met with one the other day who was at leaſt three inches above five foot, which you know is the ſtatutable meaſure of that club. The overgrown runt has ſtruck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and con-

[q] See N° 91 and N° 92.

tracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected ſociety; nay ſo far did his vanity carry him that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I ſcorn to ſpeak any thing to the diminution of theſe little creatures, and ſhould not have minded them had they been ſtill ſhuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the ſhades of oaks and cedars; but when theſe pigmies pretend to draw themſelves out from the reſt of the world, and form themſelves into a body, it is time for us who are men of figure to look about us. If the ladies ſhould once take a liking to ſuch a diminutive race of lovers, we ſhould, in a little time, ſee mankind epitomized, and the whole ſpecies in miniature; daiſy roots[r] would grow faſhionable diet. In order therefore to keep our poſterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of theſe aſpiring race of upſtarts, we have here inſtituted a Tall Club.

'As the ſhort club conſiſts of thoſe who are under five foot, ours is to be compoſed of ſuch as are above ſix. Theſe we look upon as the two extremes and antagoniſts of the ſpecies: conſidering all thoſe as neuter, who fill up the middle ſpace. When a man riſes beyond ſix foot, he is an hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

'We have already choſen thirty members, the

r Daiſy roots, boiled in milk, are ſaid to check the growth of puppies. At Bologna, to keep them little, they rub their backs with ſpirits of wine. A.

moſt ſightly of all her majeſty's ſubjects. We elected a preſident, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reaſon of his height, having only confirmed him in that ſtation above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a ſhow. As for my own part, I am but a ſeſquipedal, having only ſix foot and a half in ſtature. Being the ſhorteſt member of the club, I am appointed ſecretary. If you ſaw us all together you would take us for the ſons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old gothic parliaments, *ſub dio,* in open air; but we ſhall make an intereſt, if we can, that we may hold our aſſemblies in Weſtminſter-hall when it is not term-time. I muſt add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our ſociety who is now finding out the longitude[s]. The device of our public ſeal is, a crane graſping a pigmy in his right foot.

'I know the ſhort club value themſelves very much upon Mr. Diſtich, who may poſſibly play ſome of his pentameters upon us, but if he does he ſhall certainly be anſwered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his ſtature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatiſe concerning the ſublime[t]. Beſides, I would have Mr. Diſtich conſider, that if Horace was a ſhort man, Muſæus, who makes ſuch a noble figure in Virgil's ſixth Æneid, was taller by the head and ſhoulders than all the people of Elyſium. I ſhall therefore confront his

[s] Probably Mr. Whiſton. See N° 107.

[t] Leonard Welſted, whoſe tranſlation of Longinus firſt appeared in 1712.

lepidissimum homuncionem (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

> " *Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla;*
> *Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba*
> *Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suscipit altis.*"
>
> VIRG. Æn. vi. 666.

> To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd:
> And first to him [u] surrounded by the rest:
> Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast.
>
> DRYDEN.

'If after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, until they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky [v], and hang him upon a peg until he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

'This is, sir, the long and the short of the

[u] Museus.

[v] Dick Distich. See N° 92, paragrap. 2. The meaning is, he shall be dressed in black to make him appear yet less, and hung up upon a peg.

The late Dr. S. Johnson, qualified to have been a member of this tall club, set Osborn astride on a tree at a great height; and at another time he knocked down this bookseller with one of his own folios.

matter. I am ſenſible I ſhall ſtir up a neſt of waſps by it, but let them do their worſt. I think that we ſerve our country by diſcouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into faſhion. If the fair ſex look upon us with an eye of favour, we ſhall make ſome attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and reſtore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagoniſts; I do aſſure you, sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than,

Sir, yours, &c.[w]

N° 109. Thurſday, July 16, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Pugnabat tunicâ ſed tamen illa tegi.

Ovid. Amor. 1 Eleg. v. 14.

Yet ſtill ſhe ſtrove her naked charms to hide.

I have received many letters from perſons of all conditions in reference to my late diſcourſe concerning the tucker[x]. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who ſubſcribes herſelf Teraminta[y] bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dreſs

[w] This paper, N° 108, is not marked with a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; but it is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 168. It is therefore aſcribed here to Addiſon; but the reader is left to judge for himſelf on the competency of this authority.

[x] N° 100. [y] N° 145, *ad finem.*

for an old fellow, who cannot ſee them without a pair of ſpectacles. Another who calls herſelf Bubnelia, vents her paſſion in ſcurrilous terms ; an old ninny-hammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the beſt language ſhe can afford me. Florella indeed expoſtulates with me upon this ſubject, and only complains that ſhe is forced to return a pair of ſtays which were made in the extremity of the faſhion, that ſhe might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one ſide I have been uſed ill (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other ſide received great applauſe and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a ſeaſonable ſtop to this unaccountable humour of ſtripping, that was got among our Britiſh ladies. As I would much rather the world ſhould know what is ſaid to my praiſe, than to my diſadvantage, I ſhall ſuppreſs what has been written to me by thoſe who have reviled me on this occaſion, and only publiſh thoſe letters which approve my proceedings.

'SIR,

'I AM to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen ſuperannuated beauties, for your paper of the 6th inſtant. We all of us paſs for women of fifty, and a man of your ſenſe knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very ſenſible that ſeveral young flirts about town had a deſign to call us out of the faſhionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by ſome of their late refinements. Two or three

of them have been heard to ſay, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as faſt as they could, and have played all thoſe pranks which you have ſo ſeaſonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out ſo ſoon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau monde. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever ſince this fooliſh faſhion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much farther I muſt go, nobody knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may aſſure yourſelf that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our boſoms (in which perhaps we vie with the youngeſt of the ſex) they are not ſufficient to preſerve us againſt the wind and weather. In taking ſo many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and ſaved the life of many of your contemporaries. In ſhort, we all of us beg leave to ſubſcribe ourſelves,

Moſt venerable Neſtor,

Your humble ſervants and ſiſters.'

I am very well pleaſed with this approbation of my good ſiſters. I muſt confeſs I have always looked on the tucker to be the '*decus et tutamen*[z], the ornament and defence, of the female neck.

[z] The words milled on the larger ſilver and gold coins of this kingdom.

My good old lady, the lady Lizard, condemned this faſhion from the beginning, and has obſerved to me, with ſome concern, that her ſex at the ſame time they are letting down their ſtays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow ſhorter and ſhorter every day. The leg diſcovers itſelf in proportion with the neck. But I may poſſibly take another occaſion of handling this extremity, it being my deſign to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female ſex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I ſhall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correſpondents.

'DEAR GUARDEE,

'THIS comes to you from one of thoſe untuckered ladies whom you were ſo ſharp upon on Monday was ſennight[a]. I think myſelf mightily beholden to you for the reprehenſion you then gave us. You muſt know I am a famous olive beauty[b]. But though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black ſparkling eyes ſet in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore thought of this faſhion to inſult the olives and the brunettes. They know very well, that a neck of ivory does not make ſo fine a ſhow as one of alabaſter. It is for this reaſon, Mr. Ironſide, that they are ſo liberal in their diſcoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whiteſt neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of ſnow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's tranſla-

[a] See Nº 100. [b] See Nº 100, paragr. 2, and paragr. 7.

tion of him, ſeems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions

"——her heaving breaſt,
Courting the hand, and ſuing to be preſt."

'Women of my complexion ought to be more modeſt, eſpecially ſince our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of theſe ladies who preſent you with ſuch beautiful ſnowy cheſts, you would find they are not all of a piece. Good father Neſtor, do not let us alone until you have ſhortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient ſtandard.

I am
Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,
OLIVIA.'

I ſhall have a juſt regard to Olivia's remonſtrance, though at the ſame time I cannot but obſerve that her modeſty ſeems to be intirely the reſult of her complexion.

☞ [c]

[c] This paper, N° 109, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 171, it is therefore aſcribed to Addiſon.

⁂ This day is publiſhed, Mr. Pope's Ode for Muſic on St. Cecilia's Day. Printed for B. Lintot, at the Croſs-Keys in Fleet-ſtreet. Where may be had, Windſor Foreſt, 2d. edit. Guardian, in folio, N° 109.

Nº 110. Friday, July 17, 1713.
By ADDISON.

——Non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura——
HOR. Ars Poet. 351.

I will not quarrel with a flight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe.
ROSCOMMON.

THE candour which Horace ſhows in the motto of my paper, is that which diſtinguiſhes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with thoſe little faults in a poetical compoſition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world, than a perfect man. To ſay of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to ſay no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reaſon I conſider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the ſlave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, 'Remember, ſir, that you are a man.' I ſpeak this in relation to the following letter, which criticiſes the works of a great poet, whoſe very faults have more beauty in them than the moſt elaborate compoſitions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and juſt, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am ſure would not care for being praiſed at the expence of another's reputation. I muſt therefore deſire

my correſpondent to excuſe me, if I do not publiſh either the preface or concluſion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

'SIR,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'OUR tragedy writers have been notoriouſly defective in giving proper ſentiments to the perſons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the chriſtian ſyſtem. Lee's Alexander diſcovers himſelf to be a Carteſian in the firſt page of Œdipus;

"—— The ſun's ſick too,
Shortly he'll be an earth——"

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypotheſis two thouſand years before its invention.

"I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his ſpacious hand
Had rounded his huge ball of earth and ſeas,
To give it the firſt puſh, and ſee it roll
Along the vaſt abyſs ———"

'I have now Mr. Dryden's Don Sebaſtian before me, in which I find frequent alluſions to ancient hiſtory, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to ſuppoſe a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's Metamorphoſes when he talked even to

thoſe of his own court; but to allude to theſe Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, ſeems very extraordinary. But obſerve how he deſires him out of the claſſics, in the following lines:

"Why didſt not thou engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To ſtare me into ſtatue?"

'Almeyda at the ſame time is more book-learned than Don Sebaſtian. She plays an hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

"O that I had the frightful heads of hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work, ſtill, ſtill, thou tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt —— "

'She afterwards, in alluſion to Hercules, bids him "lay down the lion's ſkin, and take the diſtaff;" and in the following ſpeech utters her paſſion ſtill more learnedly.

"No, were we join'd, even tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided flame ſhould break from thine."

'The emperor of Barbary ſhews himſelf acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his priſoners, and anſwers the foregoing ſpeech in the ſame claſſic ſtrain:

"Serpent, I will engender poiſon with thee;
Our offspring, like the ſeed of dragon's teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death."

'Ovid ſeems to have been Muley Molock's favorite author, witneſs the lines that follow:

"She ſtill inexorable, ſtill imperious
And loud, as if like Bacchus born in thunder."

'I ſhall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to conſider how prettily it would ſound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco:

"The god of love once more has ſhot his fires
Into my ſoul, and my whole heart receives him."

'Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock; as where he hints at the ſtory of Caſtor and Pollux:

"May we ne'er meet?
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the ſkies——"

'As for the mufti, we will ſuppoſe that he was bred up a ſcholar, and not only verſed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reaſon he is not at all ſurpriſed when Dorax calls him a Phaëton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

'The mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and cardinal Wolſey by name. The poet ſeems to think he may make every perſon in his play know as much as himſelf, and talk as well as he could have done on the ſame occaſion. At leaſt I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned ſentiments, to which I might have added ſeveral others, would

have been better ſuited to the court of Auguſtus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themſelves, and much more ſo in that noble language, which was peculiar to this great poet. I only obſerve that they are improper for the perſons who make uſe of them. Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his ſentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with ſuch obſcene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the looſe Dolabella is no leſs inconſiſtent with himſelf, when all of a ſudden he drops the pagan, and talks in the ſentiments of revealed religion.

"—— Heaven has but
Our ſorrow for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice;
As if there were degrees in infinite:
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent———"

'I might ſhew ſeveral faults of the ſame nature in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the ſpeeches of the great mogul and his empreſs has been generally cenſured. Take the ſentiments out of the ſhining dreſs of words, and they would be too coarſe for a ſcene in Billingſgate.

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I am, &c.' ☞ [d]

This paper, N° 110, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv, p. 173.

Nº 111. Saturday, July 18, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Hic aliquis de gente hircoſâ Centurionum
Dicat: quod ſatis eſt, ſapio mihi; non ego curo
Eſſe quod Arceſilas, ærumnoſique Solones.

Pers. Sat. iii. 77.

But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit,
Cries, I have ſenſe, to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a raſcal who pretends to more:
Damme, whate'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads ſay,
Solon's the verieſt fool in all the play.

Dryden.

I am very much concerned when I ſee young gentlemen of fortune and quality ſo wholly ſet upon pleaſures and diverſions, that they neglect all thoſe improvements in wiſdom and knowledge which may make them eaſy to themſelves, and uſeful to the world. The greateſt part of our Britiſh youth loſe their figure, and grow out of faſhion by that time they are five and twenty. As ſoon as the natural gaiety and amiableneſs of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the reſt of their lives among the lumber and refuſe of the ſpecies. It ſometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themſelves in due time to the purſuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful ſcholars by that time they are threeſcore. I muſt therefore earneſtly preſs my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at thoſe accompliſhments which may ſet off their perſons when their

bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition, to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, 'that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire.' There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

'ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE, GREETING.

'You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewel.'

We ſee by this letter, that the love of conqueſt was but the ſecond ambition in Alexander's ſoul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and eſſentially raiſes one man above another. It finiſhes one half of the human ſoul. It makes being pleaſant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual ſeries of gratifications. It gives eaſe to ſolitude, and gracefulneſs to retirement. It fills a public ſtation with ſuitable abilities, and adds a luſtre to thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of them.

Learning, by which I mean all uſeful knowledge, whether ſpeculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural ſource of wealth and honour. If we look into moſt of the reigns from the conqueſt, we ſhall find that the favourites of each reign have been thoſe who have raiſed themſelves. The greateſt men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flouriſh [e]. A ſuperior capacity for buſineſs, and a more extenſive knowledge, are the ſteps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outſhines the reſt of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould fail of receiving an additional greatneſs, if they take care to accompliſh themſelves for it.

The ſtory of Solomon's choice does not only inſtruct us in that point of hiſtory, but furniſhes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wiſdom, does at the ſame time take the moſt proper method of gaining

e Surely this is no diſcovery. A.

long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

'In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is at this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo, I have given thee a wise and under-

ſtanding heart, ſo that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee ſhall any ariſe like unto thee. And I have alſo given thee that which thou haſt not aſked, both riches and honour, ſo that there ſhall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my ſtatutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream.——'

The French poet has ſhadowed this ſtory in an allegory, of which he ſeems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddeſſes appearing to Paris, or rather from the viſion of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleaſure and Virtue are repreſented as real perſons making their court to the hero with all their ſeveral charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced ſucceſſively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them ſpreading her temptations, and recommending herſelf to the young monarch's choice. Wiſdom enters the laſt, and ſo captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himſelf up to her. Upon which ſhe informs him, that thoſe who appeared before her were nothing elſe but her equipage: and that ſince he had placed his heart upon Wiſdom; Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, ſhould always wait on her as her handmaids. ☞[s]

[s] This paper Nº 111, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 177. See The Publiſher to the Reader, Guard. vol. I.

Nº 112. Monday, July 20, 1713.
By ADDISON.

—— *udam*
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.
HOR. 2 Od. iii. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and crowd below;
And with a soaring wing still mounts on high.
CREECH.

THE philosophers of king Charles his reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous bishop Wilkins[g] was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady[h], who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception[i]. I always leave such trite quotations

g John Wilkins, bishop of Chester. The book here alluded to was published in 1638, under the title of A Discovery of a New World, &c. See Biogr. Brit. art. Wilkins.

h Margaret duchess of Newcastle. See Ballard's Memoirs of British Ladies, and Walpole's Cat. of Royal and Noble Authors.

i The duchess of Newcastle objected to bishop Wilkins, the want of baiting-places in the way to his New World; the bishop expressed his surprise that this objection should be made by a lady who had been all her life employed in building castles in the air. A.

to my reader's private recollection. For which reaſon alſo I ſhall forbear extracting out of authors ſeveral inſtances of particular perſons who have arrived at ſome perfection in this art, and exhibited ſpecimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Inſtead of this I ſhall preſent my reader with the following letter from an artiſt, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

MR. IRONSIDE,

'KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a conſiderable progreſs in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, ſtep, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thankſgiving day it is my deſign to ſit aſtride the dragon upon Bow ſteeple, from whence, after the firſt diſcharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-ſtreet, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual deſcent, I ſhall make the beſt of my way for St. James's-park, and light upon the ground near Roſamond's-pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I ſet out, I ſhall deſire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none ſhall preſume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making.

I intend to work for the court myſelf, and will have journeymen under me to furniſh the reſt of the nation. I likewiſe deſire, that I may have the ſole teaching of perſons of quality, in which I ſhall ſpare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myſelf. I will fly with the women upon my back for the firſt fortnight. I ſhall appear at the next maſquerade dreſſed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may ſee how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, ſir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reaſon when I talk of practiſing to fly, ſilly people think me an owl for my pains; but, ſir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be ſaved when we travel through theſe new highways, and how all family accounts will be leſſened in the article of coaches and horſes. I need not mention poſt and packet-boats, with many other conveniencies of life, which will be ſupplied this way. In ſhort, sir, when mankind are in poſſeſſion of this art, they will be able to do more buſineſs in threeſcore and ten years, than they could do in a thouſand by the methods now in uſe[k]. I therefore recommend myſelf and art to your patronage, and am your moſt humble ſervant,

DÆDALUS.'

k The dates of human life, at the preſent time, and the antediluvian ages. We have got on a little by poſt-chaiſes. Mr. Leonard Brown ſpent £. 700. per annum in them, and muſt have done buſineſs in proportion. A.

I have fully conſidered the project of theſe our modern Dædaliſts, and am reſolved ſo far to diſcourage it, as to prevent any perſon flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give ſuch occaſions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You ſhould have a couple of lovers make a midnight aſſignation upon the top of the monument, and ſee the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both ſexes like the outſide of a pigeon houſe. Nothing would be more frequent than to ſee a beau flying in at a garret-window, or a gallant giving chace to his miſtreſs, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a ſhady wood without ſpringing a covey of toaſts. The poor huſband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous indeed he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there are flocks of whore-maſters perpetually hovering over his houſe? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heireſs muſt have an old woman flying at her heels. In ſhort, the whole air would be full of this kind of gibier[1], as the French call it. I do allow, with my correſpondent, that there would be much more buſineſs done than there is at preſent. However, ſhould he apply for ſuch a patent as he ſpeaks of, I queſtion not but there would be more petitions out of the city againſt it, than ever yet appeared againſt any other monopoly whatſoever. Every tradeſman

[1] Gibier ſignifies no more than flying-game. A.

that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but ſhe would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only conſidered the ill-conſequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but theſe I ſhall defer publiſhing until I ſee my friend aſtride the dragon. ☞ [m].

N° 113. Tueſday, July 21, 1713.

By ADDISON.

———Amphora cæpit
Inſtitui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?

HOR. Ars Poot. ver. 21.

When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow,
Why is the end ſo little and ſo low?

ROSCOMMON.

I LAST night received a letter from an honeſt citizen, who it ſeems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain ſubject, but has an air of good ſenſe and natural honeſty in it, which may perhaps pleaſe the public as much as myſelf. I ſhall not therefore ſcruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is deſigned for common uſe, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

[m] This paper, N° 112, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 180.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE, Cheapſide, July 18.

'I HAVE lately married a very pretty body, who being ſomething younger and richer than myſelf, I was adviſed to go a wooing to her in a finer ſuit of clothes than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dreſs plain, and ſuitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding day I put myſelf, according to cuſtom, in another ſuit, fire-new, with ſilver buttons to it. I am ſo out of countenance among my neighbours upon being ſo fine, that I heartily wiſh my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body obſerves me as I walk the ſtreet, and long to be in my old plain geer again. Beſides forſooth, they have put me in a ſilk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then ſtand in the window with it. I am aſhamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glaſs without bluſhing to ſee myſelf turned into ſuch a pretty little maſter. They tell me I muſt appear in my wedding-ſuit for the firſt month at leaſt; after which I am reſolved to come again to my every day's clothes, for at preſent every day is Sunday with me. Now in my mind, Mr. Ironſide, this is the wrongeſt way of proceeding in the world. When a man's perſon is new and unaccuſtomed to a young body, he does not want any thing elſe to ſet him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-ſuit. I ſhould think therefore, that a man ſhould keep his finery for the latter ſeaſons of marriage, and not begin to dreſs until the honey-

moon is over [n]. I have obſerved at a lord-mayor's feaſt that the ſweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to loſe their ſtomachs. But inſtead of this, we ſerve up delicacies to our gueſts, when their appetites are keen, and coarſe diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my ſilver-buttoned coat and ſilk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife would not repent of her marriage when ſhe ſees what a plain man ſhe has to her huſband. Pray, Mr. Ironſide, write ſomething to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think ſhe can ever love me in a hair button.

I am, &c.

'P.S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they ſay too, I muſt wear all the firſt month.'

My correſpondent's obſervations are very juſt, and may be uſeful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher ſtations, I ſhall raiſe the moral, and obſerve ſomething parallel to the wooing and wedding-ſuit, in the behaviour of perſons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occaſion of unhappy marriages, which though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this. Every man in the time of courtſhip, and in the firſt entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correſpondent's holiday ſuit, which is to

n But who will dreſs at laſt? A.

laſt no longer than until he is ſettled in the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs. He reſigns his inclinations and underſtanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and tranſported by a ſmile. The poor young lady falls in love with this ſupple creature, and expects of him the ſame behaviour for life. In a little time ſhe finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to diſlike what ſhe approves, and that inſtead of treating her like a goddeſs, he uſes her like a woman. What ſtill makes the misfortune worſe, we find the moſt abject flatterers degenerate into the greateſt tyrants. This naturally fills the ſpouſe with ſullenneſs and diſcontent, ſpleen and vapour, which, with a little diſcreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of ſenſe, and always treated her as ſuch during the whole time of courtſhip. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing diſagreeable, as his ſincerity and frankneſs of behaviour made him converſe with her, before marriage, in the ſame manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, ‘ Madam, you ſee what a ſort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promiſe to mend rather than grow worſe.’ I remember Tom was once hinting his diſlike of ſome little trifle his miſtreſs had ſaid or done. Upon which ſhe aſked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at

this rate before? 'No, madam,' ſays Tom, 'I mention this now becauſe you are at your own diſpoſal; were you at mine I ſhould be too generous to do it.' In ſhort, Tom ſucceeded, and has ever ſince been better than his word. The lady has been diſappointed on the right ſide, and has found nothing more diſagreeable in the huſband than ſhe diſcovered in the lover [o].

☞ [p].

N° 114. Wedneſday, July 22, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite:
Fuci recuſant, apibus conditio placet.

PHÆDR. 3 Fab. xiii. 9.

Take the hives, and empty your work into the combs;
The drones refuſe, the bees accept the propoſal.

I THINK myſelf obliged to acquaint the public that the lion's head, of which I advertiſed them about a fortnight ago [q], is now erected at Button's coffee-houſe in Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of ſuch intelligence as ſhall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanſhip, and was deſigned by a great hand in imitation of the antique Ægyptian lion,

o See N° 147; paragr. 2, Frank Foreſight,

p This paper N° 113, is diſtinguiſhed by Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, a hand; and it is likewiſe reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 182.

q See N° 98, and note *ad finem.*

the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are ſtrong and well furrowed. The whiſkers are admired by all that have ſeen them. It is planted on the weſtern ſide of the coffee-houſe, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he ſwallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws. I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth [r], or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and ſhall only beg of them to diet him with wholeſome and ſubſtantial food. I muſt therefore deſire that they will not gorge him either with nonſenſe or obſcenity; and muſt likewiſe inſiſt, that his mouth be not defiled with ſcandal, for I would not make uſe of him to revile the human ſpecies, and ſatyrize thoſe who are his betters. I ſhall not ſuffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any perſon whatſoever, ſuch only excepted as diſgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-ſubjects. I muſt deſire likewiſe, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Thoſe who are read in the hiſtory of the popes, obſerve that the Leos have been the beſt, and the Innocents the worſt of that ſpecies, and I hope that I ſhall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by repreſenting him as ſuch a peaceable good-natured well-deſigning beaſt.

[r] Moths don't feed upon paper. A.

I intend to publiſh once every week, ‘ the roarings of the lion,’ and hope to make him roar ſo loud as to be heard all over the Britiſh nation.

If my correſpondents will do their parts in prompting him, and ſupplying him with ſuitable proviſion, I queſtion not but the lion's head will be reckoned the beſt head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins: which may have given occaſion to a fooliſh report, that my lion's jaws are ſo contrived, as to ſnap the hands of any of the female ſex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with ſafety. I ſhall not ſpend much time in expoſing the falſity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of ſenſe. I ſhall only ſay, that there is not one of the ſex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the ſame ſecurity as if ſhe were a veſtal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from correſponding with me by this method, I muſt acquaint them that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old who has been virtuouſly educated, and will lend her hand upon this occaſion to any lady that ſhall deſire it of her.

In the mean time I muſt further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further proviſion for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's or at Corticelli's, or ſome other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the ſex. As I have here a lion's head for the men,

I ſhall there erect an unicorn's head[s] for the ladies, and will ſo contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which ſhall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpoſe. Out of theſe two magazines I ſhall ſupply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the ſame time carry on an epiſtolary correſpondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myſelf. As both theſe monſters will be very inſatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no ſmall uſe redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a requeſt from the writer that it may be the firſt morſel which is put into his mouth, I ſhall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nouriſhment, as I intend to do for the future.

'Mr. Guardian,

'Your predeceſſor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair ſex, by expoſing their dreſs whenever it launched into extremities. Among the reſt the great petticoat came under his conſideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has ſaid, they ſtill reſolutely perſiſt in this faſhion. The form of their bottom is not, I confeſs, altogether the

[s] Nº 120, *ad initium.*

ſame; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were preſſed, ſo that they ſeem to deny acceſs to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniencies that accrue to her majeſty's loving ſubjects from the ſaid petticoats, as hurting men's ſhins, ſweeping down the wares of induſtrious females in the ſtreets, &c. I ſaw a young lady fall down the other day; and believe me, ſir, ſhe very much reſembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other diſaſters I could tell you of, that befal themſelves, as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wiſh, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in ſhewing your diſlike of ſuch a monſtrous faſhion, and I hope when the ladies ſee it is the opinion of two of the wiſeſt men in England, they will be convinced of their folly.

I am, Sir,

Your daily reader and admirer,

TOM PLAIN.'

☞ [t]

N° 115. Thurſday, July 23, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Ingenium par materiæ—— JUV. Sat. i. 151.

A genius equal to the ſubject.

WHEN I read rules of criticiſm I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means diſcover what

[t] This paper, N° 114, is marked with a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian; and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 138.

it is he likes in a compoſition; for there is no queſtion but every man aims at leaſt at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and taſteleſs, I throw aſide his criticiſms with a ſecret indignation, to ſee a man without genius or politeneſs dictating to the world on ſubjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has publiſhed nothing but rules and obſervations in criticiſm, I then conſider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearneſs and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery; but if in the place of all theſe, I find nothing but dogmatical ſtupidity, I muſt beg ſuch a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuſe to conform myſelf to his taſte.

'So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the ſofter rules of rhimes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad by what they write.'

Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

The greateſt critics among the ancients are thoſe who have the moſt excelled in all other kinds of compoſition, and have ſhown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewiſe no critic has ever pleaſed, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not ſhew by his practice that he was a maſter of the theory. I have now one before me,

who, after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and profe, obliged the world with feveral critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His prolufion [u] on the ftile of the moft famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verfe, is one of the moft entertaining, as well as the moft juft pieces of criticifm that I have ever read. I fhall make the plan of it the fubject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo the tenth was a great patron of learning, and ufed to be prefent at the performances, converfations, and difputes of all the moft polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that ftood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was fplit at the top in imitation of Parnaffus. There were feveral marks on it that diftinguifhed it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the mufes Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegafus appeared hanging off the fide of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnaffus fell down the river to the found of trumpets, and in a kind of epic meafure, for it was rowed forward by fix huge wheels, three on each fide, that by their conftant motion car-

[u] Stradæ Prol. Acad. lib. ii. Prol. Poet. v. See N° 119, N° 122, and notes *ibidem*.

ried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The repreſentatives of the ancient poets were diſpoſed in ſtations ſuitable to their reſpective characters. Statius was poſted on the higheſt of the two ſummits, which was faſhioned on the form of a precipice, and hung over the reſt of the mountain in a dreadful manner, ſo that people regarded him with the ſame terror and curioſity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was ſeated on the other ſummit, which was lower, and at the ſame time more ſmooth and even than the former. It was obſerved likewiſe to be more barren, and to produce, on ſome ſpots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and ſuch as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very buſy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was ſometimes ſo engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the ſpectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raiſed up, and became as conſpicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not ſettle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnaſſus with great nimbleneſs and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requiſite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more

eminent ſtation, and had a greater proſpect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegaſus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and ſeemed deſirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horſe ſtuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himſelf from ſliding off his back, inſomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modeſty in his looks, was ſeated by Calliope, in the midſt of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almoſt covered him with their ſhade. He would not perhaps have been ſeen in this retirement, but that it was impoſſible to look upon Calliope without ſeeing Virgil at the ſame time.

This poetical maſquerade was no ſooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greateſt eminence for quality and politeneſs. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the ſtyle and ſpirit of thoſe immortal authors whom they repreſented. The ſubject of theſe ſeveral poems, with the judgment paſſed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper. ☞[v].

[v] This paper N° 115, is diſtinguiſhed by Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, a hand; and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 187. See the ſequel, and concluſion, in N° 119, and N° 122. See notes *ib.*

N° 116. Friday, July 24, 1713.

By ADDISON.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius—— Hor. 1 Sat. x. 14.

A jeſt in ſcorn points out, and hits the thing
More home, than the moroſeſt ſatire's ſting.

There are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to ſee removed; but at the ſame time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic diſcourſe, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a pariſh, where the top-woman of it uſed always to appear with a patch upon ſome part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almoſt a twelvemonth: but inſtead of fetching out the ſpot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parſon Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reaſons of the ſame nature. I remember the clergy during the time of Cromwell's uſurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and ſhowing the vanity of thoſe outward ornaments in which the ſex ſo much delights. I have heard a whole ſermon againſt a white-waſh, and have known a coloured ribbon made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the preſent age are not tranſported with theſe indiſcreet fervours, as

knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is ſevere upon ſubjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than ſeriouſneſs. For this reaſon I look upon myſelf to be of great uſe to theſe good men. While they are employed in extirpating mortal ſins, and crimes of a higher nature, I ſhould be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial tranſgreſſions. While the doctor is curing diſtempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the merry-andrew has his ſeparate packet for the megrims and tooth-ach.

Thus much I thought fit to premiſe before I reſume the ſubject which I have already handled, I mean the naked boſoms of our Britiſh ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I ſtill beg that they will be covered. I ſhall here preſent them with a letter on that particular, as it was yeſterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows:

'NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginneſt to have a glimmering of the light in thee. We ſhall pray for thee, that thou mayeſt be more and more enlightened. Thou giveſt good advice to the women of this world to clothe themſelves like unto our friends, and not to expoſe their fleſhly temptations, for it is againſt the record. The lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the ſink of Babylon; for the ſcarlet whore

is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

" Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is published here, forbidding women of whatſoever quality, to go with naked breaſts; and the prieſts are ordered not to admit the tranſgreſſors of this law to confeſſion, nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under ſevere penalties.'

' Theſe lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, " The Evening Poſt, from Saturday July the eighteenth, to Tueſday July the twenty-firſt [w]."

' Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this diſtance, we hope the fooliſh women [x] in thy own country will liſten to thy admonitions. Otherwiſe thou art deſired to make him ſtill roar till all the beaſts of the foreſt ſhall tremble. I muſt again repeat unto thee, friend Neſtor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to ſee thee ſo inſpired with the light, as thou mayeſt ſpeedily become a great preacher of the word. I wiſh it heartily.

Thine, in every thing that is praiſe-worthy,

Tom's Coffee-houſe, in Birchin-lane, the 23d day of the month called July.

TOM TREMBLE.'

It happens very oddly that the pope and I ſhould have the ſame thoughts much about the ſame

[w] See N° 134, penult paragr. and N° 140, *ad finem*.
[x] The fooliſheſt women are not the likelieſt to liſten to wiſe admonitions. A.

time. My enemies will be apt to ſay, that we hold a correſpondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I ſhall not be aſhamed to join with his holineſs in thoſe particulars which are indifferent between us, eſpecially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the ſame age, and conſider this faſhion in the ſame view. I hope that it will not be able to reſiſt his bull [y] and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occaſion from hence to ſhow their zeal for the proteſtant religion, and pretend to expoſe their naked boſoms in oppoſition to popery. ☞ [z].

N° 117. Saturday, July 25, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Cura pii Diis ſunt—— Ovid Met. viii. 724.

The good are Heaven's peculiar care.

Looking over the late edition of monſieur Boileau's Works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of Longinus. He there tells us,

y A foreigner complaining how dear things were in England, one of our young travellers replied, '*Il n'y a rien ſi chere que votre Taureau d'or.*' I think a ducat is paid for a ſight of it. A.

z This paper, N° 116, is diſtinguiſhed by Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, a hand; and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 190.

that the ſublime in writing riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phraſe, and that the perfect ſublime ariſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime in four verſes from the Athalia of monſieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to Joad the high-prieſt, that the queen was incenſed againſt him, the high-prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer.

'Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des méchans arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.'

'He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit myſelf with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.' Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of a Divine Power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle itſelf in the heart of man; it leſſens and contracts the figure of the moſt exalted perſon; it diſarms the tyrant and executioner; and repreſents to our minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul, breaks out on all occaſions without judgment, or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great ſuperintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments; but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may reſt ſatisfied that they will either not reach him; or that, if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs. This is even the worſt of that man's condition whoſe mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear evils in our own eyes, appear alſo as ſuch to Him who has human na-

ture under his care; in which caſe they are certainly averted from the perſon who has by this virtue made himſelf an object of Divine Favour. Hiſtories are full of inſtances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary eſcapes out of ſuch dangers as have encloſed them, and which have ſeemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan hiſtory which more pleaſes me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his houſe a private chapel, in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the goddeſs who repreſented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed by the Deity, whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of in ſeveral occurrences of his life; but particularly in the following one which I ſhall relate out of Plutarch.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at Timoleon's feet, and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger, upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination; but having

ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having until now ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for the above-mentioned purpoſe. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occaſion, ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of Providence; which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould, for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, until by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind; or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance, as I have here related. ☞[a]

N° 118. Monday, July 27, 1713.

By ADDISON.

—*Largitor ingenî*
Venter——— Pers. Prol. ver. 10.

Witty want. Dryden.

I am very well pleaſed to find that my lion has given ſuch univerſal content to all that have ſeen him. He has had a greater number of vi-

[a] This paper N° 117, is marked with a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 192.

ſitants than any of his brotherhood in the tower. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morſels.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'Mr. Guardian,

'I am a daily peruſer of your papers. I have read over and over your diſcourſe concerning the tucker; as likewiſe your paper of Thurſday the 16th inſtant[b], in which you ſay it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female ſex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, ſir, being by profeſſion a mantua-maker, who am employed by the moſt faſhionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and ſeeing them both dreſt and undreſt, I think there is no perſon better qualified than myſelf to ſerve you (if your honour pleaſes) in the nature of a lioneſs. I am in the whole ſecret of their faſhion; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a conſtant watch over them, and doubt not I ſhall ſend you from time to time ſuch private intelligence, as you will find of uſe to you in your future papers.

'Sir, this being a new propoſal, I hope you will not let me loſe the benefit of it; but that you will firſt hear me roar before you treat with any body elſe. As a ſample of my intended ſervices, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will ſhortly ſee in the expoſing of

[b] Nº 109.

the female cheſt, which in defiance of your gravity is going to be uncovered yet more and more; ſo that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironſide, I am in ſome fear leaſt my profeſſion ſhould in a little time become wholly unneceſſary. I muſt here explain to you a ſmall covering, if I may call it ſo, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This conſiſts of a narrow lace, or a ſmall ſkirt of fine ruffled linen[c], which runs along the upper part of the ſtays before, and croſſes the breaſts, without riſing to the ſhoulders; and being as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in uſe, is therefore by a particular name called the modeſty-piece. Now, ſir, what I have to communicate to you at preſent is, that at a late meeting of the ſtripping ladies, in which were preſent ſeveral eminent toaſts and beauties, it was reſolved for the future to lay the modeſty-piece[d] wholly aſide. It is intended at the ſame time to lower the ſtays conſiderably before, and nothing but the unſettled weather has hindered this deſign from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this laſt improvement, but were over-ruled by the reſt, who alledged it was their intention, as they ingeniouſly expreſſed it, to level their breaſt-works entirely, and to truſt to no defence but their own virtue.

I am Sir,

(if you pleaſe) your ſecret ſervant,

LEONILLA FIGLEAF.'

[c] See Nº 100.

[d] See Nº 145, Teraminta; and Nº 109.

'Dear Sir,

'As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but by the forwardneſs of his paws he ſeemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough reſemble its prototypes, whoſe throats are open ſepulchres. I aſſure you, ſir, unleſs he gapes wider he will ſooner be felt than heard. Witneſs my hand,

Jackall.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'Sage Nestor,

'Lions being eſteemed by naturaliſts the moſt generous of beaſts, the noble and majeſtic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they ſo often repreſent the hero himſelf, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate ſet of men, at preſent going about ſeeking whom to devour: and though I cannot but acquieſce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great ſatisfaction I hear you are about to reſtore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that ſpecies ſo public-ſpirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. "I will roar," ſays the Clown in Shakeſpear, "that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, Let him roar again, let him roar again." Such ſucceſs, and ſuch applauſe, I do not queſtion but your lion will meet with, whilſt, like that of Sampſon, his ſtrength ſhall bring forth ſweetneſs, and his entrails abound with honey.

'At the time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance. I am

Your most constant reader, and admirer,

N. R[e].'

'Dear Nestor,

'It is a well known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom, "Love me, love my dog;" and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person that I here bring a bit for your lion.' ***[f]

e This letter seems to have been written by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, in the course of one of his retirements into the country, which were frequent. See Biogr. Brit. art. Rowe [Nicholas].

f See N° 120. A bit for the lion.

What follows being ſecret hiſtory, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publiſh his private intelligence. ☞ [g]

Nº 119. Tueſday, July 28, 1713.
By ADDISON.

——*poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ*
Sit mihi——

Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 141.

A band of poets to my aid I'll call. Creech.

There is nothing which more ſhows the want of taſte and diſcernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in groſs; eſpecially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in ſeveral ages of the world. This however is the general practice of all illiterate and undiſtinguiſhing critics. Becauſe Homer and Virgil and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every ſcribbler who has no reliſh of their beauties, gives himſelf an air of rapture when he ſpeaks of them. But as he praiſes theſe he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the ſame vehemence and upon the ſame account. We may ſee after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for

[g] This paper, Nº 118, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian: and reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 195. It is therefore aſcribed here to Addiſon, though apparently compoſed, or communicated from the letter-box. See Nº 121, final note.

I intend to publiſh, in this paper, a continuation of that prolufion which was the ſubject of the laſt Thurſday[h]. I ſhall therefore give my reader a ſhort account in proſe of every poem which was produced in the learned aſſembly there deſcribed; and if he is thoroughly converſant in the works of thoſe ancient authors, he will ſee with how much judgment every ſubject is adapted to the poet who makes uſe of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characteriſed in the cenſure that is paſſed upon it. Lucan's repreſentative was the firſt who recited before that auguſt aſſembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the ſame time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonſo was the governor of a town inveſted by the Moors. During the blockade they made his only ſon their priſoner, whom they brought before their walls, and expoſed to his father's ſight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them if he had an hundred ſons he would rather ſee them all periſh, than do an ill action, or betray his country. 'But,' ſays he, 'if you take a pleaſure in deſtroying the innocent, you may do it if you pleaſe: behold a ſword for your purpoſe.' Upon which he threw his ſword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at ſuch a juncture, to ſit down to the repaſt, which was prepared for him. He was ſoon raiſed by the ſhouts of the enemy, and the cries

h See N° 115, and for the concluſion N° 122.

of the beſieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he ſaw his ſon lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakneſs at ſuch a ſpectacle, he upbraids his friends for their ſorrow, and returns to finiſh his repaſt.

Upon the recital of this ſtory, which is exquiſitely drawn up in Lucan's ſpirit and language, the whole aſſembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confuſed murmur. The poem was praiſed or cenſured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or diſadvantage of the author. Theſe were ſo very great, that ſome had placed him in their opinions, above the higheſt, and others beneath the loweſt of the Latin poets. Moſt of them however agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the ſame time too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art, and that his ſtyle was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and bluſtering. In a word; that he choſe rather a great than a juſt reputation; to which they added, that he was the firſt of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The repreſentative of Lucretius told the aſſembly, that they ſhould ſoon be ſenſible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a ſtranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his ſubject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a ſpeculation of one of my predeceſſors[i].

[i] See Spect. Vol. iii. Nº 241, by Addiſon, who copies this whole paragraph verbatim from himſelf. See Guard. Nº 122, and notes *ibidem*.

Strada, in the perſon of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correſpondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadſtone, which had ſuch a virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral needles, when one of the needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at never ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us, that two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in ſuch a manner that it could move round without impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their ſeparating from one another into diſtant countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their cloſets at a certain hour of the day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were ſome hundred miles aſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occaſion for, making a little pauſe at the end of every word or ſentence to avoid confuſion. The friend, in the mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetic needle moving of itſelf to every letter, which that of his correſpondent pointed at. By this means they talked together acroſs a whole continent, and conveyed their

thoughts to one another in an inſtant over cities or mountains, ſeas or deſarts.

The whole audience were pleaſed with the artifice of the poet who repreſented Lucretius, obſerving very well how he had laid aſleep their attention to the ſimplicity of his ſtyle in ſome of his verſes, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his ſubject, and to the experiment which he related. Without ſuch an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have ſounded more harſh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the aſſembly were quite of another mind. Theſe allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching ſomething, that no other ſtyle was ſo proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleaſure to thoſe who had a true reliſh for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarraſſed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian ſucceeded Lucretius, having choſen for his ſubject the famous conteſt between the nightingale and the lutaniſt, which every one is acquainted with, eſpecially ſince Mr. Philips has ſo finely improved that hint in one of his paſtorals[k].

He had no ſooner finiſhed but the aſſembly rung with acclamations made in his praiſe. His firſt beauty, which every one owned, was the great

[k] Poems by A. Philips. Paſt. 5.

clearneſs and perſpicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the ſmoothneſs of his verſe and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of thoſe eliſions and cuttings off ſo frequent in the works of other poets. There were ſeveral however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infuſion of foreign phraſes with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and ſpoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and ſatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewiſe added, a frequent and unſeaſonable affectation of appearing ſonorous and ſublime.

The ſequel of this proluſion ſhall be the work of another day[l]. ☞[m]

N° 120. Wedneſday, July 29, 1713.

By ADDISON.

—Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.

MILTON.

A Bit for the Lion.

'SIR,

'As ſoon as you have ſet up your unicorn[n], there is no queſtion but the ladies will

[l] See Strada, lib. ii. Prol. 6. and Guard. N°115, and N°122.

[m] This paper, N° 119, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 198. See N° 115, N° 122, and notes.

[n] N° 114.

make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see the Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow-lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at crimp, or ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of these female gamesters, and a great loser by it both in my rest, and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

Your humble Servant.'

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into[o]. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them; first,

[o] See an excellent paper against gaming by Beau Nash, in his Life written by the late ingenious Dr. Goldsmith; and an eloquent sermon on the subject, by the late ingenious, learned, and worthy secretary to the royal society, H. P. Maty, A. M. and F. R. S. 'He that hasteneth to be rich, shall not be innocent.' SOLOMON.

as they relate to the mind; ſecondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her ſlumbers are haunted with kings, queens and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-ſeaſon returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and ſorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be diſcovered in a ſoul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. Was the underſtanding, that divine part in our compoſition, given for ſuch an uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior being think, were he ſhown this intellectual faculty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told, that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the ſtory I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their paſſions ſuffer no leſs by this practice than their underſtandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, ſorrow and diſcontent, break out all at once in a fair aſſembly upon ſo noble an occaſion as that of turning up a card! Who can conſider without a ſecret indignation that all thoſe affections of the mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſbands and parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo! For my

own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of ſuch a make, that they naturally give themſelves up to every diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole woman. She quickly grows uneaſy in her own family, takes but little pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam, than of her huſband. My friend Theophraſtus, the beſt of huſbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's converſation. 'When ſhe returns to me with joy in her face, it does not ariſe,' ſays he, 'from the ſight of her huſband, but from the good luck ſhe has had at cards. On the contrary,' ſays he, 'if ſhe has been a loſer I am doubly a ſufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, diſpleaſed with all I can do or ſay, and in reality for no other reaſon, but becauſe ſhe has been throwing away my eſtate.' What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that chooſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, muſt we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to conſider the ill conſequences which gaming has on the bodies of

our female adventurers. It is ſo ordered that almoſt every thing which corrupts the ſoul decays the body [p]. The beauties of the face and mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the ſpecies. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, hagard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half-dead from baſſette; and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts muſt be paid in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his eſtate; the woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone. The huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of, the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once dipped, if the creditor be

p 'Gaming [ſays Monteſquieu] keeps the body in a hurtful inactivity; and the mind in a hurtful activity.' A.

very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences. ☞ [q].

N° 121. Thursday, July 30, 1713.

BY ADDISON, AND DR. Z. PEARCE.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum.

VIRG. Æn. vii. 15.

Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

Roarings of the Lion.

'OLD NESTOR,

'EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's coffee house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London Prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is the relation of a club whereof I am member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's-alley in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that "Talking spoils company." The president of our society is one who was born

[q] This paper, N° 120, is marked with a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted, by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, vol. iv. p. 204.

deaf and dumb, and owes that bleſſing to nature, which in the reſt of us is owing to induſtry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and ſuch whoſe wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greateſt and moſt valuable bleſſings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, publiſhed his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his ſilence (for you muſt know, though we do not read, yet we inſpect all ſuch uſeful eſſays) we ſeemed unanimous to invite him to partake our ſecrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had juſt then publiſhed a diſcourſe of his at his own club, and not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his underſtanding. You will wonder perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be eaſily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightieſt occaſions. We admire the wiſe inſtitutions of the Turks, and other Eaſtern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Chriſtendom ſhould come ſo far ſhort of the majeſty of barbarians. Ben Johnſon has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called The Silent Woman. Every member here is another Moroſe [r] while the club is ſitting,

[r] The name of a character in the Silent Woman.

but at home may talk as much and as faſt as his family occaſions require, without breach of ſtatute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like aſſembly are many. We conſider, that the underſtanding of man is liable to miſtakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that diſputes, which are of no weight in themſelves, are often very conſiderable in their effects. The diſuſe of the tongue is the only effectual remedy againſt theſe. All party concerns, all private ſcandal, all inſults over another man's weaker reaſons, muſt there be loſt, where no diſputes ariſe. Another advantage which follows from the firſt (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the ſame level in converſation. A wag of my acquaintance uſed to add a third, viz. that if ever we do debate, we are ſure to have all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are moſt enamoured with that excellent paſſage, where he mentions Ajax's ſilence as one of the nobleſt inſtances of the ſublime; and, if you will allow me to be free with a nameſake of yours, I ſhould think that the everlaſting ſtory-teller Neſtor[s], had he been likened to the aſs inſtead of our hero, he had ſuffered leſs by the compariſon.

'I have already deſcribed the practice and ſentiments of this ſociety, and ſhall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fiſhes, but that we drink

[s] Meaning the character exhibited under the name of Neſtor in Homer's Poems. The paſſage of Homer referred to is in his Odyſſ. λ. v. 561. See Pearce's Longinus. Amſt. 1733. 8vo. p. 30.

like fiſhes too; that we are like the Welſhman's owl, though we do not ſing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an aſſembly of diſaffected perſons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them ſo far as to ſend, laſt week, a party of conſtables to ſurprize us. You may eaſily imagine how exactly we repreſented the Roman ſenators of old, ſitting with majeſtic ſilence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your ſilence ſhall be interpreted as conſent given to the honourable body of Mutes, and in particular to

Your humble ſervant,

NED MUM.

'P. S. We have had but one word ſpoken ſince the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman cuſtom of bending back the thumb. He had juſt received the news of the battle of Hochſtet, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapſus linguæ*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and though we approved of the cauſe of his error as juſt, we condemned the effect as a manifeſt violation of his duty [t].'

I never could have thought a dumb man would

[t] This letter, ſigned N. Mum, was written by Dr. Z. Pearce, the late learned and worthy biſhop of Rocheſter. See two papers of which this amiable prelate was likewiſe the author, in the eighth volume of the Spect. publiſhed after this time, Nº 572, and Nº 633, and notes.

have roared ſo well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correſpondent, like Shakeſpear's lion in Pyramus and Thiſbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

'MR. IRONSIDE, July 28, 1713.

'I WAS afraid at firſt you were only in jeſt, and had a mind to expoſe our nakedneſs for the diverſion of the town; but ſince I ſee that you are in good earneſt, and have infallibility of your ſide, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promiſed me to give my letters to the lion, until we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you muſt know, dear ſir, that if you do not take care to ſuppreſs this exorbitant growth of the female cheſt, all that is left of my waiſt muſt inevitably periſh. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the ſtripping deſign mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yeſterday [u] ſhould take effect, ſir, I dread to think what it will come to. In ſhort, there is no help for it, my girdle and all muſt go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preſerve me from being ſo inhumanly expoſed. I do aſſure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad tuckers whether you ſucceed or no.

[u] See N° 118, let. 13.

If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings [v], being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes

☞ [w]. Your most obedient Ward.'

[v] See N° 112.

[w] This paper, N° 121, is distinguished by a hand, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. p. 201; and therefore is ascribed to Addison, though written by Dr. Pearce, and only communicated by Addison from the letter-box, to which it was sent by the respectable author, who was at this time a resident at Cambridge.

*** This day is published, in a neat pocket volume, Letters of Abelard and Heloise. With a particular account of their lives, amours, and misfortunes, extracted chiefly from M. Bayle. Translated from the French. N. B. This translation was by Mr. John Hughes, and suggests an opinion that he was concerned in the paper to which the advertisement is annexed in the Guard. in folio, N° 119. See N° 122, note, p. 234.

N° 122. Friday, July 31, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa.
HOR. i. Ep. ii. 248.

IMITATED.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, POPE.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119,

122. Thoſe who are acquainted with the authors themſelves cannot but be pleaſed to ſee them ſo juſtly repreſented; and as for thoſe who have never peruſed the originals, they may form a judgment of them from ſuch accurate and entertaining copies [x]. The whole piece will ſhow at leaſt how a man of genius (and none elſe ſhould call himſelf a critic) can make the drieſt art a pleaſing amuſement.

The Sequel of Strada's Proluſion, lib. ii. prol. 6.

The poet who perſonated Ovid, gives an account of the chryſo-magnet, or of the load-ſtone which attracts gold, after the ſame manner as the common load-ſtone attracts iron. The author, that he might expreſs Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryſo-magnet from a poetical metamorphoſis.

'As I was ſitting by a well,' ſays he, 'when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father faſtening a certain ſtone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no ſooner touched the ſurface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in ſuch a manner, that he drew it out like a fiſh. My father ſeeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the

[x] It would ſeem from what is ſaid here, that Addiſon was only the editor of theſe tranſlations, &c. from Strada, during a period of more than a month that the Guardian for whatever reaſon, was left entirely to his management and publication.

world to repair mankind by throwing ſtones over their heads; the men who roſe from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the ſtones fell. Thoſe which fell in the fields became plowmen and ſhepherds. Thoſe which fell into the water produced ſailors and fiſhermen. Thoſe that fell among the woods and foreſts gave birth to huntſmen. Among the reſt there were ſeveral that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and ſilver in them. This laſt race of men immediately betook themſelves to the ſearch of theſe precious metals; but nature being diſpleaſed to ſee herſelf ranſacked, withdrew theſe her treaſures towards the center of the earth. The avarice of man however perſiſted in its former purſuits, and ranſacked her inmoſt bowels in queſt of the riches which they contained. Nature ſeeing herſelf thus plundered by a ſwarm of miners, was ſo highly incenſed, that ſhe ſhook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames which lay in the neighbourhood of theſe deep mines, broke out at the ſame time with great fury, burning up the whole maſs of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into ſtone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into thoſe common loadſtones which attract that metal. Thoſe which were in ſearch of gold became chryſo-magnets, and ſtill keep their former avarice in their preſent ſtate of petrifaction.'

Ovid had no ſooner given over ſpeaking, but the aſſembly pronounced their opinions of him.

Several were ſo taken with his eaſy way of writing, and had ſo formed their taſtes upon it, that they had no reliſh for any compoſition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many however were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deſerved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of thoſe things which coſt no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the laſt place they all agreed, that the greateſt objection which lay againſt Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have ſucceeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius ſtood up next with a ſwelling and haughty air, and made the following ſtory the ſubject of his poem.

A German and a Portugueſe when Vienna was beſieged, having had frequent conteſts of rivalry, were preparing for a ſingle duel, when on a ſudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the German and Portugueſe conſented to ſacrifice their private reſentments to the public, and to ſee who could ſignalize himſelf moſt upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidſt a whole army of Turks until his left arm that held the ſhield was unfortunately lopped off, and he himſelf ſo ſtunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portugueſe ſeeing the condition of his rival, very generouſly flew to his ſuccour, diſperſed the

multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while the German recovered from his trance, and roſe up to the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, who a little after had his right arm, which held his ſword, cut off by the blow of a ſabre. He would have loſt his life at the ſame time by a ſpear which was aimed at his back, had not the German ſlain the perſon who was aiming at him. Theſe two competitors for fame having received ſuch mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the ſword, and the other a ſhield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portugueſe covered the German, while the German dealt deſtruction upon the enemy. At length finding themſelves faint with loſs of blood, and reſolving to periſh nobly, they advanced to the moſt ſhattered part of the wall, and threw themſelves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the beſiegers.

When Statius ceaſed, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, ſuch as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a ſtyle which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others cenſured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expreſſions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombaſt of his expreſſions. There were however a few ſelect judges who moderated between both

these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla [y], which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's Miscellanies, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were however some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as fault-

[y] The rape of Theutilla, imitated from the Latin of Famian Strada. By Mr. Thomas Yalden. Dryden's Miscellanies, vol. iv. p. 115. Perhaps Dr. T. Yalden might really have been the writer of these three papers, drawn up from Strada's Prolusions; viz. Nº 115, Nº 119, and Nº 122, notwithstanding what is said in Nº 121, *ad finem.*

lefs than beautiful. But thefe injudicious cenfures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not obferve to my learned reader, that the foregoing ftory of the German and Portuguefe is almoft the fame in every particular with that of the two rival foldiers in Cæfar's Commentaries. This prolufion ends with the performance of an Italian poet full of thofe little witticifms and conceits which have infected the greateft part of modern poetry.

☞ z.

z This paper N° 122, is diftinguifhed by a hand, Addifon's fignature in the Guardian, and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addifon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 207. It is therefore afcribed to Addifon, notwithftanding what has been faid in the preceding notes upon it, and N° 119, N° 121, *ad finem*.

*** This day is publifhed, in a neat pocket volume, 12mo. A French Tranflation of the Tragedy of Cato. Printed for J. Tonfon at Shakefpear's Head, oppofite to Catherine-ftreet, in the Strand.—This was afterwards the fhop of Andrew Millar, now of T. Cadell, and diftinguifhed by the fign of Buchanan's Head.

*** This day is publifhed, The Exact Draught of the Royal Fireworks on laft Thankfgiving-day, etched by Mr. James Thornhill.—Guard. in fol. N° 120.

Nº 123. Saturday, Auguſt 1, 1713.

By ADDISON.

———*Hic murus aheneus eſto,*
Nil conſcire ſibi——   Hor. 1 Ep. i. 60.

IMITATED.

True, conſcious honour, is to feel no ſin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy ſcreen, and this thy wall of braſs.   Pope.

There are a ſort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to thoſe in romance, are perpetually ſeeking adventures to bring virgins into diſtreſs, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure paſs away their lives in theſe criminal purſuits and practices, they ought to conſider that they render themſelves more vile and deſpicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low ſtation his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and anceſtry render a good man more illuſtrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

'Thy father's merits ſets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.'
Cato.

I have often wondered that theſe deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the ſentiments of virtue and honour, are not reſtrained by compaſſion and humanity. To bring ſorrow, confuſion, and infamy, into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and ſtain the life of a

poor deluded young woman with a diſhonour that can never be wiped off, are circumſtances one would think ſufficient to check the moſt violent paſſion in a heart which has the leaſt tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchaſe the gratification of a moment at ſo dear a rate, and entail a laſting miſery on others, for ſuch a tranſient ſatisfaction to himſelf; nay, for a ſatisfaction that is ſure, at ſome time or other, to be followed with remorſe? I am led to the ſubject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The laſt of them is it ſeems the copy of one ſent by a mother to one who had abuſed her daughter; and though I cannot juſtify her ſentiments at the latter end of it, they are ſuch as might ariſe in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after ſo great a provocation. I preſent the reader with it as I received it, becauſe I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent ſuffers on ſuch an occaſion.

'SIR, ——*ſhire*, July, 1713.

'THE other day I went into the houſe of one of my tenants, whoſe wife was formerly a ſervant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindneſs) had her education with my mother from her infancy; ſo that ſhe is of a ſpirit and underſtanding greatly ſuperior to thoſe of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmoſt diſorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like ſtupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very fa-

mous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have ſent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furniſh uſeful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themſelves in a paſſion which they poſſeſs but in common with the vileſt part of mankind.

"My Lord,

"Last night I diſcovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that ſhort-lived ſhameful pleaſure of yours muſt bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This conſideration alone ſhould have deterred a noble mind from ſo baſe and ungenerous an act. But alas! what is all the grief that muſt be my ſhare, in compariſon of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loſs of good name, anguiſh of heart, ſhame and infamy, are what muſt inevitably fall upon her, unleſs ſhe gets over them by what is much worſe, open impudence, profeſſed lewdneſs, and abandoned proſtitution. Theſe are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my lord, ſhould my ſon have practiſed the like on one of your daughters——I know you ſwell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deſerved a thouſand deaths, ſhould he

make ſuch an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom ſtill, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whoſe only ſuſtenance it was? And muſt my ſon, void of all the advantages of a generous education, muſt he I ſay;—conſider. And may your lordſhip be excuſed from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever curſed be its falſe luſtre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great anceſtor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his poſterity, and confer a privilege of diſhonouring the innocent and defenceleſs? At this rate the laws of rewards ſhould be inverted, and he who is generous and good, ſhould be made a beggar and a ſlave; that induſtry and honeſt diligence may keep his poſterity unſpotted, and preſerve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedneſs is now become my everlaſting portion! Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not ſue for forgiveneſs of my own failings and miſdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but ſhall curſe you with my dying breath, and at the laſt tremendous day ſhall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under theſe preſent horrors of mind, I could be content

to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock-reverence, and ſounding in your ears to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inſpired you with preſumption to tempt, and over-awed my daughter to comply.

" Thus have I given ſome vent to my ſorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, ſo that your ſin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has been alſo done to me, and the juſt Judge will not pardon that until I do.

My Lord,

Your conſcience will help you to my name."

☞ [a].

Nº 124. Monday, Auguſt, 3, 1713.
By ADDISON, and Mr. EUSDEN.

Quid fremat in terris violentis?—— Juv. Sat. viii. 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

More Roarings of the Lion.

' Mr. Guardian,

' Before I proceed to make you my propoſals, it will be neceſſary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatneſs of my

[a] This paper Nº 123, is marked with a hand, the ſignature that diſtinguiſhes Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 210. It is therefore aſcribed to Addiſon, though the two letters in it ſeem to have been com-

nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

'The vast emoluments that in all probability, will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *præfectus provinciæ*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

'I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers "*cum privilegio.*"

'I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror

municated from the letter-box, at a period when Addison seems to have been entirely the publisher of the Guardian; which seems at some times to have been made out of his own materials; and, at others, from the communications of correspondents, or as he calls them, The Roarings of the Lion.

of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called lowngers [b], gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

'I have, sir, a raven that will serve by way of jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chaw and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their information to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly

Your) humble servant,

From my den at ——— college in Cambridge, July 29.

LEO the Second [c].

'N. B. The raven will not bite.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'HEARING that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a cornucopiæ to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

'My wife and I intend a dissertation upon

[b] See Spect. N° 54, and note.

[c] This letter, signed Leo. II. was probably the composition of Mr. Laurence Eusden of Cambridge, and seems to countenance and confirm the conjectural assignment of the letter on the Lowngers. Spect. Vol. i. N° 54, to the same author. See N° 127, and N° 164.

horns; the province ſhe has choſen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to ſwell ſo much upon our hands, that I am afraid we ſhall not be able to bear the charge of printing without a ſubſcription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and deſire thoſe who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural hiſtory, to communicate it to,

Sir,
your humble ſervant,
HUMPHRY BINICORN.'

'SIR,

'I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a ſong into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our Engliſh lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all thoſe who admire the tranſlations in Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeſes
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our proſpects yield!
Charming joys our proſpects yield!
In a new livery when we ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field——
Buſh, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare——
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delighting;
With her song, suspends our talk——
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion, her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye——
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming dish carves her name—
Who on, &c.

'Mr. Ironside, July 30.

'I have always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant, or hygheen [d], for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good-humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her

[d] Is this strange word for hyæna?

tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am,

Venerable Nestor,

Your friend and servant,

P. N.

'I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue; but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.'

☞ [e].

Nº 125. Tuesday, August 4, 1713.

By Mr. THOMAS TICKELL.

—— *Nunc formosissimus annus.* VIRG. Ecl. iii. 57.

Now the gay year in all her charms is drest.

Men of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather, than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firmament, and sun-shine. I have often in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter; and I never see one of those snug ani-

[e] This paper Nº 124, is distinguished by a hand, the signature of Addison's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 213; it is therefore assigned to Addison, though probably it was written, or at least the greatest part of it, by Mr. Eusden.

mals, wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection [f], the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dies; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxurious prospect I ever saw. I usually took my stand by the wall of an old castle built upon an high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of misshapen stones, glided away in a clear stream, and wandering through two woods on each side of it in many windings, shone here and there at a great distance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for some miles, until my

[f] See Nº 112. On the art of flying.

eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vaſt mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our preſent ſubject of the ſpring, by this landſkip, ſince it is at this time of the year only, that proſpects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewiſe its proper entertainment. The muſic of the birds at this time of the year, hath ſomething in it ſo wildly ſweet, as makes me leſs reliſh the moſt elaborate compoſitions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the ſun pours afreſh into their veins, prompts them to renew their ſpecies; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate, with more mellow warblings, and to ſwell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amuſement by no means below the dignity of a rational ſoul, to obſerve the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different paſſions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their neſts, and their care and tenderneſs of their little offſpring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his ſpouſe, and made many remarks upon the ſeveral gallantries he hourly uſed, before the coy female would conſent to make him happy. When I ſaw in how many airy rings he was forced to purſue her; how ſometimes ſhe tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat ſtep, and ſcarce ſeemed to regard the covering of his wings, and the many aukward and foppiſh contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantaſtic Teraminta. Often have

I wiſhed that I underſtood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the ſame vows and reproaches which I often have ventured againſt that unrelenting maid.

The ſight that gave me the moſt ſatisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and aſſiſtance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau gold-finch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and with great diligence, adjuſting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipt himſelf with great trimneſs and nicety, he ſtretched his painted neck, which ſeemed to brighten with new glowings, and ſtrained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the neſt in ſeveral circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to ſee the trembling and the fluttering little ſtrangers at their firſt appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, ſo ſuitable to their ſeveral ſexes. I could not take my eye quickly from ſo entertaining an object; nor could I help wiſhing, that creatures of a ſuperior rank would ſo manifeſt their mutual affection, and ſo chearfully concur in providing for their offspring.

I ſhall conclude this tattle about the ſpring, which I uſually call 'the youth and health of the year,' with ſome verſes which I tranſcribe from a manuſcript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds ſhould breed in the

ſpring, whence he takes occaſion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digreſſion in praiſe of that ſeaſon. The verſes here ſubjoined, are not all upon that ſubject; but the tranſitions ſlide ſo eaſily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digreſſion.

In ſpring, let looſe thy males. Then all things prove
The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a ſofter ſky;
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
In lulling ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tygers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great Love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.

All nature ſmiles: Come now, nor fear, my love,
To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
And ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
An altar bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year:
All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began;
In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great ſire aſſign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares undaunted lick'd the fondling hound;
Wond'rous to tell! but when with luckleſs hand,
Our daring mother broke the ſole command,

Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhorr'd the day,
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey.
Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lions trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye pow'rs, an humble wreath demand:
No pomps I ask, which crowns and scepters yield;
Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field:
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

*** Just published, with her majesty's royal privilege and licence, proposals for printing by subscription a very fine edition of all the ancient Greek Poets, in three volumes folio. This work is prepared for the press by Mr. Michael Maittaire, from the best editions, and will consist of 750 sheets, or thereabouts, adorned with several beautiful designs, engraved by the best hands. The types, both Greek and Latin, are all cast new abroad, according to the specimen. The price of the three volumes to subscribers is five guineas, in quires, viz. one guinea in hand, two more upon delivery of the first volume, one guinea more upon delivery of the second volume, and the last upon the delivery of the third volume. Whoever subscribes for six books shall have a seventh gratis. The first volume will certainly be delivered within one year from the time of subscribing, &c.—Guard. in fol.

N° 126 Wednefday, Auguft 5, 1713.

By G. BERKELEY, D. D. &c.[g]

Homo fum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.

TER. Heaut. Act. i. Sc. 1.

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing belonging to man.

If we confider the whole fcope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal; we fhall perceive throughout, a certain correfpondence of the parts, a fimilitude of operation, and unity of defign, which plainly demonftrate the univerfe to be the work of one infinitely good and wife Being; and that the fyftem of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the fame divine power, which ordained thofe by which the corporeal fyftem is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion and cohefion of natural bodies, philofophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction be-

[g] It may not be improper to obferve here a circumftance that efcaped notice in its proper place. Guardian N° 3, and nine other papers of this work, are exprefsly afcribed to the bifhop of Cloyne, on the claim and authority of his fon the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ftudent of Chrift church, and vicar of Bray. Neverthelefs there is a long quotation from Guard. N° 3, in Steele's Apology, 4to. p. 44. and it is exprefsly faid there in a marginal note, that it was written by Steele himfelf. There are fome other papers attributed to Dr. Geo. Berkeley, bifhop of Cloyne, in this edition of the Guard. that do not reft on the claim or authority of his fon. Of the propriety of fuch affignments the reader muft ultimately judge for himfelf. See N° 88, and N° 89.

tween the moſt diſtant parts at leaſt of this ſolar ſyſtem. All thoſe bodies that revolve round the ſun are drawn toward each other, and towards the ſun, by ſome ſecret, uniform and never-ceaſing principle. Hence it is, that the earth (as well as the other planets) without flying off in a tangent line, conſtantly rolls about the ſun, and the moon about the earth, without deſerting her companion in ſo many thouſand years. And as the larger ſyſtems of the univerſe are held together by this cauſe, ſo likewiſe the particular globes derive their coheſion and conſiſtence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may obſerve in the ſpirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendſhips, and all the various ſpecies of ſociety. As in bodies, where the quantity is the ſame, the attraction is ſtrongeſt between thoſe which are placed neareſt to each other; ſo it is likewiſe in the mind of men, *cæteris paribus*, between thoſe which are moſt nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the diſtance of many millions of miles, may nevertheleſs attract and conſtantly operate on each other, although this action do not ſhew itſelf by an union or approach of thoſe diſtant bodies ſo long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the ſame time, attract them different ways; but would, on the ſuppoſed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human ſoul, whoſe affection towards the individuals of the ſame ſpe-

cies, who are diſtantly related to it, is rendered inconſpicuous by its more powerful attraction towards thoſe who have a nearer relation to it. But as thoſe are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed doth gradually diſcloſe itſelf.

A man who has no family is more ſtrongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and if abſent from theſe, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with thoſe of his own city or country who chance to be in the ſame place. Two Engliſhmen meeting at Rome or Conſtantinople, ſoon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan, Europeans would think their being ſo, a good reaſon for their uniting in particular converſe. Farther, in caſe we ſuppoſe ourſelves tranſlated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chineſe or other more diſtant native of our own planet, we ſhould look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendſhip with him. Theſe are natural reflections, and ſuch as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The ſeveral great bodies which compoſe the ſolar ſyſtem are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the rectilinear motions the Author of nature has impreſſed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their reſpective orbits round the ſun; upon the ceaſing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would ſhew itſelf by drawing them all into one maſs. After the ſame manner, in the parallel caſe of ſociety, private paſſions and motions of

the ſoul do often obſtruct the operation of that benevolent uniting inſtinct implanted in human nature; which notwithſtanding doth ſtill exert, and will not fail to ſhew itſelf when thoſe obſtructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by reſolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceaſes to diſpoſe and actuate his creatures in a manner ſuitable to their reſpective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cauſe. It is not the reſult of education, law, or faſhion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very firſt formation of the ſoul by the Author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the moſt univerſal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phænomena of nature; ſo the correſponding ſocial appetite in human ſouls is the great ſpring and ſource of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourſe with his ſpecies, and models every one to that behaviour which beſt ſuits with the common well-being. Hence that ſympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on ſelf-intereſt. It is this that makes us inquiſitive concerning the affairs of diſtant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards thoſe who are not yet in

being, and conſequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence ariſes that diffuſive ſenſe of humanity ſo unaccountable to the ſelfiſh man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a ſort of monſter, or anomalous production.

Theſe thoughts do naturally ſuggeſt the following particulars. Firſt, that as ſocial inclinations are abſolutely neceſſary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and intereſt of each individual to cheriſh, and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty becauſe it is agreeable to the intention of the author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the ſeeds of mutual benevolence in our ſouls; the intereſt, becauſe the good of the whole is inſeparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the ſame time promote his own private intereſt. Another obſervation I ſhall draw from the premiſes is, That it makes a ſignal proof of the divinity of the Chriſtian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have diſtinguiſhed the different ſects of philoſophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyſelf. By this ſhall all men know that you are my diſciples, if you love one another.'

I will not ſay, that what is a moſt ſhining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its profeſſors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it

appears in the mutual attraction of gravitations of the mundane ſyſtem; in the general frame and conſtitution of the human ſoul; or laſtly, in the ends and aptneſs which are diſcoverable in all parts of the viſible and intellectual world; we ſhall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteriſtic of our religion, came from the Author of nature. Some of our modern free-thinkers would indeed inſinuate the Chriſtian morals to be defective, becauſe ſay they, there is no mention made in the goſpel of the virtue of friendſhip. Theſe ſagacious men (if I might be allowed the uſe of that vulgar ſaying) 'cannot ſee the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inſpire its profeſſors with the moſt noble and diſintereſted ſpirit of love, charity, and beneficence, to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendſhip, to every individual man; ſhould be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is ſurely a glaring evidence of the blindneſs and prejudice of its adverſaries [h].

N° 127. Thurſday, Auguſt 6, 1713.

Luſit amabiliter——

He ſported agreeably.

An agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more ſe-

[h] This paper, N° 126, is aſcribed to the biſhop of Cloyne, on the authority of his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt church, and vicar of Bray, in Oxfordſhire.

rious ſtudies, read me yeſterday the following tranſlation. In this town, where there are ſo many women of proſtituted charms, I am very glad when I gain ſo much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any compoſition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural inclination. For it is a great ſtep towards gaining upon the paſſions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a miſtreſs, is getting a great way towards being in the intereſt of virtue. It is an hopeleſs manner of reclaiming youth which has been practiſed by ſome moraliſts, to declaim againſt pleaſure in general. No; the way is to ſhew, that the pleaſurable courſe is that which is limited and governed by reaſon. In this caſe virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has with all the ſame indulgencies of deſire, the advantage of ſafety in honour and reputation. I have for this reaſon often thought of exerciſing my pupils, of whom I have ſeveral of admirable talents, upon writing little poems, or epigrams, which in a volume I would entitle The Seeing Cupid, Theſe compoſitions ſhould be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the ſtricteſt virtue, and all the circumſtances alluded to in them, ſhould have ſomething that might pleaſe her mind in its pureſt innocence, as well as celebrate her perſon in its higheſt beauty. This work would inſtruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reaſon ſhould go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is

otherwiſe, real diſcontent and averſion in marriage, ſucceed the groundleſs and wild promiſe of imagination in courtſhip.

The court of Venus from Claudian, being part of the Epithalamium on Honorius and Maria.

In the fam'd Cyprian iſle a mountain ſtands,
That caſts a ſhadow into diſtant lands.
In vain acceſs by human feet is try'd,
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' ſeven wide channels ſpread;
And ſees old Porteus in his oozy bed.
Along its ſides no hoary froſts preſume
To blaſt the myrtle ſhrubs, or nip the bloom.
The winds with caution ſweep the riſing flowers,
While balmy dews deſcend, and vernal ſhowers.
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal ſpring.
Unfaded ſweets in purple ſcenes appear,
And genial breezes ſoften all the year.
The nice, luxurious ſoul, uncloy'd may rove;
From pleaſures ſtill to circling pleaſures move;
For endleſs beauty kindles endleſs love.

The mountain, when the ſummit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and ſinks into a plain;
Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching oar, and hedg'd with gold:
Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe ſupplies,
And yellow harveſts unprovok'd ariſe.
For by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming ſoil
Yields ev'ry grain, nor aſks the peaſant's toil.
Theſe were the bribes, the price of heav'nly charms;
Theſe Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:
For ſuch a bliſs he ſuch a gift beſtow'd;
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

A ſylvan ſcene, in ſolemn ſtate diſplay'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a ſhade;
But here no bird its painted wings can move,
Unleſs elected by the Queen of Love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
She hears the ſongſter, and approves the ſong:
The joyous victors hop from ſpray to ſpray;
The vanquiſh'd fly with mournful notes away.

Branches in branches twin'd, compoſe the grove;
And ſhoot, and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat;
And bending poplars bending poplars meet:
The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh;
And to the ſighing alder, alders ſigh.
Blue heav'ns above them ſmile; and all below,
Two murm'ring ſtreams in wild meanders flow.
This mix'd with gall; and that like honey ſweet!
But ah! too ſoon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in theſe ſprings (if verſe belief can gain)
The darts of Love their double power attain:
Hence all mankind a bitter ſweet have found,
A painful pleaſure, and a grateful wound.

Along the graſſy banks, in bright array,
Ten thouſand little loves their wings diſplay:
Quivers and bows their uſual ſports proclaim;
Their dreſs, their ſtature, and their looks the ſame;
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they ſprung;
For Venus did not boaſt one only ſon,
And roſy Cupid was that boaſted one;
He, uncontroll'd, thro' heaven extends his ſway,
And gods and goddeſſes by turns obey;
Or if he ſtoops on earth, great princes burn,
Sicken on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.

Th' inferior powers o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely ſwain.
Here Love's imperial pomp is ſpread around,
Voluptuous liberty that knows no bound;
And ſudden ſtorms of wrath, which ſoon decline;
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine:
Unartful tears and hectic looks, that ſhow
With ſilent eloquence the lover's woe;
Boldneſs unfledg'd, and to ſtol'n raptures new
Half trembling ſtands, and ſcarcely dares purſue:
Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our ſwelling hopes, but not deſtroy;
And ſhort-breath'd vows, forgot as ſoon as made,
On airy pinions flutter through the glade.
Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,
And rolling eyes that glow with ſoft deſire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous ſeat;
While ſullen cares and wither'd age retreat.

Now from afar the palace ſeems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is ſeen
The gold ſtill vary'd by the waving green.
For Mulciber with ſecret pride beheld
How far his ſkill all human wit excell'd;
And grown uxorious, did the work deſign
To ſpeak the artiſt, and the art divine.
Proud columns tow'ring high, ſupport the frame,
That hewn from hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet ſcarce adorn
The ruby walls on which themſelves are born.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
And ſteps with ſhining jaſper ſlippery riſe.

Here ſpices in parterres promiſcuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow;

The wanton winds through groves of caſſia play,
And ſteal the ripen'd fragrances away;
Here with its load the wild amomum bends;
There cinnamon, in rival ſweets, contends;
A rich perfume the raviſh'd ſenſes fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm diſtils.

At theſe delightful bowers arrives at laſt
The God of Love, a tedious journey paſt;
Then ſhapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majeſty, and walks in ſtate.
It chanc'd upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden treſſes did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Idalian ſiſters, rang'd in order, ſtand.
Ambroſial eſſence one beſtows in ſhowers,
And laviſhly whole ſtreams of nectar pours,
With ivory combs another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens the diſhevel'd hair;
A third, induſtrious with a nicer eye,
Inſtructs the ringlets in what form to lie:
Yet leaves ſome few, that, not ſo cloſely preſt,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the reſt.
Sweet negligence! by artful ſtudy wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgement of the glaſs is here unknown;
Here mirrors are ſupply'd by ev'ry ſtone.
Where'er the goddeſs turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now while ſhe did her ſpotleſs form ſurvey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty ſway:
She ſpy'd her ſon, and fir'd with eager joy
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite boy[1].

[1] By Mr. L. Euſden of Cambridge. See Nº 164. Poem.

N° 128. Friday, August 7, 1713.

By STEELE.

Delenda est Carthago———

Demolish Carthage.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traiterous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory of their queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

'Mr. Ironside,

'You employ your important moments methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of mat-

ters wherein you and all your fellow-ſubjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifeſting your loyalty to your queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an inſolence done to them both with the diſdain it deſerves. The incloſed printed paper in French and Engliſh has been handed about the town, and given gratis to paſſengers in the ſtreets at noon-day. You ſee the title of it is, "A moſt humble addreſs, or memorial, preſented to her majeſty the queen of Great Britain, by the deputy of the magiſtrates of Dunkirk." The nauſeous memorialiſt, with the moſt fulſome flattery, tells the queen of her thunder, and of wiſdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the ſame time that he attempts to undermine her power, and eſcape her wiſdom, by beſeeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealouſy to her people. What the ſycophant deſires is, that the mole and dykes of Dunkirk may be ſpared; and it ſeems, the ſieur Tugghe[k], for ſo the petitioner is called, was thunderſtruck by the denunciation (which he ſays) "the lord viſcount Bolingbroke made to him," that her majeſty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful ſentence ſhe had pronounced againſt the town. Mr. Ironſide, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the ſieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know, that her majeſty has pronounced no ſentence againſt

[k] See Steele's Apology for himſelf and his Writings, 4to. 1714. p. 73, *et paſſim.*

the town, but his moſt Chriſtian majeſty has agreed that the town and harbour ſhall be demoliſhed.

'That the Britiſh nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that within three months after the ſigning of the peace, the works toward the ſea, were to be demoliſhed; and, within "three months after it, the works towards the land[1]."

'That the ſaid peace was ſigned the laſt of March, O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

"That the ſieur Tugghe has the impudence to aſk the queen to remit the moſt material part of the articles of peace between her majeſty and his maſter.

'That the Britiſh nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almoſt all the ports of France, either in the Ocean, or the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty ſail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ſhips of war as well as merchantmen.

'That the pretender ſailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Breſt, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any conſiderable naval armament can be made.

[1] See Nº 131, laſt letter, ſigned Engliſh Tory.

'That deſtroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconſiderable advantage to England, in compariſon to the advantage of deſtroying the mole, dykes and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the Britiſh nation.

'That the Britiſh nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who ſuffered equally with us from thoſe of Dunkirk, were probably induced to ſign the treaty with France from this conſideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk ſhould be deſtroyed.

'That the ſituation of Dunkirk is ſuch, as that it may always keep runners to obſerve all ſhips ſailing on the Thames and Medway.

'That all the ſuggeſtions, which the ſieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are falſe and ſcandalous.

'That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk ſhould be demoliſhed; it is neceſſary for the ſafety, honour, and liberty of England, that it ſhould be ſo.

'That when Dunkirk is demoliſhed, the power of France, on that ſide, ſhould it ever be turned againſt us, will be removed ſeveral hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at preſent.

'That after the demolition, there can be no conſiderable preparation made at ſea by the French on all the channel, but at Breſt; and that Great Britain being an iſland, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may eſteem

France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Breat Britain, as far as the diſtance from Dunkirk to Breſt.

'Pray, Mr. Ironſide, repeat this laſt particular, and put it in a different letter, That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles farther off from us; and then repeat again, that the Britiſh nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your queen and country, that you inſert this letter, or ſpeak to this purpoſe, your own way; for in this all parties muſt agree, that however bound in friendſhip one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in caſe of a rupture, they ſhould be, if poſſible, upon equal terms.

'Be honeſt, old Neſtor, and ſay all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our eſtates and liberties, and every true man of each party muſt think himſelf concerned that Dunkirk ſhould be demoliſhed.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the miniſtry to haſten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honeſt brave people be thus infamouſly abuſed in our open ſtreets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expoſe us to the mercy of France.

Your humble ſervant,

ENGLISH TORY [m].'

See N° 160, paragraph firſt; and N° 168, laſt letter, ſigned R. Steele, who wrote, The Importance of Dunkirk conſidered; in defence of this paper of the Guardian, ad-

Nº 129. Saturday, Auguſt 8, 1713.

—— *Animaſque in vulnere ponunt.*

VIRG. Georg. iv. 238.

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is ſo uneaſy a gueſt in the heart, that he may be ſaid to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric diſpoſition. The moraliſts have defined it to be 'a deſire of revenge for ſome injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly deſirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themſelves injured: whereas the cool and ſedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the choleric inflict diſproportioned puniſhments, upon ſlight, and ſometimes imaginary offences: but the temperately revengeful have leiſure to weigh the merits of the cauſe, and thereby either to ſmother their ſecret reſentments, or to ſeek proper and adequate reparations for the damages

dreſſed in a Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, for which place Steele was member of parliament at the time of his expulſion from the houſe of commons. See The Political Writings of Sir R. Steele, 12mo. 1715, p. 15, *et ſeqq.*—It is certainly to this paper, Nº 128, and the following political papers, here aſcribed to Steele, ſometimes with dubiety, that Dr. Johnſon alludes, when he ſays—' Some unlucky ſpark from a tory paper ſet Steele's politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was ſoon too hot for neutral topics, and quitted the Guardian to write the Engliſhman.' Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engliſh Poets, vol. ii. p. 376, &c. edit. 8vo. 1781. See Steele's Political Writings, *ut ſupra.*

they have ſuſtained. Weak minds are apt to ſpeak well of the man of fury; becauſe, when the ſtorm is over, he is full of ſorrow and repentance; but the truth is, he is apt to commit ſuch ravages during his madneſs, that when he comes to himſelf, he becomes tame then, for the ſome ſame reaſon than he ran wild before, 'only to give himſelf eaſe;' and is a friend only to himſelf in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends ſhould bear with their infirmities. Their friends ſhould in return deſire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuſes, that they cannot help it, that it was ſoon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a maſtiff; but ſhall never reconcile me to an intellectual ſavage. Why indeed ſhould any one imagine, that perſons independent upon him ſhould venture into his ſociety, who hath not yet ſo far ſubdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do ſomething the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf but that he is apt to do miſchief as faſt as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied; he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be ſo underſtood as if I meant to recommend ſlow and deliberate malice; I would only obſerve, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the raſh and inconſiderate; but if they do not huſband the talent that Heaven hath beſtowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is

hard to ſay which of the two when injured is more troubleſome to himſelf, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is boiſterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempeſt, again all ſun-ſhine. The other hath a ſmoother but more laſting anguiſh, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beaſt. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be ſure but that he may do ſomething the next minute which he ſhall lament during his life; what ſhall we think of him who hath a ſoul ſo infected that he can never be happy until he hath made another miſerable? What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breaſt? What dark ſtratagems, unworthy deſigns, inhuman wiſhes, dreadful reſolutions! A ſnake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to ſting a traveller, and to hiſs him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of ſuch an artful, unſearchable projector. Were I to chooſe an enemy, whether ſhould I wiſh for one that would ſtab me ſuddenly; or one that would give me an Italian poiſon, ſubtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the ſtroke of a ſtiletto? Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third ſort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the miſtaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breaſts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, reſtrain their wrath ſo far as to ſeek convenient times for vengeance. The ſingle combat ſeems ſo generous a way of ending controverſies, that

until we have ſtrict laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wiſh I could not ſay of wretched ſpirits, will be increaſed. Of all the medals which have been ſtruck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him ſo true renown as that upon the ſucceſs of his edicts for aboliſhing the impious practice of duelling.

What inclined me at preſent to write upon this ſubject, was the ſight of the following letters, which I can aſſure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by paſſing different climes, and waiting convenient ſeaſons) for murdering each other, when we conſider them as moved by a ſenſe of honour, muſt raiſe in the reader as much compaſſion as horror.

A Monſieur Monſieur Sackville.

'I THAT am in France hear how much you attribute to yourſelf in this time, that I have given the world leave to wring[n] your praiſes * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand laſt, I told you I reſerved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once ſpoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your

[n] Ring with.

honour gives you the ſame courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be maſter of your own weapons and time; the place whereſoever I will wait on you. By doing this you ſhall ſhorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

ED. BRUCE.'

A Monſ. Monſieur le BARON *de* KINLOSS.

'As it ſhall be always far from me to ſeek a quarrel, ſo will I always be ready to meet with any that deſire to make trial of my valour by ſo fair a courſe as you require. A witneſs whereof yourſelf ſhall be, who within a month ſhall receive a ſtrict account of time, place and weapon, where you ſhall find me ready diſpoſed to give you honourable ſatisfaction by him that ſhall conduct you thither. In the mean time be as ſecret of the appointment as it ſeems you are deſirous of it.

ED. SACKVILLE.'

A Monſ. Monſieur le BARON *de* KINLOSS.

'I AM ready at Tergoſa a town in Zealand, to give you that ſatisfaction your ſword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my ſecond, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but deſire you to make a definite and ſpeedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you ſhall find me there.

Tergoſo°, Aug. 10, 1613. ED. SACKVILLE.'

° Targow, famous for the painted window in the cathedral. A.

A Monſ. Monſieur Sackville.

'I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all poſſible haſte to meet you.

Ed. Bruce [p].'

p See Guardian N 133: the Sequel.—I think I have read that lord Clarendon knew the cauſe or occaſion of this duel; but has not revealed it. It was ſuppoſed to be about a lady. One would think that a charge of cowardice was the only thing to be cleared up by fighting. A.

*** This paper, no authority being found for any other aſſignment, is here aſcribed to Steele. See final notes on N° 10 and N° 11.

††† This day is publiſhed, The Britiſh Merchant, or Commerce preſerved. N° I. to be publiſhed every Tueſday and Friday, in anſwer to The Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved.

N° 130. Monday, Auguſt 10, 1713.

By Mr. DEANE BARTELETT,

OF MERTON COLLEGE.

—*Vacuum ſine mente popellum.* Musæ Anglicanæ.

An empty, thoughtleſs tribe.

As the greateſt part of mankind are more affected by things which ſtrike the ſenſes, than by excellencies that are to be diſcerned by reaſon and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare one with the other. An eminent inſtance of this is, that vulgar notion that men addicted to contemplation are leſs uſeful members of ſociety than thoſe of a dif-

ferent courſe of life. The buſineſs therefore of my preſent paper ſhall be to compare the diſtinct merits of the ſpeculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages ariſing from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the intereſt of their own country, they leſſen or obſtruct that of other nations: whereas the light and knowledge that ſpring from ſpeculation are not limited to any ſingle ſpot, but equally diffuſed to the benefit of the whole globe. Beſides, for the moſt part, the renown only of men of action is tranſmitted to diſtant poſterity, their great exploits either dying with themſelves, or ſoon after them; whereas ſpeculative men continue to deſerve well of the world thouſands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which is due to them, but a free gift to thoſe, to whom their beneficence has outlived their perſons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæſar or Alexander, that we ſhould make them the conſtant themes of our praiſe? while the name of Pythagoras [q] is more ſparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may ſeem ſtrange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philoſopher invented the forty-ſeventh propoſition of the firſt book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigo-

[q] See Tat. Nº 81; Nº 108; Nº 214. Spect. Nº 447; Nº 586. Guard. Nº 165, and notes.

nometry and conſequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are ſo uſeful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious ſir William Temple acknowledges, in ſome part of his writings, all thoſe advantages which diſtinguiſh polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as theſe ſciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our proſpects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and ſublime ſentiments in the ſoul.

The divine ſages of antiquity, who by tranſmitting down to us their ſpeculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are moſt eminent benefactors to human nature; and however overlooked in the loud and thoughtleſs applauſes that are every day beſtowed on the ſlaughterers and diſturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the eſteem and approbation of the wiſe and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the ſpeculative part of mankind, who make uſeful truth the end of their being, and its acquiſition the buſineſs as well as entertainment of their lives, ſeems not improper, in order to rectify the miſtake of thoſe who meaſure merit by noiſe and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that ſpecies by thoſe who abound in animal life, would in-

cline one to think the world not ſufficiently convinced that whatſoever is good or excellent proceeds from reaſon and reflection.

Even thoſe who only regard truth as ſuch, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will ſeem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they paſs their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of thoſe who by abſtracted thoughts become uſeleſs, is inconſiderable in reſpect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and reſtleſs diſpoſition.

As in the diſtribution of other things, ſo in this the wiſdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual purſuits bear a ſmall proportion to thoſe who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter ſort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas thoſe of the mind are permanent and univerſal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a ſort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

'But if to inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will, is the moſt laſting and diffuſive benefit, there will not be found ſo uſeful and excellent an inſtitution as that of the Chriſtian prieſthood, which is now become the ſcorn of fools. That a numerous order of men ſhould be conſecrated to the ſtudy of the moſt ſublime and beneficial truths, with a deſign to propagate them by their diſcourſes and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to poſſeſs their minds with a ſenſe

of a future ſtate, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewiſe to perſuade mankind to the practice of them by the moſt powerful and engaging motives, is a thing ſo excellent and neceſſary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

'The light in which theſe points ſhould be expoſed to the view of one who is prejudiced againſt the names religion, church, prieſt, and the like, is to conſider the clergy as ſo many philoſophers, the churches as ſchools, and their ſermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made proviſion for philoſophers to read lectures of morality and theology every ſeventh day, in ſeveral thouſands of ſchools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and ſexes, without diſtinction, were obliged to be preſent for their general improvement! And what wicked wretches would they think thoſe men who would endeavour to defeat the purpoſe of ſo divine an inſtitution [r]?'

[r] Theſe two paragraphs of this excellent paper, marked here with inverted commas, are quoted by Steele, in his Apology, &c. with the following marginal note: 'This moſt reaſonable and amiable light in which the clergy are here placed, comes from that modeſt and good man the Rev. Mr. Bartelett.' Steele's Political Writings, 12mo. 1715. p. 253. Mr. Deane Bartelett was of Merton college, where he took his degree of M. A. July 5, 1693. Steele was of the ſame college, and there probably his acquaintance with

It is indeed ufual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their defign is only to reform the church, and expofe the vices, and not the order of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet[s] printed the other day (which without my mentioning the title, will on this occafion occur to the thoughts of thofe who have read it) hopes to infinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or afhamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly fhew what it is he aims at. The firft is, that he conftantly ufes the word priefts in fuch a manner, as that his reader cannot but obferve he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impoftors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great fpleen and induftry, all thofe actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illnefs, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impreffion of the difpenfers of the gofpel; all which he pathetically addreffes to the confideration of his wife and honeft countrymen of the laity. The fophiftry and ill-breeding of thefe proceedings are fo obvious to men

Mr. Deane Bartelett commenced; who was perhaps the author of fome of the papers in the Guardian on free-thinkers, attributed in this edition to bifhop Berkeley, but not claimed for him by his fon, or affigned to him here, on that gentleman's authority. See Nº 88, and Nº 89; which might have been written perhaps by Mr. Deane Bartelett.

[s] This alludes to Collins's Difcourfe of Free-thinking; which received its beft anfwer in Swift's admirable banter of it under the title of an Abftract. See the Supplement to his Works, ed. 8vo, 1776, vol. xxiv. p. 249.

who have any pretence to that character, that I need ſay no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This diſtinction ariſes from the different occupations wherein they exert themſelves. The former of theſe ſpecies is univerſally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a baſe and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally ſo in the diſtribution of particular perſons under their reſpective denominations. It is a clear ſettled point, that the gentleman ſhould be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philoſophers diſtinguiſh two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reaſon of the thing, we ſhall find it difficult to aſſign a more juſt and adequate idea of theſe diſtinct ſpecies, than by defining the gentleman to be him whoſe occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the mechanic him who is employed in the uſe of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring aſſent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, ſeems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we conſider it in itſelf, as it is the ſeat of wiſdom and underſtanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works

of the creation, bears the brighteſt impreſs of the Deity.

It claims the ſame dignity and pre-eminence, if we conſider it with reſpect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas Reaſon inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great Author of our exiſtence; its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or in caſe that noble faculty ſubmit itſelf to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a ſlow and painful manner of action; but ſhifts the ſcenes, and applies itſelf to the moſt diſtant objects with incredible eaſe and diſpatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like thoſe of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole ſpecies.

And as we have ſhewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than thoſe of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the ſame will ſtill hold if we conſider their office. It is the province of the former to preſide and direct; of the latter, to execute and obey. Thoſe who apply their hands to the materials appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it, is owing to the architect, who deſigned the plan in his cloſet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of uſe or regularity, will be found to proceed from the ſuperior principle of reaſon and underſtanding. Theſe reflections how obvious ſoever, do nevertheleſs ſeem not ſufficiently attended to by thoſe, who being at great pains to improve the figure

and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premifes it follows, that a man may defcend from an ancient family, wear fine cloaths, and be mafter of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of gentleman. All thofe whofe principal accomplifhments confift in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made ufe of be the eye, the mufcles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reafon to be efteemed mechanics.

I do therefore by thefe prefents declare, that all men and women, by what title foever diftinguifhed, whofe occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, drefs, cringe, adjuft the the mufcles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to thofe who employ the talents of the mind in the purfuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are diftinguifhed by moral and intellectual accomplifhments.

The reft of the human fpecies come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the profeffed mechanics, who not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themfelves within their proper fphere, are neceffary to the well-being of mankind, and confequently fhould be more refpected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than thofe mechanics who make a merit of being ufelefs.

Having hitherto confidered the human fpecies as diftinguifhed into gentlemen and mechanics,

I come now to treat of the machines; a ſort of beings that have the outſide or appearance of men, without being really ſuch. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or ſpirit; but that all the operations they exert proceed from the colliſion of certain corpuſcles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a conſiderable time that I have been their proſelyte in this point. I am even ſo far convinced that they are in the right, that I ſhall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itſelf inviſible, there is no other way to diſcern its exiſtence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where deſign, order, and ſymmetry, are viſible in the effects, we conclude the cauſe to be an Intelligent Being; but where nothing of theſe can be found, we aſcribe the effect to hazard, neceſſity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is converſant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at beſt of mechaniſm, than of a thinking principle, and conſequently whether the authors of thoſe rhapſodies are not mere machines.

The ſame point is likewiſe evident from their own aſſertion; it being plain that no one could miſtake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For theſe reaſons I do hereby give it in charge to all Chriſtians, that hereafter they ſpeak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, uſing the term 'it for him.' They are to be conſidered as automata, made up of bones and muſcles, nerves, arteries, and animal ſpirits; not ſo innocent indeed, but as deſtitute of thought and

reaſon, as thoſe little machines which the excellent author[t], from whom I take the motto of this paper, has ſo elegantly deſcribed[u].

Nº 131. Tueſday, Auguſt 11, 1713.

Iter pigrorum quaſi ſepes ſpinarum. Ex Latin. Prov.

The way of the ſlothful man is an hedge of thorns
Prov. xv. 19.

There are two ſorts of perſons within the conſideration of my frontiſpiece; the firſt are the mighty body of Lingerers, perſons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are ſuch pretty innocents, who, as the poet ſays,

———waſte away
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being ſomething more vivacious, are ſuch as do not only omit to ſpend their time well, but are in the conſtant purſuit of criminal ſatisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the caſe of the firſt ſeems to be the moſt deplorable, as the habit of ſloth is more invincible than that of vice. The firſt is preferred even when the man is fully poſſeſſed of himſelf, and ſubmitted to with conſtant deliberation, and cool thought. The other we aré driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr. Hobbes

[t] The motto is taken from Addiſon. See Muſæ Anglicanæ.

[u] This paper, Nº 130, is aſcribed to Mr. Deane Bartelett, in conſideration of the preceding note, on the authority it is conceived of Steele himſelf, who quotes from the paper as coming from Mr. Bartelett.

calls a natural drunkenneſs; and therefore conſequently are more excuſable for any errors committed during the deprivation or ſuſpenſion of our reaſon, than in the poſſeſſion of it. The irregular ſtarts of vicious appetites are in time deſtroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of ſloth receives daily ſtrength from its continuance. 'I went (ſays Solomon) by the field of the ſlothful, and the vineyard of the man void of underſtanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the ſtone wall thereof was broken down.' To raiſe the image of this perſon, the ſame author adds, 'The ſlothful man hideth his hand in his boſom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of ſpending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleneſs ſhould of itſelf be perſuaſion enough to the men of ſenſe to avoid it. I ſay to the men of ſenſe, becauſe there are of theſe that give into it, and for theſe chiefly is this paper deſigned. Arguments drawn from future rewards and puniſhments, are things too remote for the conſideration of ſtubborn ſanguine youth. They are affected by ſuch only as propoſe immediate pleaſure or pain; as the ſtrongeſt perſuaſive to the children of Iſrael was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may ſay there is more toil, fatigue, and uneaſineſs in ſloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himſelf upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, ſpleen is the neceſſary conſequence. This directs him inſtantly to the contemplation

of his health or circumſtances, which muſt ever be found extremely bad upon theſe melancholy inquiries. If he has any common buſineſs upon his hands, numberleſs objections ariſe, that make the diſpatch of it impoſſible; and he cries out with Solomon, 'There is a lion in the way, a lion in the ſtreets;' that is, there is ſome difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himſelf to books, or buſineſs, contracts a chearful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune, and inſtead of giving himſelf up to

'Thick-ey'd muſing curſed melancholy,'

SHAKESPEARE.

has that conſtant life in his viſage and converſation, which the idle ſplenetic man borrows ſometimes from the ſun-ſhine, exerciſe, or an agreeable friend. A recluſe idle ſobriety muſt be attended with more bitter remorſe, than the moſt active debauchery can at any intervals be moleſted with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himſelf very little time to examine his own conduct, and will beſtow as few reflections upon himſelf, as the lingerer does upon any thing elſe unleſs he has the misfortue to repent. I repeat the misfortune to repent, becauſe I have put the great day of account out of the preſent caſe, and am now enquiring, not whoſe life is moſt irreligious, but moſt inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and ſomething ſplenetic, informs me,

that in one winter he drank ſix hampers of Spa-water, ſeveral gallons of chalybeate tincture, two hogſheads of bitters, at the rate of ſixty pound an hogſhead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible ſchemes, in every one of which he was diſappointed, received a thouſand affronts during the north-eaſterly winds, and in ſhort run through more miſery and expence, than the moſt meritorious bravo could boaſt of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the univerſity, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a ſtate of ſuch tranquillity as prejudices them againſt the buſtle of that worldly buſineſs, for which this part of their education ſhould prepare them. As he could with the utmoſt ſecrecy be Idle in his own chamber, he ſays he was for ſome years irrecoverably ſunk, and immerſed in the luxury of an eaſy-chair, though at the ſame time, in the general opinion, he paſſed for a hard ſtudent. During this lethargy he had ſome intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than ſuſpended the painful thoughts of a miſ-ſpent life. Thus his ſuppoſed relief became his puniſhment, and like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

'—He felt by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.'

When he had a mind to go out, he was ſo ſcrupulous as to form ſome excuſe or other which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not ſatisfy himſelf without this ridiculous appearance of juſtice. Sometimes by his own contrivances and inſinuation, the woman that looked after his

chamber would convince him of the neceſſity of waſhing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always ſubmitted, after having decently oppoſed it, and made his exit with much ſeeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he paſs the noon of his life in the ſolitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is ſince awakened, by application, out of ſlumber; has no more ſpleen than a Dutchman, who, as ſir W. Temple obſerves, is not delicate or idle enough to ſuffer from this enemy, but 'is always well when he is not ill, always pleaſed when he is not angry.'

There is a gentleman I have ſeen at a coffee-houſe, near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good eſtate, and a diſinclination to books or buſineſs, to ſecure himſelf from ſome of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himſelf with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently diſpoſed to loquacity, he has a perſon conſtantly with him, to whom he gives an annual penſion for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by queſtion and anſwer, whatever he may utter that may ſeemingly require it. To ſecure to himſelf diſcourſe, his fundamental maxim ſeems to be, by no means to conſider what he is going to ſay. He delivers therefore every thought as it firſt intrudes itſelf upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wiſh, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In ſhort, he took the ſame pleaſure in confuting himſelf, as he could have done in diſcomfiting an opponent: and his diſcourſe was as that of

two perſons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have ſeen in the park, employing himſelf with the ſame induſtry, though not with the ſame innocence. He is very dexterous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horſe hair, which his periwig ſupplies him with. He hangs them over a little ſtick, which ſuſpenſion inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no poſſibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to theſe combats, he perceives the ſeveral turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether inviſible to a common ſpectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforeſaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the ſecret ſhocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glaſs, which preſented me with an engagement between two of the moſt rueful monſters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourſelves to appoint and perform ſuch taſks as would be of conſiderable advantage to us; let us reſolve upon ſome other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unſettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulſe of our wills, may in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reaſon.

When I am diſpoſed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it ſhall be under this head, '*pereunt et imputantur*:' which is an inſcription upon a ſun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with

great propriety placed to public view in ſuch a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlaſting hurry of buſineſs or pleaſure, the buſy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the Idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

'Mr. Ironside, Auguſt 10, 1713.

'I am obliged to you for inſerting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk[v] in your paper of the ſeventh inſtant; but you will find, upon peruſal, that you have printed the word "three" where you ſhould have printed the word "two;" which I deſire you would amend by inſerting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

"The very common people know, that within two months after the ſigning of the peace the works toward the ſea were to be demoliſhed, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

"That the ſaid peace was ſigned the laſt of March O. S."

'I beg pardon for giving you ſo much trouble, which was only to avoid miſtakes, having been very much abuſed by ſome whiggiſh ſenſeleſs fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

English Tory.'

[v] See Nº 128, Let. ſigned Engl. Tory; Nº 160, paragr. 1, and Nº 168, let. ſigned R. Steele. Theſe are the papers referred to, and cenſured perhaps too haſtily, in Dr. Johnſon's Lives of Engliſh Poets, Art. Addiſon. vol. ii.

Nº 132. Wednefday, Auguft 12, 1713.

Quifque fuos patimur manes— VIRG. Æn. vi. 743.
All have their manes. DRYDEN.

MR. IRONSIDE,

THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languifhing illnefs, which both himfelf, and thofe who attended him, thought it impoffible for him to outlive. If you think fuch an image of the ftate of a man's mind in that circumftance be worth publifhing, it is at your fervice, and take it as follows:

'DEAR SIR,

'YOU formerly obferved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the difparity we often find in him fick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate conftitution is perpetually exhibiting a miferable example of the weaknefs of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to confider myfelf in thefe different views, and hope I have received fome advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller fays be true, that,

"The foul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:"

Then furely ficknefs, contributing no lefs than old age to the fhaking down this fcaffolding of the body, may difcover the inclofed ftructure

more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependence on our outworks. Youth at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age. It is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon its bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures.

‘ When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who (being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head) made anſwer, “ What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger.” I fancy it is the beſt time to die, when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this

world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will ariſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were uſed to do. "The memory of man," as it is elegantly expreſt in the Wiſdom of Solomon, "paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day." There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſured by number of years. But wiſdom is the grey hair to men, and an unſpotted life is old age." He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt that "wickedneſs ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul."

I am, yours.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. Greeting.

'OLD DAD,

'I AM ſo happy as to be the huſband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, eſpecially with all her ſervants, and myſelf. As to her maids, ſhe never fails of having at leaſt a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the laſt that comes is always the

worſt that ever ſhe had in her life; although they have given very good content in better families than mine for ſeveral years together. Not that ſhe has the pleaſure of turning them away, but ſhe does ſo ferrit them about, "Forſooth" and "Miſtreſs" them up, and ſo find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them ſo loud and ſo long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better ſervants than any in the world, and their obſtinacy in being no better than they can, our houſe is a ſort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes to know where things ſtand, whip, ſhe is gone, and ſo we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round. As to myſelf, all the world believes me to be one of the beſt of huſbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzle comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ironſide, never was a woman uſed as ſhe is. The world does not think how unhappy ſhe is! I am a wolf in ſheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are ſo ill-natur'd, that they refuſe to ſuffer her to ſay what ſhe pleaſes of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; ſo that the poor woman has ſcarcely any ſociety abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the ſaucineſs of ſervants, and the unkindneſs of a huſband that is ſo cruel to her, as to deſire her to be quiet. But ſhe is coming. I am in haſte.

Sir, your humble ſervant.

NICHOLAS EARING.'

'Sir,

'I hope you will not endure this Dumb club, for I am the luckly ſpouſe of one of thoſe gentlemen: and when my dear comes from this joyleſs ſociety, I am an impertinent, noiſy rattle-ſnake, my maid is a ſaucy ſow, the man is a thick-ſkull puppy, and founders like a horſe; my cook is a taſteleſs aſs; and if a child cry, the maid is a careleſs bear: if I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gaggling gooſe; when I return, you are a fine galloper; women, like cats, ſhould keep the houſe. This is a frequent ſentence with him. Conſider ſome remedy againſt a temper that ſeldom ſpeaks, and then ſpeaks only unkindneſs. This will be a relief to all thoſe miſerable women who are married to the worſt of tempers, the ſullen, more eſpecially to

Your diſtreſſed appellant,

Goody Dump.'

'Friend Nestor,

'Our brother Tremble having lately given thee wholeſome advice concerning tuckers, I ſend thee a word of counſel touching thyſelf. Verily thou haſt found great favour with the godly ſiſters. I have read in that myſterious book called Æſop's Fables, how once upon a time an aſs arrayed himſelf in the ſkin of a lion, thereby deſigning to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the ſpirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vain-glorious animal opened his jaws

to roar, the lewd[w] voice of an aſs braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this ſink deep into thy mind; the more thou ponder'ſt thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the fellowſhip of the faithful. We have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou muſt take to thee a ſcripture name. One of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Iſaac, but now ſleepeth. Jacob ſuiteth thy bookſeller well. Verily Neſtor ſoundeth Babyloniſh in the ears of thy well-wiſher and conſtant reader,

The third day of the week, prophanely called Tueſday. RUTH PRIM.'

'SIR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING your grave advice to the fair ſex not to lay the beauties of their necks ſo open, I find they mind you ſo little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yeſterday, about ſeven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman juſt come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the ſpark on a ſudden pretended wearineſs, and as I importuned him to ſtay longer, he turned ſhort, and pointing to a celebrated beauty: "What," ſaid he, "do you think I am made of, that I ſhould bear the ſight of ſuch ſnowy breaſts! Oh, ſhe is intolerably handſome!" Upon this we parted, and I reſolved to take a little more air in the garden,

[w] Loud voice.

yet avoid the danger by caſting my eyes downwards: but to my unſpeakable ſurpriſe, I diſcovered, in the ſame fair creature, the fineſt ancle and prettieſt foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the ſtays, thus diminiſh, what ſhall we do dear Neſtor? If it is neither ſafe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither ſhall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further deſcription of her, but I beg you would conſider that your wards are frail and mortal.

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

EPIMETRIUS.'

Nº 133. Thurſday, Auguſt 13, 1713.

Oh, fatal love of fame! Oh glorious heat!
Only deſtructive to the brave and great.

ADDISON's Campaign.

THE letters which I publiſhed in the Guardian of Saturday laſt[x], are written with ſuch ſpirit and greatneſs of mind, that they had excited a great curioſity in my lady Lizard's family, to know what occaſioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day liſtening in a circle to Mr. William the Templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies uſed in the ſingle combat, when the kings of England permitted ſuch trials to be performed in their preſence. He took occaſion from the chance of ſuch judicial proceedings, to

x See Guardian Nº 129; the four letters.

relate a cuſtom uſed, in a certain part of India, to determine law-ſuits, which he produced as a parallel to the ſingle combat. The cuſtom is, "That the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavours to keep under water as long as he is able; and he who comes up firſt loſes the cauſe." The author adds, "that if they had no other way of deciding controverſies in Europe, the lawyers might e'en throw themſelves in after them."

The mirth occaſioned by this Indian law, did not hinder the ladies from reflecting ſtill more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed, that it muſt be a miſtreſs which cauſed the duel; and Mrs Cornelia had already ſettled in her mind the faſhion of their arms, their colours and devices. My lady only aſked with a ſigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what ſatisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occaſion of the difference, I ſhall preſent the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the ſurvivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may ſerve to raiſe in our minds a yet higher deteſtation of that falſe honour, which robs our country of men ſo fitted to ſupport and adorn it.

Sir Edward Sackville's relation of the fight betwixt him and the lord Bruce.

'Worthy Sir,

'As I am not ignorant, ſo ought I to be ſenſible of the falſe aſperſions ſome au-

thorleſs tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate paſſage lately happened between the lord Bruce and myſelf, which as they are ſpread here, ſo I may juſtly fear they reign alſo where you are. There are but two ways to reſolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by ſword. The firſt is due to magiſtrates, and communicable to friends; the other to ſuch as maliciouſly ſlander and impudently defend their aſſertion. Your love, not my merit, aſſure me you hold me your friend, which eſteem I am much deſirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to underſtand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with ſiniſter rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I deſire to hold amongſt all worthy perſons. And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I ſhall give is neither more nor leſs than the bare truth. The incloſed contains the firſt citation, ſent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyſhire at my father-in-law's houſe. After it follows my then anſwer, returned him by the ſame bearer. The next is my accompliſhment of my firſt promiſe, being a particular aſſignation of place and weapons, which I ſent by a ſervant of mine, by poſt from Rotterdam, as ſoon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceaſed lord, is teſtified by the laſt, which periods the buſineſs until we met at Tergoſa in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an Engliſh gentleman, for his ſecond, a ſurgeon, and a

man, arrived with all the ſpeed he could. And there having rendered himſelf, I addreſſed my ſecond, ſir John Heidon, to let him underſtand, that now all following ſhould be done by conſent, as concerning the terms whereon we ſhould fight, as alſo the place. To our ſeconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we ſhould go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States territories from the archduke's. And there was the deſtined ſtage, to the end that having ended, he that could, might preſently exempt himſelf from the juſtice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in caſe any ſhould fall or ſlip, that then the combat ſhould ceaſe, and he whoſe ill fortune had ſo ſubjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in caſe one party's ſword ſhould break, becauſe that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other ſhould take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or elſe upon even terms go to it again. Thus theſe concluſions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and aſſented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reaſon my lord as I conceive, becauſe he could not handſomely without danger of diſcovery, had not paired the ſword I ſent him to Paris; bringing one of the ſame length, but twice as broad; my ſecond excepted againſt it, and adviſed me to match my own, and ſend him the choice, which I obeyed; it being you know, the chal-

lenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the ſword, which was performed by ſir John Heidon, it pleaſed the lord Bruce to chooſe my own, and then paſt expectation, he told him that he found himſelf ſo far behind-hand, as a little of my blood would not ſerve his turn; and therefore he was now reſolved to have me alone, becauſe he knew (for I will uſe his own words) "that ſo worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to ſtand by and ſee him do that which he muſt, to ſatisfy himſelf and his honour." Hereupon ſir John Heidon replied, that ſuch intentions were bloody and butchery, far unfitting ſo noble a perſonage, who ſhould deſire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himſelf injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing thoſe honourable offices he came for. The lord for anſwer, only reiterated his former reſolutions; whereupon, ſir John leaving him the ſword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, ſo moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for ſuch an action (ſeeing the ſurgeons hold a wound upon a full ſtomach much more dangerous than otherwiſe) I requeſted my ſecond to certify him, I would preſently decide the difference, and therefore he ſhould preſently meet me on horſeback, only waited on by our ſurgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other ſome twelve ſcore,

about ſome[y] two Engliſh miles: and then, paſſion having ſo weak an enemy to aſſail, as my direction[z], eaſily became victor, and uſing his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger the lord Bruce ſhould thirſt after my life with a kind of aſſuredneſs, ſeeing I had come ſo far and needleſsly, to give him leave to regain his loſt reputation. I bade him alight, which with all willingneſs he quickly granted, and there in a meadow ancle deep in water at the leaſt, bidding farewel to our doublets, in our ſhirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our ſurgeons to withdraw themſelves a pretty diſtance from us, conjuring them beſides, as they reſpected our favours, or their own ſafeties, not to ſtir, but ſuffer us to execute our pleaſure: we being fully reſolved (God forgive us!) to diſpatch each other by what means we could; I made a thruſt at my enemy, but was ſhort; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my ſhort ſhooting; but in revenge I preſſed in to him, though I then miſſed him alſo, and then received a wound in my right pap, which paſſed level through my body, and almoſt to my back. And there we wreſtled for the two greateſt and deareſt prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which ſtruggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, loſt one of her ſervants though the meaneſt; which hung by a ſkin, and to ſight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope

y Guard. in folio. z Diſcretion.

one day to recover the uſe of it again. But at laſt, breathleſs, yet keeping our holds, there paſſed on both ſides propoſitions of quitting each other's ſword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who ſhould quit firſt was the queſtion; which on neither part either would perform, and reſtriving again afreſh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying[a] at his throat, being maſter ſtill of his, I demanded, if he would aſk his life, or yield his ſword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myſelf being wounded, and feeling loſs of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint; and he courageouſly perſiſting not to accord to either of my propoſitions; through remembrance of his former bloody deſire, and feeling of my preſent eſtate, I ſtruck at his heart, but with his avoiding miſſed my aim, yet paſſed through the body, and drawing out my ſword re-paſſed it again, through another place; when he cried "Oh, I am ſlain!" ſeconding his ſpeech with all the force he had to caſt me. But being too weak, after I had defended his aſſault, I eaſily became maſter of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I re-demanded if he would requeſt his life, but it ſeemed he prized it not at ſo dear a rate to be beholden for it; bravely replying "he ſcorned it." Which anſwer of his was ſo noble and worthy, as I proteſt I could not find in my heart to offer him any

[a] Levelling.

more violence, only keeping him down until at length his ſurgeon afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not ſtopped." Whereupon I aſked if he deſired his ſurgeon ſhould come, which he accepted of; and ſo being drawn away, I never offered to take his ſword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for ſo I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my ſurgeon, in whoſe arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I loſt my ſight, and withal as I then thought, my life alſo. But ſtrong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I eſcaped a great danger. For my lord's ſurgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's ſword; and had not mine with my ſword interpoſed himſelf, I had been ſlain by thoſe baſe hands: although my lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and paſt all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out "Raſcal! hold thy hand." So may I proſper as I have dealt ſincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the incloſed letter, deliver to my lord chamberlain. And ſo, &c.

Your's,

Louvain, the 8th
of Sept. 1613.

EDWARD SACKVILLE [b].'

[b] The directions given at the cloſe of this paper, N° 133, in the Guard. in fol. to correct two errata in N° 125, ſuggeſt an opinion that the author of N° 125, moſt probably Mr. T. Tickell, was likewiſe the author of this paper, and perhaps of N° 129, which contains the letters of ſir Edward Sackville and lord Bruce.

Nº 134. Friday, Auguſt 17, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis.
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis.
Hor. 1 Sat. ii. 94.

In virtuous dames, you ſee the face alone:
None ſhow the reſt, but women of the town.

My lion having given over roaring for ſome time, I find that ſeveral ſtories have been ſpread abroad in the country to his diſadvantage. One of my correſpondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him in their parts, that he is ſilenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was ſent for by a meſſenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain ſeveral dangerous things in his maw. I muſt not omit another report which has been raiſed by ſuch as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is ſtarved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare theſe reports to be altogether groundleſs; and ſince I am contradicting common fame, I muſt likewiſe acquaint the world, that the ſtory of a two hundred pound bank-bill conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my lion has not roared for theſe twelve days paſt, by reaſon that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and ſuch as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithſtanding the admonitions I have given

my correſpondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of ſcandal down his throat, others have choaked him with lewdneſs and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with ſo much nonſenſe that they have made a very aſs of him. On Monday laſt, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory, and the day after, a virulent whig. Some have been ſo miſchievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promiſed to reſtrain him from hurting any man's reputation, ſo my reader may be aſſured that I myſelf ſhall be the laſt man whom I will ſuffer him to abuſe. However, that I may give general ſatisfaction, I have a deſign of converting a room in Mr. Button's houſe to the lion's library, in which I intend to depoſit the ſeveral packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. Theſe manuſcripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future hiſtorians who ſhall give an account of the preſent age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chaſtity, it has been obſerved that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently againſt the untuckered neck, and as far as I can find by him, is ſtill determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

'Good Mr. Ironside,

'I must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When

my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whiſper in her ear, partly between jeſt and earneſt, that " I will tell the lion of her." Dear Sir, do not let them alone until you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater ſign, that they themſelves are ſenſible they have ſtripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen which will hardly cover a ſilver groat, their modeſty-piece? It is obſerved, that this modeſty-piece ſtill ſinks lower and lower; and who knows where it will fix at laſt?

' You muſt know, ſir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived ſeveral years in a country where the woman ſhew nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almoſt out of countenance to ſee my pretty country-women laying open their charms with ſo much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modeſt ſhade of the tucker. I ſoon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the faſhion. I was pleaſed to think, as every married man muſt be, that I ſhould make daily diſcoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the reſt of the world. But ſince this new airy faſhion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can poſitively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within theſe three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle are now expoſed to the ſight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I firſt found myſelf their proprietor. As in all appearance the

curtain is ſtill riſing, I find a parcel of raſcally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be preſented with ſome new ſcene every day.

'In ſhort, ſir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Inſtead of being acquainted with her perſon more than other men, I have now the leaſt ſhare of it. When ſhe is at home ſhe is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but ſtrips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when ſhe has thrown aſide half her clothes, ſhe begins to think herſelf half dreſt. Now, ſir, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this faſhion, by ſhewing the immodeſty of it. If you expect to make female proſelytes, you muſt convince them, that if they would get huſbands, they muſt not ſhew all before marriage. I am ſure, had my wife been dreſſed before I married her as ſhe is at preſent, ſhe would have ſatisfied a good half of my curioſity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a ſhow, by ſeeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often obſerved a curious paſſenger ſo attentive to theſe objects which he could ſee for nothing, that he took no notice of the maſter of the ſhow, who was continually crying out, "Pray, gentlemen, walk in."

'I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's ſhe-diſciples are obliged to cover themſelves; you have lately informed us from the foreign newſpapers[c] of the regulations

[c] See Nº 116, quaker's letter, and Nº 140, *ad finem.*

which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope, our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to shew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

'You know, sir, that in the beginning of last century, there was a sect of men amongst us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eveites.

☞ [d] I am, Sir, &c.'

N° 135. Saturday, August 1, 1713.

By ADDISON.

——*meâ*
Virtute me involvo— HOR. 3 Od. xxix. 54.

——Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
DRYDEN.

'A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befal us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and re-

[d] This paper, N° 134, is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand, and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edit. of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 217.

proach, and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, beſides this ſingle one, of our being conſcious to ourſelves that we do not deſerve them.

I have always been mightily pleaſed with that paſſage in Don Quixote, where the fantaſtical knight is repreſented as loading a gentleman of good ſenſe with praiſes and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himſelf. How grateful is praiſe to human nature! I connot forbear being ſecretly pleaſed with the commendations I receive, though I am ſenſible it is a madman that beſtows them on me. In the ſame manner, though we are often ſure that the cenſures which are paſſed upon us are uttered by thoſe who know nothing of us, and have neither means not abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they ſay.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is ſo natural to the beſt and wiſeſt of men, I have taken a particular pleaſure in obſerving the conduct of the old philoſophers, how they bore themſelves up againſt the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to ſilence calumny, ſays Bias, is to be always exerciſed in ſuch things as are praiſeworthy. Socrates after having received ſentence, told his friends, that he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth and not cenſure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, becauſe he knew himſelf free from guilt. It was in the ſame ſpirit that he heard the accuſations of his two great adverſaries, who had uttered

againſt him the moſt virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, ſays he, may procure ſentence againſt me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philoſopher was ſo well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his deſtruction. This was properly the ſupport of a good conſcience, that contradicted the reports which had been raiſed againſt him, and cleared him to himſelf.

Others of the philoſophers rather chooſe to retort the injury by a ſmart reply, than thus to diſarm it with reſpect to themſelves. They ſhew that it ſtung them, though at the ſame time they had the addreſs to make their aggreſſors ſuffer with them. Of this kind was Ariſtotle's reply to one who purſued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' ſays he, 'who are uſed to ſuffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been uſed to utter them take no pleaſure in hearing them.' Diogenes was ſtill more ſevere on one who ſpoke ill of him. 'No body will believe you when you ſpeak ill of me, any more than they would believe me ſhould I ſpeak well of you.'

In theſe and many other inſtances I could produce, the bitterneſs of the anſwer ſufficiently teſtifies the uneaſineſs of mind the perſon was under who made it. I would rather adviſe my reader, if he has not in this caſe the ſecret conſolation that he deſerves no ſuch reproaches as are caſt upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus: 'If any one ſpeaks ill of thee, conſider whether he has truth on his ſide; and if ſo, re-

form thyſelf, that his cenſures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his ſinging; 'Ay,' ſays he, 'then I muſt learn to ſing better.' But of all the ſayings of philoſophers which I have gathered together for my own uſe on this occaſion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good ſenſe than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him; 'It is no matter,' ſaid he, 'I will live ſo that none ſhall believe them.' Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had ſpoken detractingly of him; 'I am ſure he would not do it,' ſays he, 'if he had not ſome reaſon for it.' This is the ſureſt as well as the nobleſt way of drawing the ſting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, 'a good conſcience.'

I deſigned in this eſſay to ſhew that there is no happineſs wanting to him who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no perſon can be miſerable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this ſubject ſo well treated in one of Dr. South's ſermons[e], that I ſhall fill this Saturday's paper with a paſſage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having ſhewn the virtue of a good conſcience in ſupporting a man under the greateſt trials and difficulties of life, con-

[e] See Tat. N° 61, and note on Dr. South; N° 205, note 2; and N° 211, *ad finem*.—Here Addiſon borrows almoſt half a paper. A.

cludes with reprefenting its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and laft inftance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does moft eminently fhew and exert itfelf, is at the time of death. Which furely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the ftrength and worth of every principle. When a man fhall be juft about to quit the ftage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his laft accounts to God; at which fad time his memory fhall ferve him for little elfe, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his paft life, and his former extravagance ftripped of all their pleafure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promife him a fair paffage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the friends and interefts, all the riches and honours under heaven can fpeak fo much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may poffibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this difconfolate time, when the bufy tempter fhall be more than ufually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and difcompofe him, and the fettlement of worldly affairs to difturb and confound him; and in a word, all things confpire to make his fick bed grievous and uneafy; nothing can then ftand up againft all thefe ruins, and fpeak life in the midft of death, but a clear confcience.

'And the teftimony of that fhall make the comforts of heaven defcend upon his weary head,

like refreſhing dew, or ſhower upon a parched ground. It ſhall give him ſome lively earneſts, and ſecret anticipations of his approaching joy. It ſhall bid his ſoul go out of the body undaunted, and lift up his head with confidence before ſaints and angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this ſeaſon, is ſomething bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unſpeakable, and not to be underſtood until it comes to be felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleaſures and traſh and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and purſue the greateſt rigours of piety, and auſterities of a good life, to purchaſe to himſelf ſuch a conſcience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendſhip in the world ſhall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turns its back upon him, ſhall diſmiſs the ſoul and cloſe his eyes with that bleſſed ſentence, "well done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" ☞[f].

N° 136. Monday, Auguſt, 17, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day.

DRYDEN.

SOME of our quaint moraliſts have pleaſed themſelves with an obſervation, that there is but

[f] This paper N° 135, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 200.

one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have ſeen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the perſon of death metamorphoſing himſelf like another Proteus into innumerable ſhapes and figures. To repreſent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other diſtempers and accidents that deſtroy the life of man, death enters firſt of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of ſnow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himſelf all of a ſudden into a ſword, then dwindles ſucceſſively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's deſign by this allegory, was to ſhew the many aſſaults to which the life of man is expoſed, and to let his reader ſee that there was ſcarce any thing in nature ſo very mean and inconſiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the duſt. I remember monſieur Paſchal, in his reflections on Providence, has this obſervation upon Cromwell's death[g]. That uſurper, ſays he, who had deſtroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, *and ſtruck a terror into Rome itſelf,* was at laſt taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain

[g] This obſervation of M. Paſchal on Cromwell's death, or, as it is called here, this reflection of his on Providence, Addiſon might have pertinently introduced and animadverted upon, in one of his own antecedent papers, equally commendable for its deſign and its execution, Spect. N° 483. The words in italics are ludicrous, conſidering the preſent ſtate of Rome, and an example of the Bathos in proſe.

of ſand, ſays he, that would have been of no ſignificancy in any other part of the univerſe, being lodged in ſuch a particular place, was an inſtrument of Providence to bring about the moſt happy revolutions, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In ſhort, ſwarms of diſtempers are every where hovering over us; caſualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or ſleep, ſit or walk, are planted about us in ambuſcade; every element, every climate, every ſeaſon, all nature is full of death.

There are more caſualties incident to men than women, as battles, ſea-voyages, with ſeveral dangerous trades and profeſſions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have ſeen a treatiſe written by a learned phyſician on the diſtempers peculiar to thoſe who work in ſtone or marble. It has been therefore obſerved by curious men, that upon a ſtrict examination there are more males brought into the world than females[h]. Providence, to ſupply this waſte of the ſpecies, has made allowance for it by a ſuitable redundancy in the male ſex. Thoſe who have made the niceſt calculations have found I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This obſervation is ſo well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonſtrative argument for the ſuperintendency of Providence?

[h] It is now ſaid, that males are more difficult to be reared. A.

There are caſualties incident to every particular ſtation and way of life. A friend of mine was once ſaying, that he fancied there would be ſomething new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his ſeat, which lies at a conſiderable diſtance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the ſeveral deaths that had happened in his country for the ſpace of a whole year, and ſend them up to me in the form of ſuch a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here ſee that he has been as good as his promiſe. To make it the more entertaining he has ſet down, among the real diſtempers, ſome imaginary ones, to which the country people aſcribe the deaths of ſome of their neighbours. I ſhall extract out of them ſuch only as ſeem almoſt peculiar to the country, laying aſide fevers, apoplexies, ſmall-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a ſix-bar gate fox-hunters - - 4
Of a quick-ſet hedge - - - 2
Two duels, viz.
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork 1
Second, betwen a joint-ſtool and a brown jug 1
Bewitched - - - - - 13
Of an evil tongue - - - - 9
Croſt in love - - - - - 7
Broke his neck in robbing a henrooſt - 1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the pariſh - - 1
Surfeit of curds and cream - - 2
Took cold ſleeping at church - - 11

Of a ſprain in his ſhoulder by ſaving his dog at a bull-baiting - - -	1
Lady B——'s cordial water - -	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle - -	1
Frighted out of his wits by a heedleſs dog with ſaucer eyes - - - -	1
Of October - - - - -	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the ſhire - - - - -	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft - - - - -	3
Climbing a crow's neſt - - -	1
Chalk and green apples - - -	4
Led into a horſepond by a will of the wiſp	1
Died of a fright in an exerciſe of the trained bands - - - - -	1
Over-eat himſelf at a houſe-warming -	1
By the parſon's bull - - - -	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the ſquire's houſe-dog - - - - -	2
Shot by miſtake - - - -	1
Of a mountebank doctor - - -	6
Of the merry-andrew - - -	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch - -	1
Old age - - - - -	100
Foul diſtemper[i] - - - -	0

☞[k]

[i] This laſt article is in favour of the country; but it is a query, how juſtly. A.

[k] This paper, N° 136, is marked with a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, vol. iv. p. 223.

Nº 137. Tuesday, August 18, 1713.

By ADDISON.

——sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco Procerem——— Juv. Sat. viii. 24.

Convince the world, that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, in all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A Peer of the first quality to me. STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to shew that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins[1], than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious

[1] Is it certain that with an equal education, the son of a puny nobleman is more likely to make a good sea or land officer, than the son of his brawny porter, or of his rosy coachman? A.

line, is very juſtly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think thoſe who are indifferent in themſelves and have nothing elſe to diſtinguiſh them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and be more reſpected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus aſcribed due honours to birth and parentage, I muſt however take notice of thoſe who arrogate to themſelves more honours than are due to them on this account. The firſt are ſuch who are not enough ſenſible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and diſennobles a man in the eye of the world as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The ſecond are thoſe who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an inſignificant and worthleſs man who is deſcended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or in other words, behold with contempt a perſon who is ſuch a man as the firſt founder of their family was, upon whoſe reputation they value themſelves.

But I ſhall chiefly apply myſelf to thoſe whoſe quality ſits uppermoſt in all their diſcourſes and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is ſcarce converſible. You read his anceſtry in his ſmile, in his air, in his eyebrow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is

always difcuffing within himfelf. A gentleman of this turn began a fpeech in one of king Charles's parliaments; 'Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time'—upon which an honeft gentleman took him up fhort, 'I would fain know what that gentleman means: Is there any one in the houfe that has not had the honour to be born as well as himfelf?' The good fenfe which reigns in our nation has pretty well deftroyed this ftarched behaviour among men who have feen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents or flatterers, that lofe all the refpect which would otherwife be paid them, by being too affiduous in procuring it.

My lord Froth has been fo educated in punctilio, that he governs himfelf by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He meafures out his bow to the degree of the perfon he converfes with. I have feen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod, to the low ftoop in the fituation fign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was faying, it would be worth while to obferve how he would diftinguifh us at his firft entrance. Accordingly he no fooner came into the room, but cafting his eyes about, 'My lord fuch a one,' fays he' 'your moft humble fervant. Sir Richard, your humble fervant. Your fervant, Mr. Ironfide. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Ha! Frank, are you there [m]?'

[m] See a moft excellent fpeech of this kind in A. Young's Irifh Tour. A.

There is nothing more eaſy than to diſcover a man whoſe heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a ſtrong tincture of the nurſery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, ſuperannuated retainers to a great houſe, have generally their thoughts taken up with little elſe.

I had ſome years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironſide, who would never marry beneath herſelf, and is ſuppoſed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and paſt away the greateſt part of the laſt forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the Ironſides. Mrs. Martha converſed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewiſe of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the laſt century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but ſaid their prayers twice a day, and in all other reſpects were the beſt women in the world. If they ſaw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the ſaucy minx, when they found ſhe was an honeſt tradeſman's daughter. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the pious indignation that would riſe in them at the ſight of a man who lived plentifully on an eſtate of his own getting. They were tranſported with zeal beyond meaſure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In ſhort, there was not a female within ten miles of them

that was in poſſeſſion of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, a piece of Macklin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha uſed to chide me very frequently for not ſufficiently valuing myſelf. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation ſhe found ſhe had been ſeated below herſelf; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if ſhe ſaw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom ſhe had refuſed in her youth, ſhe declared to me with great warmth, that ſhe preferred a man of quality in his ſhirt to the richeſt man upon the Change in a coach and ſix. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's ſide to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a ſecret among ourſelves. A little before her death ſhe was reciting to me the hiſtory of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of ſir Gilbert Ironſide, who had a horſe ſhot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate piſh, and aſked, 'What was all this to me?' Upon which ſhe retired to her cloſet, and fell a ſcribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, ſhe ſtruck me out of her will, and left all ſhe had to my ſiſter Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that uſed to be aſking queſtions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironſides, with a ſtone over her, acquainting the reader, that ſhe died at the age of eighty years, a ſpinſter, and that ſhe was deſcended of the an-

cient family of the Ironſides.——After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand. ☞ n

N° 138. Wedneſday, Auguſt 29, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Inceditque animum Famæ venientis amore.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 889.

And fires his mind with love of future fame.

THERE is nothing which I ſtudy ſo much in the courſe of theſe my daily diſſertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is ſure ſome time or other to find a ſubject that pleaſes him, and almoſt every paper has ſome particular ſet of men for its advocates. Inſtead of ſeeing the number of my papers every day increaſing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my gueſts, and quicken it from time to time by ſomething new and unexpected. In ſhort, I endeavour to treat my reader in the ſame manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful deſcription of Milton:

'So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chooſe for delicacy beſt;
What order, ſo contrived as not to mix

n This paper N° 137, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 225. See the Publiſher to the Reader.

Genealogies and pedigrees are very ſeldom given in epitaphs on tombſtones. A.

Taſtes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring
Taſte after taſte, upheld with kindlieſt chance.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore;
In Pontus or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reigned [o]; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth-rind, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand——' FIFTH BOOK.

If by this method I can furniſh out a *Splendida ferago,* according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem [p], publiſhed among the exerciſes of the laſt Oxford act; I have gained the end which I propoſed to myſelf.

In my yeſterday's paper, I ſhewed how the actions of our anceſtors and forefathers ſhould excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I ſhall here obſerve, that a regard to our poſterity, and thoſe who are to deſcend from us, ought to have the ſame kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble ſoul would rather die than commit an action that ſhould make his children bluſh when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to thoſe who ſhall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleaſing thought to a man of eminence, than to conſider that poſterity, who lie many removes from him, ſhall make their boaſts of his virtues, and be honourable for his ſake.

Virgil repreſents this conſideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when after having ſhown

[o] What a tirade is this of Milton's! Is Paradiſe raiſed by compariſon with Alcinous's kitchen-garden? A.

Q. Whoſe poem is here alluded to?

him the race of heroes who were to defcend from him, Anchifes adds with a noble warmth,

> ‘ *Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?*’
> Æn. vi. 806.

> ‘ And doubt we yet through dangers to purfue
> The paths of honour——’ Dryden.

Since I have mentioned this paffage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great defcendants, I cannot forbear obferving a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The lift which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Auguftus. For this reafon Anchifes, who fhews Æneas moft of the reft of his defcendants in the fame order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the fake of Auguftus, whom he fingles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the moft illuftrious perfon who was to rife in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to defcribe his pofterity raifed to the utmoft pitch of glory, and therefore paffes over all the reft to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly reprefents as making the moft confpicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greateft praife he could beftow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel which would have been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey [q] and Cæfar,

[q] If fuccefs is to determine it, I think Auguftus eclipfed Pompey. A.

who each of them eclipſed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things ſpoken of Auguſtus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to outrival one another on that ſubject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for ſublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The Engliſh reader may ſee a faint ſhadow of it in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation, for the original is inimitable.

'*Hic vir, hic eſt, &c.*' ÆN. vi. 791.

'But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric, and India, ſhall his power obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad ſhoulders with their light are crown'd.
At his foreſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their ſeers behold the tempeſt from afar;
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſevenfold gate;
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephew's
fate,
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
By tygers drawn triumphant in his car;

From Nifus top defcending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to purfue
The paths of honour?——'

I could fhew out of other poets the fame kind of vifion as this in Virgil, wherein the chief perfons of the poem have been entertained with the fight of thofe who were to defcend from them: but inftead of that, I fhall conclude with a rabbinical ftory which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amufing.

Adam, fay the rabbins, a little after his creation, was prefented with a view of all thofe fouls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others the vifion fet before him the foul of David. Our great anceftor was tranfported at the fight of fo beautiful an apparition; but to his unfpeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be converfant among men the fpace of one year.

'*Oftendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultrà*
Effe finent——' ÆN. vi. 869.

'This youth (the blifsful vifion of a day)
Shall juft be fhown on earth, and fnatch'd away.'
DRYDEN.

Adam, to procure a longer life for fo fine a piece of human nature, begged that threefcore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, fay the rabbins, Adam falls fhort of a thoufand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by juft fo many years as

make up the life of David. Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70.

This story was invented to shew the high opinion which the rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David, 'of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel.' ☞[r]

Nº 139. Thursday, August 20, 1713.
By ADDISON.

—— *prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis*

Virg. Æn. ix. 79.

—— The fact, thro' length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith: yet shall the same endure.

Dryden.

'Most Venerable Nestor,

'I find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up

[r] This paper, Nº 138, is distinguished by Addison's signature in the Guardian, a hand, and is likewise reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 228.—Steele was about this time endeavouring to get himself chosen a member for the next parliament. See Exam. vol. iv. Nº 207, in fol. Nº 27.

of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long conſidered with myſelf how I might expreſs my gratitude to this noble animal that has ſo much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this ſubject, I have at length reſolved to do honour to him, by compiling an hiſtory of his ſpecies, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the proſecution of this deſign, I ſhall have no manner of regard to what Æſop has ſaid upon the ſubject, whom I look upon to have been a republican by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beaſts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falſhood and forgery, in almoſt every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewiſe a ſet of men whoſe authority I ſhall build upon very little in this caſe. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the ſeven champions, but when he has nothing elſe to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be ſure always gets the better of him. In ſhort, a knight errant lives in a perpetual ſtate of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the ſtories recorded of them by theſe writers been true, the whole ſpecies would have been deſtroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I ſhall begin my memoirs of the lion with a ſtory related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Caſſius, an hiſtorian

of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

'Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the desarts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself[s] for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his bene-

[s] up for lost.

factor, and went off again in purſuit of his prey. Androcles, after having ſodden the fleſh of it by the ſun, ſubſiſted upon it until the lion had ſupplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful ſolitude, the lion catering for him with great aſſiduity. Being tired at length with this ſavage ſociety, he was reſolved to deliver himſelf up into his maſter's hands, and ſuffer the worſt effects of his diſpleaſure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His maſter, as was cuſtomary for the proconſul of Africa, was at that time getting together a preſent of all the largeſt lions that could be found in the country, in order to ſend them to Rome, that they might furniſh out a ſhow to the Roman people. Upon his poor ſlave's ſurrendering himſelf into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as ſoon as the lions were in readineſs to be ſent, and that for his crime he ſhould be expoſed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as uſual, for the diverſion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after ſuch a ſtrange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidſt thouſands of ſpectators, expecting every moment when his antagoniſt would come out upon him. At length a huge monſtrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the ſhow. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a ſudden, after having regarded him a little wiſtfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the ſigns of blandiſhment and careſs. Androcles, after a ſhort pauſe, diſcovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his ac-

quaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very ſurpriſing to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his poſſeſſion. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deſarts of Afric. Dion Caſſius ſays, that he himſelf ſaw the man leading the lion about the ſtreets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic eſt leo hoſpes hominis, hic eſt homo medicus leonis.*" "This is the lion who was the man's hoſt, this is the man who was the lion's phyſician." ☞ [t].

Nº 140. Friday, Auguſt 21, 1713.

By ADDISON.

———*quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo*
Laomedontiades, vel Neſtoris hernia poſſit.
JUV. Sat. vi. 324.

A ſight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm ev'n Neſtor into amorous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an aſtrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great ſatisfaction. He obſerves to me, that my lion at Button's coffee-houſe was very luckily erected in the very month when the ſun was in Leo. He

[t] This paper, Nº 139, is marked with a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian; and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 232.

The curious reader may find abundance of entertainment on this ſubject of lions in M. Buffon's Hiſtoire Naturelle, and the ſupplement to that work.

further adds, that upon converſing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whoſe other name he obſerves is Daniel (a good omen ſtill with regard to the lion his cohabitant), he had diſcovered the very hour in which the ſaid lion was ſent up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the ſaid Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the lion. This myſterious philoſopher acquaints me, that the ſign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, ſays he, is ſignified the natural love and friendſhip the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to ſuch matrons likewiſe as are pure and unſpotted: from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the moſt exact aſtrological ſchemes, the lion is obſerved to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the ſcorpion in thoſe parts which are allotted to that fiery conſtellation. From hence he very naturally prognoſticates, that my lion will meet with great ſucceſs in the attacks he has made on the untuckered ſtays and ſhort petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female boſom or ancle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foreſaw five years ago, that both the pope and myſelf ſhould about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that ſundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dreſs.

I have another letter by me from a perſon of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propenſion in the fair ſex to go uncovered, and thinking it impoſſible to reclaim them intirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedneſs and cloathing. He propoſes, therefore, that they ſhould imitate their great-grandmothers the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with ſuch figures as ſhall be moſt to their fancy. The boſom of the coquette, ſays he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the ſtring. The prude might have a Pallas, with a ſhield and gorgon's head. In ſhort, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable diſcoveries of herſelf, and at the ſame time ſhew us what ſhe would be at. But by my correſpondent's good leave, I can by no means conſent to ſpoil the ſkin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half ſo charming as thoſe which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the ſun itſelf upon their bodies, they would ſtill change for the worſe, and conceal ſomething more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I ſhall therefore perſiſt in my firſt deſign, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have ſo long aimed at. Let them but raiſe their ſtays and let down [u] their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will

[u] Lower or lengthen. A.

give them ſpace to conſider of it, I deſign this for the laſt time that my lion ſhall roar upon the ſubject during this ſeaſon, which I give public notice of for the ſake of my correſpondents, that they may not be at an unneceſſary trouble or expence in furniſhing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again reſume that point, if I find occaſion for it. I ſhall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his preſent good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

'TO POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH, NESTOR IRONSIDE GREETING.

'Dear Brother,

'I have heard, with great ſatisfaction, that you have forbidden your prieſts to confeſs any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you pleaſe me well. I do agree with you, that it is impoſſible for the good man to diſcharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to thoſe alluring penitents that diſcover their hearts and necks to him at the ſame time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to ſtir up the ſame ſpirit of modeſty among the women of this iſland, and ſhould be glad we might aſſiſt one another in ſo good a work. In order to it, I deſire that you would ſend me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it ſtood

before your late prohibition. We have ſome here who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length; ſome that have necks which reach down to their middles, and indeed, ſome who may be ſaid to be all neck, and no body. I hope, at the ſame time you obſerve the ſtays of your female ſubjects, that you have alſo an eye to their petticoats, which riſe in this iſland daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the ſtays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be the ſtandard of each, as it has been lately ſettled in a junto of the ſex), I will take care to ſend you one of either ſort, which I advertiſe you of beforehand, that you may not compute the ſtature of our Engliſh women from the length of their garments. In the mean time I have deſired the maſter of a veſſel, who tells me that he ſhall touch at Civita Vecchia, to preſent you with a certain female machine which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to diſcover the uſe of it. Not to keep you in ſuſpence, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I ſhall only beg of you to let me know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female ſaints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thouſand virgin martyrs.

'Yours, *uſque ad Aras,*

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

P. S. I muſt not diſmiſs this letter without declaring myſelf a good proteſtant, as I hint in

the ſubſcribing part of it. This I think neceſſary to take notice of, leſt I ſhould be accuſed by an author of unexampled ſtupidity [w], for correſponding with the head of a Romiſh church.

☞ [x].

N° 141. Saturday, Auguſt 22, 1713.

By STEELE.

Frange, miſer, calamos, vigilataque prœlia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublimia carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, et imagine macrâ.

Juv. Sat. vii. 27.

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way;
Your wars, your loves, your praiſes be forgot;
And make of all an univerſal blot———
The reſt is empty praiſe, an ivy crown,
Or the lean ſtatue of a mean renown. Ch. Dryden.

'Wit,' ſaith the biſhop of Rocheſter [y] in his elegant ſermon againſt the ſcorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the ſearch of truth, and very capable of aſſiſting us to diſcern and embrace it [z].' I

[w] In this P. S. Addiſon, a man of temper, ſeems to loſe it. See N° 116, quaker's letter, and N° 134, penult. paragr. Theſe harſh words are ſpoken of the writer of the Examiner, vol. iv. N° 27, in folio. See *ibidem* the concluſion, and the advertiſement.

[x] This paper, N° 140, is marked with a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 234.

[y] Dr. Atterbury.

[z] The free-thinkers from Shafteſbury, &c. made good uſe of the biſhop's doctrine. A,

ſhall take leave to carry this obſervation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young perſons to the favour of ſuch patrons, as are generally ſtudious to promote the intereſt of politeneſs, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of ſome riſing authors whom I have taken under my guardianſhip. Since my circumſtance will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I muſt take upon me the perſon of a philoſopher, and make them a preſent of my advice. I would not have any poet whatſoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himſelf up to wit, but as it is ſubſervient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is uſeful in all profeſſions, and ſhould be conſidered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the deſire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of eaſe and convenience eraſe the fairy images of glory and honour. Even thoſe who have ſucceeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with ſome regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and uſeful ſpeculations. This is admirably expreſt in the following lines by an author [a], whom I have formerly done juſtice to on the account of his paſtoral poems.

In ſearch of Wiſdom far from Wit I fly;
Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,

[a] Mr. Ambroſe Philips. On Wit and Wiſdom. A fragment. Paſtorals, Epiſtles, Odes, and other Poems. By A. Philips, Eſq. Engliſh Poets, vol. lvii. p. 82.

In whofe bewitching arms our early time
We wafte, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when Reflection comes with riper years,
And Manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
We caft the miftrefs off to take a wife,
And wed to Wifdom, lead a happy life.

A paffage which happened to me fome years ago confirmed feveral maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning [b] and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he fhewed me at the one end feveral well-chofen mottos, and feveral patterns of cloth at the other.—I, like a well-bred man, praifed both forts of goods; whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generoufly gave them to me: but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am fenfible that any accounts of my own fecret hiftory can have but little weight with young men of fanguine expectations. I fhall therefore take this opportunity to prefent my wards with the hiftory of an ancient Greek poet, which was fent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manufcript of Homer's works, which was brought by the Barbarians from Conftantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully tranflated part of it, and defire that it may be diligently perufed by all men who defign to live by their wits.

[b] Perhaps Will. Pate, a draper, celebrated for his wit and learning.

'I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnaſſus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while ſhe was with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a ſwarm of bees ſettled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. Theſe were looked upon as preſages of my being a great man; and the early promiſes I gave of a quick wit, and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly converſed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was ſo taken up with my paſſion, that I intirely neglected all other affairs: and though the daughter of Machaon the phyſician, and a rich heireſs, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refuſed both the matches, and raſhly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonſtrate to me, that the tradition of her being deſcended from the Gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortune; that except her fine green-houſe and garden, ſhe had not one foot of land; and though ſhe ſhould gain the law-ſuit about the ſummit of Parnaſſus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was ſo bleak there, and the ground ſo barren, that it would certainly ſtarve the poſſeſſor. I fear my obſtinacy in this particular broke my mother's

heart, who died a ſhort time after, and was ſoon followed by my father.

'I now found myſelf at liberty, and notwithſtanding the oppoſition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who ſaw, extolled the beauty of my miſtreſs, and pronounced me happy, in the poſſeſſion of ſo many charms. We lived in great ſplendor and gaiety, I being perſuaded that high living was neceſſary to keep up my reputation, and the beauty of my miſtreſs; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a poſt in the government, or ſome laviſh preſent from the great men of our commonwealth. I was ſo proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to ſee her, and was a little tireſome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her ſeveral beauties. She herſelf had a moſt exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to aſk their opinions of her dreſs; which if they diſapproved in any particular, ſhe called them a pack of envious inſipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate ſet of teeth, which appeared moſt to advantage when ſhe was angry; and therefore ſhe was very often in a paſſion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living ſoul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a ſlave to ſuch a proud minx, ſuch a conceited huſſy.

'I loved her paſſionately, and exclaimed againſt a blind and injudicious world. Beſides I had ſe-

veral children by her, and was likely ſtill to have more; for I always thought the youngeſt the moſt beautiful. I muſt not forget that a certain great lord offered me a conſiderable ſum in my neceſſity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with diſdain. In order to ſupport her family and vanities, ſhe carried me to Athens; where ſhe put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes ſhe dreſt me in an antic robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a bluſtering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes ſhe made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a ſort of madneſs which the Athenians call the Pindariſm. At another time ſhe put a ſheephook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When theſe projects failed, ſhe gave out, with great ſucceſs, that I was an old aſtrologer [c]; after that a dumb man [d]; and laſt of all ſhe made me paſs for a lion [e].

'It may ſeem ſtrange, that, after ſo tedious a ſlavery, I ſhould ever get my freedom. But ſo it happened, that during the three laſt transformations, I grew acquainted with the lady Sophia, whoſe ſuperior charms cooled my paſſion for Polyhymnia; inſomuch that ſome envious dull fellows gave it out, my miſtreſs had jilted and left me. But the ſlanders of my enemies were ſilenced by my public eſpouſal of Sophia; who, with

[c] Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq. an aſtrologer in the Tatler.
[d] A dumb man in the Spectator.
[e] A lion in the Guardian.

a greatneſs of ſoul, void of all jealouſy, hath taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dreſſed by her every day [f].'

N° 142. Monday, Auguſt 24, 1713.

By STEELE.

——Pacis mala ſævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciſcitur—

JUV. Sat. vi. 291.

——Th' inveterate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot; whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd—— DRYDEN.

BEING obliged, at preſent, to attend a particular affair of my own [g], I do empower my printer to look into the arcana of the lion, and ſelect out of them ſuch as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authoriſed and commanded to give my ſaid printer free ingreſs and egreſs to the lion, without any hindrance, let, or moleſtation whatſoever, until ſuch time as he ſhall receive orders to the contrary. And for ſo doing this ſhall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

'By virtue of the foregoing order, the lion has been carefully examined, and the two following

f See N° 10, and N° 15, final notes. This paper written originally by Steele, contains alluſions to the various employments of his ready pen, and ſeems to indicate that he was early in life urged to embrace the profeſſion of phyſic, or follow the ſtudy of the law.

g The particular affair alluded to here was probably Steele's election as M. P. for Stockbridge.

papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for public uſe.'

' *Given in at the lion's mouth at ſix of the clock in the morning.*

' Mr. Ironside,

' I came very early this morning to rouſe your lion, thinking it the propereſt time to offer him traſh when his ſtomach was empty and ſharp ſet; and being informed too that he is ſo very modeſt, as to be ſhy of ſwallowing any thing before much company, and not without ſome other politic views, the principal of which was, that his digeſtion being then the moſt keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from ſeveral of its crudities, and ſo make it proper food for his maſter; for as great princes keep their taſter, ſo I perceive you keep your digeſter, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and ſimilitude of employment are any motives to engage your attention, I may for once promiſe myſelf a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a ſtranger to the many great difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic which ſhe is fully bent upon. I am a guardian to a young heireſs, whoſe conduct I am more than ordinary ſolicitous to keep ſteady in the ſlippery age we live in. I muſt confeſs miſs hath hitherto been very tractable and toward, conſidering ſhe is an heireſs, and now

upon the brink of fifteen: but here of late Tom Whirligig has ſo turned her head with the gallantries of a late maſquerade (which no doubt Tom, according to his uſual vivacity, ſet forth in all its gayeſt colours), that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever ſince, and ſo ſet agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teaſed to death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have ſurpriſed her more than once or twice very buſy in pulling all her clothes to pieces, in order to make up a ſtrange dreſs, and with much ado have reprieved them from her mercileſs ſciſſars. Now you muſt underſtand, old Iron, I am very loth to truſt her all alone into ſuch an ocean of temptations. I have made uſe of all manner of diſſuaſives to her, and have ſufficiently demonſtrated to her, that the devil firſt addreſſed himſelf to Eve in a maſk, and that we owe the loſs of our firſt happy ſtate to a maſquerade, which that ſly intriguer made in the garden, where he ſeduced her; but ſhe does not at all regard this, the paſſion of curioſity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predeceſſor. Therefore I appeal, ſage Neſtor, to your experienced age, whether theſe nocturnal aſſemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a looſe turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in diſguiſe takes away the uſual checks and reſtraints of modeſty; and conſequently the beaux do not bluſh to talk wantonly, nor the belles to liſten; the one as greedily ſucks in the poiſon, as the other induſtriouſly infuſes it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might poſſibly forget

their own ſelves in ſuch ſtrange dreſſes, and do that in a perſonated character which may ſtain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herſelf in the innocent freedom of a green gown; and a ſhepherdeſs, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a ſhepherd on a moſſy-bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be ſo far loſt in the pleaſing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's ſoft endearing language, as never once to reflect who ſhe is, until the romance is completed. Beſides, do but conſider, dear Neſtor, when a young lady's ſpirits are fermented with ſparkling champaign, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her, her ſoul melted away by the ſoft airs of muſic, and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman diſſolved in a luxury of pleaſure; I ſay, in ſuch critical circumſtances, in ſuch unguarded moments, how eaſy is it for a young thing to be led aſide by her ſtars. Therefore, good Mr. Ironſide, ſet your lion a roaring againſt theſe dangerous aſſemblies: I can aſſure you, one good loud roar will be ſufficient to deter my ward from them, for ſhe is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always uſed from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too ſome benefit to yourſelf in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all queſtion, but they will be very ſhortly gadding after theſe midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietneſs, as well as mine, and the ſafety of all young virgins, pray order your lion to exert his

loudeſt notes againſt maſquerades; I am ſure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of

Your faithful friend and companion,
OLD RUSTISIDES[h]'.

'MOST WORTHY, SIR,

'BEING informed that the Eveites daily increaſe, and that fig-leaves are ſhortly coming into faſhion; I have hired me a piece of ground and planted it with fig-trees, the ſoil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good ſir, you will ſo far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all ſorts and ſizes, of a delicate texture, and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully ſcolloped at the extremities, and moſt curiouſly wrought with variety of ſlender fibres, ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have ſome very cool ones for ſummer, ſo tranſparently thin, that you may ſee through them, and others of a thicker ſubſtance for winter; I have likewiſe ſome very ſmall ones of a particular ſpecies for little miſſes. So that I do not queſtion but to give general ſatisfaction to all ladies whatſoever, that pleaſe to repair to me at the ſign of the Adam and Eve, near Cupid's gardens. If you will favour me with the inſertion of this in your

h See two letters to Neſtor Ironſide, eſq. or in his abſence, to the keeper of the lion at Button's coffee-houſe, Covent-garden, ſigned Incognito, and Tim. Frolic, in Hughes's Correſpondence, vol. i. p. 75. Dated Sept. 7, 1713. By Mr. John Hughes.

Guardian, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of ſome of the choiceſt fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primitiæ of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many cuſtomers for my leaves, I promiſe you my figs ſhall be at your ſervice.

I am, worthy Sir,
Your worſhip's moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.

'N. B. I am now rearing up a ſet of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women, and ſuperannuated maids; thoſe plants having two excellent good properties; the one, that they flouriſh beſt in dry ground; the other, that being clothed with ſeveral integuments of downy ſurfaces, they are exceeding warm and cheriſhing[i].'

N° 143. Tueſday, Auguſt 25, 1713.

BY STEELE.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enſes?
Quàm ferus, et verè ferreus ille fuit!

TIBUL. 1 Eleg. x. 1.

Who firſt, with ſkill inhuman, did produce,
And teach mankind, the ſword's deſtructive uſe?
What ſenſe of pity could the monſter feel!
Himſelf relentleſs as the murd'rous Steel!

NOTWITHSTANDING the levity of the pun, which is in the ſecond line of my motto, the ſubject I am going upon is of the moſt ſerious con-

[i] See the final notes to N° 10, N° 11, and N° 15.

ſequence, and concerns no leſs than the peace and quiet, and (for aught I know) the very life and ſafety, of every inoffenſive and well-diſpoſed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of diſcretion and ſobriety, in moſt of the coffee-houſes from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is ſprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the ſtreets, and come into all public places in open day light, with ſwords of ſuch immoderate length, as ſtrike terror into a great many of her majeſty's good ſubjects [k]. Beſides this, half a dozen of this fraternity in a room or a narrow ſtreet, are as inconvenient as ſo many turnſtiles, becauſe you can paſs neither backward nor forward, until you have firſt put their weapons aſide. When Jack Lizard made his firſt trip to town from the univerſity, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I ſoon perceived in the firſt viſit he made me, when I remember, he came ſcraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron ſo irkſomely long, that it banged againſt his calf and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the ſtairs. But his ſiſter Annabella's raillery ſoon cured him of this aukward air, by telling him that his ſword was only fit for going up ſtairs, or walking up hill, and that ſhe ſhrewdly ſuſpected he had ſtolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this

[k] See N° 145, and N° 171.

city; it is very remarkable, that theſe Brothers of the Blade began to appear upon the firſt ſuſpenſion of arms; and that ſince the concluſion of the peace the order is very much increaſed, both as to the number of the men, and the ſize of their weapons. I am informed, that theſe men of prepoſterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongſt their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themſelves into a ſociety, under the name of the Terrible club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armory-hall in the tower for their club-room. Upon this I have made it my buſineſs to inquire more particularly into the cabals of theſe Hectors; and by the help of my lion, I have got ſuch informations as will enable me to countermine their deſigns, together with a copy of ſome fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it ſeems, are to be augmented and aſſented to by the reſt of the gang, on the firſt of January next, (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the ſword-cutlers hall. I ſhall at preſent (to let them ſee that they are not unobſerved) content myſelf with publiſhing only the ſaid articles.

Articles to be agreed upon by the members of the Terrible club.

Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight in the great armony-hall in the tower, (if leave can be obtained) the firſt Monday in every month.

II. That the preſident be ſeated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a baſket hilt ſword, and a buff belt.

III. That the preſident be always obliged to provide, for the firſt and ſtanding diſh of the club, a paſty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpoſe.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets inſtead of knives.

V. That every member do ſit to the table, and eat with his hat, his ſword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy, and gun-powder.

VII. That a large mortar be made uſe of for a punch-bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came laſt week to Button's, and ſat over-againſt the lion with ſuch a ſettled fierceneſs in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in ſternneſs of looks. His ſtature was ſomewhat low; his motions quick and ſmart, and might be miſtaken for ſtartings and convulſions. He wore a broad ſtiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, truſſed up into the fierce trooper's cock. To this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was ſhort, and rich in tarniſhed lace; his noſtrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with ſnuff. At firſt I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to intruſt him with any weapon; until looking down, I could perceive a ſword of a moſt unwarrantable ſize, that hung careleſsly below his knee, with two large taſſels at the hilt, that played about his ancles.

I muſt confeſs I cannot help ſhrewdly ſuſpect-

ing the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long ſword, and the ſwaggering cock, are the ordinary diſguiſes of a faint heart. Theſe men while they think to impoſe terror upon others, do but render themſelves contemptible; their very dreſs tells you that they are ſurrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbes's ſtate of nature, and that they are never free from apprehenſions. I dare ſay, if one were to look into the hearts of theſe champions, one ſhould find there a great tendency to go caſed in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a ſtronger ridicule reſtrains them from it. A brave man ſcorns to wear any thing, that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear, nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have ſeen a buffoon in an opera, whoſe exceſſive cowardice never failed to ſet the whole audience into a loud laughter: but the ſcene which ſeemed to divert them moſt, was that in which he came on with a ſword that reached quite acroſs the ſtage, and was put to flight by an adverſary, whoſe ſtature was not above four foot high, and whoſe weapon was not three foot long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a king of Arabia, who ſhewing a rich ſword, that had been preſented to him, his courtiers unanimouſly gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too ſhort; upon which the king's ſon ſaid, that there was no weapon too ſhort for a brave man, ſince there needed no more but to advance one ſtep to make it long enough. To this I ſhall ſubjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no

weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himſelf ſecure while he is within ſight of his adverſary's point. I would therefore adviſe theſe men of diſtant courage, as they tender their honour, to ſhorten their dimenſions, and reduce their tilters to a more reputable, as well as a more portable ſize[1].

N° 144. Wedneſday, Auguſt 26, 1713.

By STEELE.

Sua cuique quum ſit animi cogitatio,
Colorque primus—— PHÆDR. Prol. i. ver. 7.

Every man has his peculiar way of thinking and acting.

It is a very juſt, and a common obſervation upon the natives of this iſland, that in their different degrees, and in their ſeveral profeſſions and employments, they abound as much and perhaps more, in good ſenſe than any people; and yet, at the ſame time there is ſcarce an Engliſhman of any life and ſpirit, that has not ſome odd caſt of thought, ſome original humour that diſtinguiſhes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with ſuch a diverſity of characters, as is not to be ſeen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the maſquerades that have been lately given to the town (though they are diverſions we are not accuſtomed to) the ſingularities of dreſs were carried much farther than is uſual in foreign countries, where

[1] See N° 145, N° 171, on this ſubject; and the final notes to N° 10, N° 11, and N° 15.

the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy, to thoſe amuſements. The very ſame meaſure of underſtanding, the very ſame accompliſhments, the very ſame defects, ſhall, among us, appear under a quite different aſpect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the Engliſh, as it would be to learn the Chineſe language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour ſo obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du terroir* in wines, by which they mean the different flavour one and the ſame grape ſhall draw from the different ſoils in which it is planted. This national mark is viſible among us in every rank and degree of men, from the perſons of the firſt quality and politeſt ſenſe, down to the rudeſt and moſt ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar caſt of head and turn of wit, or ſome uncommon whim, as a characteriſtic that diſtinguiſhes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a ſmall-coal-man[m], who from beginning with two plain notes,

[m] Mr. Thomas Breton, the muſical ſmall-coal-man, the firſt who inſtituted a concert, and introduced muſical-meetings and clubs into this country, was a native of Northamptonſhire. He ſerved a regular apprenticeſhip to his employment with a ſmall-coal-man, in St. John the Baptiſt's-ſtreet, and began to trade in this way for himſelf by the little gate of St. John's of Jeruſalem, next to Clerkenwell-green. He became, ſoon after, an excellent chemiſt under the inſtructions of Dr. Garenciers, and by the help of a moveable

which made up his daily cry, has made himſelf maſter of the whole compaſs of the gamut, and has frequently concerts of muſic at his own houſe, for the entertainment of himſelf and his friends. There is a perſon of great hoſpitality, who lives in a plaiſtered cottage upon the road to Hampſtead, and gets a ſuperfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday paſſengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other ſmall refreſhments of life; and on work-days takes the air in his chaiſe, and recreates himſelf with the elegant pleaſures of the beau-monde. The ſhining men amongſt our mob, dignified by the title of ringleaders, have an inexhauſtible fund of archneſs and raillery; as likewiſe have our ſailors and watermen. Our very ſtreet-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the ſchoolmen term them. The other

elaboratory contrived and built by himſelf. He was likewiſe famous for his knowledge in the theory of muſic, and became no inconſiderable performer. He pricked muſic with neatneſs and accuracy, and a judicious collection pricked with his own hand was ſold after his death for near 100l. He was a collector of curious books, and beſides a collection in this kind ſold before he died, left behind him, a choice library in the chemical and muſical branches of ſcience, both of printed books and manuſcripts, with a very conſiderable collection of muſical inſtruments, and many valuable curioſities. His death, which happened in Sept. 1714, was cauſed, or occaſioned, by a trick of a ventriloquiſt, introduced on purpoſe to frighten him, to indulge the humour of a fooliſh juſtice of peace in the neighbourhood, of the name of Robe. The circumſtances are minutely related by ſir John Hawkins in his Hiſtory of Muſic, vol. v. b. i. chap. 9. where the curious may ſee a more particular account, and a fine print of this very ſingular and ingenious man. P. 71. *et ſeqq. ut ſupra.*

day a tattered wag followed me acroſs the Mews with ‘one farthing or half-penny, good your honour, do your honour; and I ſhall make bold to pray for you.’

Shakeſpear (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artiſans or low characters into his plays, never fails to daſh them ſtrongly with ſome diſtinguiſhing ſtain of humour, as may be ſeen more remarkably in the ſcene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this ſingularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us ſeem whimſical to ſtrangers; yet it furniſhes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourſelves, and diverſifies all our converſations with ſuch a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Eſſay upon Poetry, endeavours to account for the Britiſh humours in the following manner:

‘This may proceed from the native plenty of our ſoil, the unequalneſs of our climate, as well as the eaſe of our government, and the liberty of profeſſing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to diſguiſe, and thereby may come in time to be extinguiſhed. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have more humour, becauſe every man follows his own, and takes a pleaſure, perhaps a pride to ſhew it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they ſerve hard maſters, they muſt follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced

upon imitation in ſmall matters, as well as obedience in great: ſo that ſome nations look as if they were caſt all in one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, at leaſt the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another. They ſeem all of a ſort in their habits, their cuſtoms, and even their talk and converſation, as well as in the application and purſuit of their actions, and their lives. Beſides all this, there is another ſort of variety amongſt us, which ariſes from our climate, and the diſpoſitions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourſelves too, at ſeveral times, and owe to our very air ſome ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occaſions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconſtrained manner of living, that we owe in a great meaſure, the number of ſhining geniuſes, which riſe up amongſt us from time to time, in the ſeveral arts and ſciences, for the ſervice and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous diſpoſition in a people, will likewiſe never fail to keep up in their minds an averſion to ſlavery, and be, as it were, a ſtanding bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continue, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, ſpeaking and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much leſs to bear with the abſurdities of po-

pery, in exchange for an eſtabliſhed and a reaſonable faith [n].

N° 145. Thurſday, Auguſt 27, 1713.
By STEELE.

Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 122.

Scorning all judges and all law, but arms.
ROSCOMMON.

AMONGST the ſeveral challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth [o] has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archneſs of ſome wag, or the ſerious reſentment of a coxcomb that vents his indignation with an inſipid pertneſs. In either of theſe two lights I think it may divert my readers, for which reaſon I ſhall make no ſcruple to comply with the gentleman's requeſt, and make his letter public.

'OLD TESTY, Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe.

'YOUR grey hairs for once ſhall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long ſwords. Look to it for the future;

[n] See notes to N° 10, N° 11, and N° 15, *ad fines*. Eſtabliſhed and reaſonable as our faith is, ſuch is the oddity of humour in certain ſectaries, that they ſtill want and wiſh to have no ſmall alterations to be made in it.

[o] See N° 143, on the Terrible club.

consider we Brothers of the Blade are men of a long reach: Think betimes,

"How many perils do environ
"The man that meddles with cold iron."

It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but aukward jesters; we know not how to repay the joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as "Sides of Iron." Thus much for the present. In the mean time Bilbo[p] is the word, remember that, and tremble.

THO. SWAGGER.'

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger, 'There is no catching old birds with chaff; and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' 'Fore-warned, fore-armed.' Having dispatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former; the which he lays before me in the following epistle.

p Bilbo, a Spanish sword-blade from Bilboa in Spain.

'Worthy Sir,

'I am the moſt unfortunate of men, if you do not ſpeedily interpoſe with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who by his own example, has for theſe ſix months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little ſwords into faſhion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any ſwords at all. It was my misfortune to call in at Tom's laſt night, a little fuddled, where I happened only to point towards an odd fellow with a monſtrous ſword, that made a ring round him, as he turned upon his heel to ſpeak to one or other in the room. Upon this peccadillo, the bloody-minded villain has ſent me a challenge this morning. I tremble at the very thought of it, and am ſick with the apprehenſion of ſeeing that weapon naked, which terrified me in the ſcabbard. The unconſcionable ruffian deſires in the moſt civil terms, he may have the honour of meaſuring ſwords with me. Alas! ſir, mine is not (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of incloſing it to you in my wig-box, and ſhall be eternally obliged to you, if upon ſight of it, your compaſſion may be ſo far moved, as to occaſion you to write a good word for me to my adverſary, or to ſay any thing that may ſhame him into reaſon, and ſave at once the life and reputation of,

Sir, your moſt devoted ſlave,

Timothy Bodkin.'

Good Mr. Bodkin,

The perufal of this paper will give you to underftand, that your letter, together with the little implement you fent me in the wig-box, came fafe to my hands. From the dimenfions of it I perceive your courage lies in a narrow compafs. Suppofe you fhould fend this bravo the fellow to it, and defire him to meet you in a clofet, letting him know at the fame time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the fake of privacy. But if this propofal feems a little too rafh, I fhall fend my fervant with your fword to the perfon offended, and give him inftructions to tell him you are a little purblind, and dare not for that reafon truft to a longer weapon, and that an inch in his body will do your bufinefs as well as an ell. Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautioufly, my fervant fhall let him know, as from me, that he fhould meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwife, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourfelf no farther unneceffary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myfelf of one expedient more for you, which feems to be the moft likely to fucceed. Send your own fervant to wait upon the gentleman: let him carry with him your fword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity fo gallant a cavalier fhould not be completely armed; for which

reaſon you humbly requeſt, that you may have the honour of preſenting him with a dagger.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter laſt week from one of my female wards, who ſubſcribes herſelf Teraminta[q]. She ſeems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern ſhe ſhows for the loſs of a ſmall covering, which the generality of the ſex have laid aſide. She is in pain, and full of thoſe fears, which are natural in a ſtate of virginity, leſt any, the ſmalleſt part of her linen, ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a man. In compliance therefore with her requeſt, and to gratify her modeſty ſo far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertiſement in this day's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'August 19. Whereas a modeſty-piece was loſt at the maſquerade laſt Monday night, being the 17th inſtant, between the hours of twelve and one, the author of this paper gives notice, that if any perſon will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it ſhall by her be acknowledged as the laſt favour, and no queſtions aſked.

'N. B. It is of no uſe but to the owner[r].'

[q] See Nº 109, *ad initium*, Teraminta.

[r] See final notes to Nº 10 and 15.

N° 146. Friday, August 28, 1713.

By STEELE.

Primus hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, et ostendere mansuefactum, Hanno è clarissimis Pœnorum traditur.

PLIN.

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the first man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant[s], and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals; that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a considerable number of virtuosi have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reasonable bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with a variety of forests, desarts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes upon copper-plates by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's-inn (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) sends me word I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work; assuring me, at the

[s] See N° 139.

ſame time, that he will ſet his clerk to ſearch the records, and enquire into the antiquities of that houſe, that there may be no ſtone left unturned to make the book complete. Conſidering the volumes that have been written upon inſects and reptiles, and the vaſt expence and pains ſome philoſophers have been at to diſcover, by the help of glaſſes, their almoſt imperceptible qualities and perfections: it will not I hope, be thought unreaſonable, if the lion (whoſe majeſtic form lies open to the naked eye) ſhould take up a firſt-rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, ſends me the following letter, to be inſerted in my commentaries upon lions.

'Sir,

'Since one of your correſpondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of hiſtory, in honour of the grandees of the foreſt; and ſince it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumſtances, which may contribute to make theſe animals reſpected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing ſomewhat to ſo generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furniſh out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

'About ſixty years ago, when the plague raged

at Naples, ſir George Davis (conſul there for the Engliſh nation) retired to Florence. It happened one day he went out of curioſity to ſee the great duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years time could not tame, with all the art and gentle uſage imaginable. Sir George no ſooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and tranſport he was capable of expreſſing. He reared himſelf up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by going ſo near the fierceſt creature of that kind that ever entered thoſe dens. However, nothing would ſatisfy Sir George, notwithſtanding all that could be ſaid to diſſuade him, but he muſt go into the den to him. The very inſtant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his ſhoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the ſight of his maſter. After ſeveral embraces and ſalutations exchanged on both ſides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the ſtranger rung immediately through the whole city, and Sir George was very near paſſing for a ſaint among the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, ſent for Sir George, who waited upon his highneſs to the den, and to ſatisfy his curioſity, gave him the following account of what ſeemed ſo ſtrange to the duke and his followers.

'A captain of a ſhip from Barbary gave me

this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be ſuffered to run about the houſe, I built a den for him in my court-yard; from that time he was never permitted to go looſe, except when I brought him within doors to ſhew him to my friends. When he was five years old, in his gameſome tricks, he did ſome miſchief by pawing and playing with people. Having griped a man one day a little too hard, I ordered him to be ſhot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this a friend who was then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not.

'Here ſir George Davis ended; and thereupon the duke of Tuſcany aſſured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
and conſtant reader, &c.'[t]

[t] See Nº 10, and Nº 15, notes *ad finem*.

*** Lately publiſhed the third edition carefully reviſed, and correctly printed in two pocket volumes, of Female Falſhood; or, the life and adventures of a late French nobleman. Written by himſelf after his retirement, and digeſted by M. de St. Evremond. The third edition, reviſed and corrected.

'Beauty, like ice, our footing doth betray;
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlippery way?
Pleas'd with the paſſage, we ſlide ſwiftly on;
And ſee the dangers which we cannot ſhun.' Dryden.

'N. B. This is the book mentioned by ſir Richard Steele, in the Guardian, Nº 150, and from which was tranſcribed the adventure inſerted in that paper.

'Printed for J. Walthoe, over againſt the Royal-exchange in Cornhill.'

Nº 147. Saturday, Auguſt 29, 1713.

By STEELE.

Bonum eſt, fugienda aſpicere alieno in malo. PUBL. Syr.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING in my paper of the 21ſt of July[u], ſhewed my diſlike of the ridiculous cuſtom of garniſhing a new-married couple, and ſetting a gloſs upon their perſons which is to laſt no longer than the honeymoon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my diſciples of both ſexes, to make them ſenſible, in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be perſons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all viſits with ſo gay an equipage, and ſo glittering an appearance, as if they were making ſo many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and ſix, the gaudy liveries, the ſupernumerary train of ſervants, the great houſe, the ſumptuous table, the ſervices of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profuſion of jewels, that upon this occaſion break out at once, are ſo many ſymptoms of madneſs in the happy pair, and prognoſtications of their future miſery.

I remember a country neighbour of my lady

[u] See Nº 113.

Lizard's, ſquire Wiſeacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear eſtate of 500l. per annum, and by living frugally upon it was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toaſt in thoſe parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a laſting proof of his affection, conſented to make both her and himſelf miſerable by ſetting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in leſs than the ſpace of five years, was reduced to ſtarve in priſon for debt; and his lady, with a ſon and three daughters, became a burden to the pariſh. The conduct of Frank Foreſight[y] was the very reverſe to ſquire Wiſeacre's. He had lived a bachelor ſome years about this town, in the beſt of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, beſides ſix ſaddle horſes; he did not exceed, but went to the utmoſt ſtretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he diſmiſſed two of his footmen, four of the ſaddle horſes, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the uſe of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aſide; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanlineſs and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance aſked him the reaſon of this ſudden change, he would anſwer, 'In ſingle life I could eaſily compute my wants, and provide againſt them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attend-

[y] See Nº 114, *ad finem.* Tom Truelove.

ed with a thouſand caſualties, as well as a great many diſtant, but unavoidable expences. The happineſs or miſery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill huſbandry. I ſhall never think I have diſcharged my duty until I have laid up a proviſion for three or four children at leaſt.' 'But, pr'ythee Frank,' ſays a pert coxcomb that ſtood by, 'why ſhould'ſt thou reckon thy chickens before——' upon which he cut him ſhort, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This precautious way of reaſoning and acting has proved to Mr. Foreſight and his lady an uninterrupted ſource of felicity. Wedlock ſits light and eaſy upon them; and they are at preſent happy in two ſons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in ſome parts of Holland [w] it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, ſhall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumſtances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honeſt as well as every prudent man ſhould do ſomething equivalent to this, by retrenching all ſuperfluous and idle expences, inſtead of following the extravagant practice of perſons, who ſacrifice every thing to their preſent vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight ſplendid

[w] I believe it is in Swiſſerland. A.

nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world: I could never be preſent at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I ſee the bride thoughtleſsly jigging it about the room, diſhonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole aſſembly at the expence of her children's future ſubſiſtence. How ſingular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does ſhe appear in the eyes of wiſe men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thouſand pounds for a preſent in jewels; but before he did it, deſired to know what ſort would be moſt acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleaſed only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues ſhe, 'at all fond of thoſe expenſive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the abſence of them any diminution, to my happineſs. I ſhould be aſhamed to appear in public for a few days in a dreſs which does not become me at all times. Beſides, I ſee by that modeſt plain garb of yours, that you are not yourſelf affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my perſon clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman, tranſported with this excellent turn of mind in his miſtreſs, preſented her with the money in new gold. She purchaſed an annuity with it; out of the income of which,

at every revolution of her wedding-day, ſhe makes her huſband ſome pretty preſent, as a token of her gratitude, and a freſh pledge of her love; part of it ſhe yearly diſtributes among her indigent and beſt deſerving neighbours; and the ſmall remainder ſhe lays out in ſomething uſeful for herſelf, or the children [x].

N° 148. Monday, Auguſt 31, 1713.

By STEELE.

—— *Fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri.* OVID, Met. iv. 428.

'Tis good to learn even from an enemy.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpoſe: 'That there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract ſomething for his uſe.' I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookſeller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yeſterday when I came there, the Turkiſh Tales happened to lie in my way; upon opening that amuſing author, I happened to dip upon a ſhort tale, which gave me a great many ſerious reflections. The very ſame fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleaſure, who it is probable, will read it with their uſual levity; but ſince

x See final notes to N° 10, and N° 15; and the introductory note to N° 151, p. 412, *ad finem*.

it may as probably divert and inſtruct a great many perſons of plain and virtuous minds, I ſhall make no ſcruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Chriſtian, and is ſo very obvious, that I ſhall leave to every reader the pleaſure of picking it out for himſelf. I ſhall only premiſe, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the holy ſcriptures.

The Hiſtory of Santon Barſiſa.

THERE was formerly a ſanton whoſe name was Barſiſa, which for the ſpace of an hundred years, very fervently applied himſelf to prayers [y]; and ſcarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his reſidence, for fear of expoſing himſelf to the danger of offending God. He faſted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had ſuch a great veneration for him, and ſo highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a ſick perſon, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous diſtemper, the cauſe of which the phyſicians could not diſcover, yet they continued preſcribing remedies by gueſs; but inſtead of helping the princeſs, they only

[y] Eaſtern apologues are drawn up ſtrong; elſe a hundred years of prayers, and a frozen age, might have ſecured a man. A.

augmented her diſeaſe. In the mean time the king was inconſolable, for he paſſionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human aſſiſtance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princeſs ought to be ſent to the ſanton Barſiſa.

All the beys applauded his ſentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the ſanton; who, notwithſtanding his frozen age, could not ſee ſuch a beauty without being ſenſibly moved. He gazed on her with pleaſure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whiſpered in his ear thus; 'O ſanton! don't let ſlip ſuch a fortunate minute: tell the king's ſervants that it is requiſite for the princeſs to paſs this night in the grotto, to ſee whether it will pleaſe God to cure her, that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow.'

How weak is man! the ſanton followed the devil's advice, and did what he ſuggeſted to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princeſs, ſent one of their number to know the king's pleaſure. That monarch, who had an intire confidence in Barſiſa, never in the leaſt ſcrupled the truſting of his daughter with him. 'I conſent,' ſaid he, 'that ſhe ſtay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleaſes: I am wholly ſatisfied on that head.'

When the officers had received the king's anſwer, they all retired, and the princeſs remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil preſented himſelf to the ſanton, ſaying, 'Canſt thou let ſlip ſo favourable an opportunity with ſo charming a creature? Fear not her tell-

ing of the violence you offer her; if ſhe were even ſo indiſcreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world, are too much prepoſſeſſed in your favour, to give any credit to ſuch a report. You may do any thing unpuniſhed, when armed by the great reputation for wiſdom which you have acquired.' The unfortunate Barſiſa was ſo weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princeſs, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no ſooner perpetrated his crime, than a thouſand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accoſts the devil: 'Oh wretch,' ſays he, 'it is thou which haſt deſtroyed me! Thou haſt encompaſſed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to ſeduce me; and now at laſt thou haſt gained thy end.' 'Oh ſanton!' anſwered the devil, 'do not reproach me with the pleaſure thou haſt enjoyed. Thou mayeſt repent: but what is unhappy for thee is, that the princeſs is impregnated, and thy ſin will become public. Thou wilt become the laughing-ſtock of thoſe who admire and reverence thee at preſent, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death.'

Barſiſa, terrified by this diſcourſe, ſays to the devil, 'What ſhall I do to prevent the publication of my ſhame?' 'To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a freſh one,' anſwered the devil. 'Kill the princeſs, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's meſſengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that ſhe went from the

grotto very early in the morning. They will believe you, and ſearch for her all over the city and country; and the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after ſeveral vain ſearches it will wear off.'

The hermit, abandoned by God, purſuant to this advice killed the princeſs, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him ſay. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they deſpaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their ſearch for the princeſs was vain; and relating what had paſſed betwixt her and the ſanton, he told them the place where ſhe was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, ſeized Barſiſa, and found the princeſs's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpſe, and carried that and the ſanton to the palace.

When the king ſaw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and aſſembling the doctors, he laid the ſanton's crime before them, and aſked their advice how he ſhould be puniſhed. All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected: the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whiſpered in his ear theſe words: 'O ſanton! if you will worſhip me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and tranſport you two thouſand leagues from hence, into a country where you ſhall be reve-

renced by men as much as you were before this adventure.' 'I am content,' ſays Barſiſa; 'deliver me, and I will worſhip thee.' 'Give me firſt a ſign of adoration,' replies the devil. Whereupon the ſanton bowed and ſaid, 'I give myſelf to you.' The devil then raiſing his voice, ſaid, 'O Barſiſa, I am ſatisfied; I have obtained what I deſired;' and with theſe words, ſpitting in his face, he diſappeared; and the deluded ſanton was hanged [z].

Nº 149. Tueſday, September 1, 1713.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

—— *Uratur veſtis amore tuæ.* OVID.

Your very dreſs ſhall captivate his heart.

I HAVE in a former precaution [a] endeavoured to ſhew the mechaniſm of an epic poem, and given the reader preſcriptions whereby he may, without the ſcarce ingredient of a genius, compoſe the ſeveral parts of that great work. I ſhall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dreſs the ſubject of the following paper.

Dreſs is grown of univerſal uſe in the conduct of life. Civilities and reſpect are only paid to appearance. It is a varniſh that gives a luſtre to

[z] This and ſeveral preceding papers are in this edition aſcribed to Steele, with dubiety, and in default of authorities for other aſſignments. See final note on Nº 10 and Nº 15; and introductory note to Nº 151.

[a] See Nº 78.

every action, a *passe par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to shew a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said. While the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the house maid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which as the invention was foreign, is called a dishabille: every thing is thrown

on with a looſe and careleſs air; yet a genius diſcovers itſelf even through this negligence of dreſs, juſt as you may ſee the maſterly hand of a painter in three or four ſwift ſtrokes of the pencil.

The moſt fruitful in geniuſes is the French nation; we owe moſt of our janty faſhions now in vogue, to ſome adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole ſcope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head dreſs undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the ſame ſhape two days together; ſo that we may impute the ſcarcity of geniuſes in our climate to the ſtagnation of faſhions.

The ladies among us have a ſuperior genius to the men; which have for ſome years paſt ſhot out in ſeveral exorbitant inventions for the greater conſumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themſelves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various ſcallop of the pocket, the ladies have ſunk the head-dreſs, incloſed themſelves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been diſpoſed of at will, the ſtays have been lowered behind, for the better diſplaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the ſleeve, and thoſe other nice circumſtances of dreſs upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleaſure.

The ſciences of poetry and dreſs have ſo near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may ſerve for the other.

As in a poem all the ſeveral parts of it muſt have a harmony with the whole: ſo to keep to

the propriety of drefs, the coat, waiftcoat, and breeches muft be of the fame piece [b].

As Ariftotle obliges all dramatic writers to a ftrict obfervance of time, place, and action, in order to compofe a juft work of this kind of poetry; fo it is abfolutely neceffary for a perfon that applies himfelf to the ftudy of drefs, to have a ftrict regard to thefe three particulars.

To begin with the time. What is more abfurd than the velvet gown in fummer? and what is more agreeable in the winter? the muff and fur are prepofterous in June, which are charmingly fupplied by the Turkey handkerchief and fan. Every thing muft be fuitable to the feafon, and there can be no propriety in drefs without a ftrict regard to time.

You muft have no lefs refpect to place. What gives a lady a more eafy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of drefs in fhewing themfelves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the leaft indecorum.

Action is what gives the fpirit both to writing and drefs. Nothing appears graceful without action; the head, the arms, the legs, muft all confpire to give a habit a genteel air. What diftinguifhes the air of the court from that of the country but action? A lady, by the carelefs tofs of her head, will fhew a fet of ribbons to advantage; by a pinch of fnuff judicioufly taken will difplay the

[b] I fhould not have fufpected this. Prior as an ambaffador is in a Scotch fnuff-coloured coat, turned up with large cuffs of white fattin, embroidered with a border of coloured flowers, which is the pattern of his waiftcoat. A

glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new modelling her tucker, at one view present you with a fine turned hand, and a riſing boſom. In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot ſufficiently recommend the ſcience of dancing: this will give the feet an eaſy gait, and the arms a gracefulneſs of motion. If a perſon have not a ſtrict regard to theſe three above mentioned rules of antiquity, the richeſt dreſs will appear ſtiff and affected, and the moſt gay habit fantaſtical and taudry.

As different ſorts of poetry require a different ſtile: the elegy, tender and mournful; the ode, gay and ſprightly; the epic, ſublime, &c. ſo muſt the widow confeſs her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conſpicuous in the ſilver brocade; and the plume and the ſcarlet die is requiſite to give the ſoldier a martial air. There is another kind of occaſional dreſs in uſe among the ladies; I mean the riding habit, which ſome have not injudiciouſly ſtyled the hermaphroditical, by reaſon of its maſculine and feminine compoſition; but I ſhall rather chooſe to call it the Pindaric, as its firſt inſtitution was at a Newmarket horſe-race, and as it is a mixture of the ſublimity of the epic with the eaſy ſoftneſs of the ode.

There ſometimes ariſes a great genius in dreſs, who cannot content himſelf with merely copying from others, but will, as he ſees occaſion, ſtrike out into the long pocket, ſlaſhed ſleeve, or ſomething particular in the diſpoſition of his lace, or the flouriſh of his embroidery. Such a perſon, like the maſters of other ſciences, will ſhow that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are ſome pretenders to dreſs who ſhine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-maſter of the loweſt rank ſeldom fails of the ſcarlet ſtocking and the red heel; and ſhews a particular reſpect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his ſubſiſtence: when at the ſame time perhaps all the ſuperior ornament of his body is neglected. We may ſay of theſe ſort of dreſſers what Horace ſays of his patch-work poets,

'*Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus et alter,*
Aſſuitur pannus——' ARS POET. ver. 15.

'———— A few florid lines
Shine thro' th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt.'
ROSCOMMON.

Others who lay the ſtreſs of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the ſmart tye-wig with the black ribbon ſhows a man of fierceneſs of temper; and that he burthens himſelf with a ſuperfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the ſhoulders, is generally obſerved to be leſs curious in the furniture of the inward receſſes of the ſcull, and lays himſelf open to the application of that cenſure which Milton applies to the fair ſex,

'——— of outward form
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.'

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dreſs by a well-fancied ſuit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a ſpirit to a whole ſentence

by a ſingle expreſſion. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, ſo there is a conſtant ſucceſſion of dreſs; the fringe ſucceeds the lace, the ſtays ſhorten or extend the waiſt, the ribbon undergoes divers variations, the head-dreſs receives frequent riſes and falls every year; and in ſhort, the whole woman throughout, as curious obſervers of dreſs have remarked, is changed from top to toe, in the period of five years. A poet will now and then to ſerve his purpoſe, coin a word, ſo will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the faſhion; but as Horace adviſes, that all new-minted words ſhould have a Greek derivation to give them an indiſputable authority, ſo I would counſel all our improvers of faſhion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the fountain of dreſs, as Greece was of literature.

Dreſs may bear a parallel to poetry with reſpect to moving the paſſions. The greateſt motive to love, as daily experience ſhows us, is dreſs. I have known a lady at ſight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have ſeen the aukward appearance of her rural humble ſervant move her indignation; ſhe is jealous every time her rival hath a new ſuit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to diſadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has ſhe often found in the ſeducing full-bottom! who can tell the reſiſtleſs eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold ſnuff-box, and the amber-headed cane?

I ſhall conclude theſe criticiſms with ſome

general remarks upon the milliner, the mantua-maker, and the lady's woman, theſe being the three chief on which all the circumſtances of dreſs depend.

The milliner muſt be thoroughly verſed in phyſiognomy; in the choice of ribbons ſhe muſt have a particular regard to the complexion, and muſt ever be mindful to cut the head-dreſs to the dimenſions of the face. When ſhe meets with a countenance of large diameter, ſhe muſt draw the dreſs forward to the face, and let the lace incroach a little upon the cheek, which caſts an agreeable ſhade, and takes off from its maſculine figure: the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, juſt on the tip of the crown of the head: ſhe muſt have a regard to the ſeveral ages of women; the head-dreſs muſt give the mother a more ſedate mien than the virgin; and age muſt not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the ſeveral ſtages of life, and as much propriety muſt be obſerved in the dreſs of the old, as the young.

The mantua-maker muſt be an expert anatomiſt; and muſt, if judiciouſly choſen, have a name of French termination; ſhe muſt know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and muſt be able to mould the ſhape by the ſtays, ſo as to preſerve the inteſtines, that while ſhe corrects the body, ſhe may not interfere with the pleaſures of the palate.

The lady's woman muſt have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dreſs, like the critic's learning, is at ſecond hand, ſhe muſt, like him, have a ready talent at cenſure, and her

tongue muſt be deeply verſed in detraction; ſhe muſt be ſure to aſperſe the characters of the ladies of moſt eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's ſpleen: and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the moſt fawning ſycophants to their patrons, ſo muſt our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: ſhe muſt add ſprightlineſs to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulneſs to her ſtep, by cheriſhing her pride; and make her ſhow a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conqueſts. As a critic muſt ſtock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, ſhe muſt be no leſs ready in the recital of all the beaus and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, ſhe aſſerts, that the theory of any ſcience is above the practice, and that it is not neceſſary to be able to ſet her own perſon off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dreſs of others; and beſides all thoſe qualifications, ſhe muſt be endued with the gift of ſecrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profeſſion.

By what I have ſaid, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithſtanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dreſs cannot be attained without a genius; and ſhall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and ſciences whatever, epic poetry excepted, (of which I formerly ſhewed the knack or mechaniſm) a genius is abſolutely neceſſary [c].

[c] This paper, Nº 149, is aſcribed to Mr. Gay, on the authority of Steele himſelf. See the Publiſher to the Reader. It is neverthele ſs republiſhed as Pope's, in the latter editions of Pope's Works; but it is not admitted into Warburton's edition in 8vo. 1751.

Nº 150. Wednefday, September 2, 1713.

BY STEELE.

—Nefcio quâ dulcedine læti,
Progeniem nidofque fovent— VIRG. Georg. iv. 55.

——— with fecret joy,
Their young fucceffion all their cares employ.
DRYDEN.

I WENT the other day to vifit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of feveral children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that fhe might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's requeft, had taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A fmiling boy was at the fame time careffing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, becaufe it pleafes the children; and fhe, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, fo divided her converfation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came, fhe faid with a blufh, 'Mr. Ironfide, though you are an old bachelor, you muft not laugh at my tendernefs to my children.' I need not tell my reader, what civil things I faid in anfwer to the lady, whofe matron-like behaviour gave me infinite fatisfaction: fince I myfelf take great pleafure in playing with children, and am feldom unprovided of plumbs or marbles, to make my court to fuch entertaining companions.

Whence is it, faid I to myfelf when I was

alone, that the affection of parents is ſo intenſe to their offspring? Is it becauſe they generally find ſuch reſemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themſelves renewed in their children, and are willing to tranſmit themſelves to future time? Or is it, becauſe they think themſelves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nouriſh and rear what is placed ſo immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the ſcene of miſery, of neceſſity? Theſe will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a ſupereminent degree protects and cheriſhes the whole race of mankind, his ſons and creatures? How ſhall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, ſo ſignally diſplayed throughout every ſpecies of the animal creation, without which the courſe of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Inſtances of tenderneſs in the moſt ſavage brutes are ſo frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unneceſſary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a ſecret delight in obſerving the gentle dawn of reaſon in babes; if our ears are ſoothed with their half forming and aiming at articulate ſounds: if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and ſurpriſed at the unexpected ſtarts of wit and cunning in theſe miniatures of man: what tranſport may we imagine in the breaſts of thoſe, into whom natural inſtinct hath poured tenderneſs and fondneſs for them! how amiable is ſuch a weakneſs in human nature! or rather, how great

a weakneſs is it, to give humanity ſo reproachful a name! The bare conſideration of paternal affection ſhould methinks create a more grateful tenderneſs in children toward their parents, than we generally ſee; and the ſilent whiſpers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These ſilent whiſpers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cauſe hath been unknown. There are ſeveral examples in ſtory of tender friendſhips formed betwixt men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a ſympathy betwixt ſouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the ſenſe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman [d], which now lie before me, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her huſband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his in-

[d] See advertiſement, p. 383, of the book from which this ſtory is taken.

trigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which shall be related in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put into a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

'My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her hair and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed

me ſufficiently againſt the charms of the fair ſex. The amiable creature ſeemed afflicted at my ſickneſs; and ſhe appeared to have ſo much concern and care for me, as raiſed in me a great inclination and tenderneſs for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I aſked who ſhe was, and I was anſwered, that ſhe was niece to the counteſs of Venoſki.

'I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me oftner as I grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her conſtant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

'They both of them often aſked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled.

One day, I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered, that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have imagined that I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it ſo exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it; but how great was my ſurpriſe! when I found it to be the very painting which I had ſent to the queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, "Are not theſe my children?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child," ſaid I, "yes, I am your father." I could ſay no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that na-

ture inspires more lively motions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite[e].'

N° 151. Thursday, September 3, 1713.

BY STEELE.[f]

Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, et sic
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem.

JUV. Sat. i. 42.

A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid;
With looks as wan, as he, who in the brake,
At unawares has trod upon a snake. DRYDEN.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

'OLD NESTOR,

'I BELIEVE you distance me not so much in years as in wisdom, and therefore since you have gained so deserved a reputation, I beg your assistance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen to your

e See Notes to N° 10, and N° 15, *ad fines*; and advertisement, p. 383.

f This and the preceding paper are ascribed to Steele, but it is highly probable that they were not written by him. He was at this time deeply engaged in his election at Stockbridge, as appears from what follows: 'Stock at the Bridge formerly was at an 100, is now near 500. We are informed that Mr. Nestor, alias Birmingham Ironside, designs to make a Guardian on the nature and usefulness of bribery; and instead of a motto will dedicate it to the electors of the Stock which is of late risen.' Then follows a transcript of the last paragraph of Guardian, N° 152, 'But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader,' &c. Post Boy, Sept. 4, 1713.

admonitions, ſooner than to all the ſevere checks, and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you muſt know, ſir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldeſt ſon and heir, was ſent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not ſo much with a view of his ſtudying the law, as a deſire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaiſance to a couſin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teaſing me, that the boy would ſhoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not ſee a little of the world. She herſelf was bred chiefly in town, and ſince ſhe was married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dreſſes like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her huſband. The latter end of laſt month ſome important buſineſs called me up to town, and the firſt thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a viſit to my ſon at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the ſtair-caſe, who told me her maſter ſeldom roſe till about twelve, and about one I might be ſure to find him drinking tea. I bid her ſomewhat haſtily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly ſhe did. The firſt thing I obſerved upon the table was the ſecret amours of ——, and by it ſtood a box of pills; on a chair lay a ſnuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having ſeen this furniture I entered his bed-chamber, not without ſome noiſe; whereupon he began to ſwear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for diſturbing him ſo ſoon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he diſcovered ſuch a thin, pale, ſickly viſ-

age, that had I not heard the voice, I ſhould never have gueſſed him to have been my ſon. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to underſtand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever, and the reaſon why he did not acquaint me with it, was, leſt the melancholy news might have occaſioned too many tears among his relations, and be an unſupportable grief to his mother. To be ſhort with you, old Neſtor, I hurried my young ſpark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, ſo as to be no diſgrace to his pedigree; for I aſſure you it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a conſumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at 45. In order to bring him to himſelf, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and riſe at half an hour paſt five; and when he is puling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold roaſt beef, or well powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to obſerve the reapers, how the harveſt goes forwards. There is nobody pleaſed with his preſent conſtitution but his gay couſin, who ſpirits him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is grown well ſhaped; but the honeſt tenants ſhake their heads and cry, "Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young maſter fallen!" The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply, "I hope, ſir, you would not have me as fat as Mr. ——. Alas! what would

then become of me? how would the ladies pifh at fuch a great monftrous thing!"—If you are truly, what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, fir, be pleafed to confider what a noble generation muft in all probability enfue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two ftanzas out of my lord Rofcommon, which I think may here be applicable.

"'Twas not the fpawn of fuch as thefe,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd feas,
And quafh'd the ftern Æacides:
Made the proud Afian monarch feel,
How weak his gold was againft Europe's fteel;
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-difputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But foldiers of a ruftic mould,
Rough, hardy, feafon'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the ftubborn ground,
Or thro' hewn woods their weighty ftrokes did found:
And after the declining fun
Had changed the fhadows, and their tafk was done;
Home with their weary team, they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day."

I am, Sir,

Your very humble fervant,

JONATHAN RINGWOOD.

'P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my fon's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill.

	£.	s.	d.
"Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ringwood, a plain muslin head and ruffles, with colbertine lace.	1	18	6
"Six pair of white kid gloves for madam Salley.	0	14	0
"Three handkerchiefs for madam Salley.	0	15	0

'In his chamber window I saw his shoemaker's bill, with this remarkable article,

"For Mr. Ringwood three pair of laced shoes.	3	0	0

'And in the drawer of the table was the following billet.

"Mr. Ringwood,

"I desire, that because you are such a country booby, that you forget the use and care of your snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see my face no more.

Your abused friend,

Sarah Gallop."

'Under these words my hopeful heir had writ, "Memorandum, to send her word I have found my box, though I know she has it."

*** This day is published, The Masquerade, a Poem. Humbly inscribed to his grace the duke d'Aumont. English and French. Price 4d. Guardian in folio, N° 151, *ad finem.*

About the time the masquerade was first introduced into this kingdom, the duke d'Aumont, then ambassador from France, gave masquerades at Somerset-house.

See N° 14, two letters by Mr. John Hughes, in his Correspondence, vol. i. p. 75, &c. cr. 8vo, 3 vols. 1772; and Guardian, N° 154, p. 439.

Nº 152. Friday, September 4, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus——— VIRG. Æn. iv. 99.

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes, in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakespear's style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenser is the last writer

of note who has applied himſelf to it with ſucceſs.[g]

That an allegory may be both delightful and inſtructive; in the firſt place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if poſſible to be filled with ſurpriſing turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be uſeful morals and reflections couched under it, which ſtill receive a greater value from being new and uncommon; as alſo from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and ſhadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the ſpirit of Spenſer, and in order to it contrived a fable of imaginary perſons and characters. I raiſed it on that common diſpute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two ſexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accompliſh this work, I ſhall preſent my reader with the naked fable, reſerving the embelliſhments of verſe and poetry to another opportunity[h].

The Two Sexes contending for ſuperiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The Males were drawn up on the one ſide of a very ſpacious plain, the Females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their Auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle ſpace lay encamped ſeveral bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle

g And he continues unexcelled to this day. A.

h See Weſley's noble allegoric poem, intituled, The Battle of the Sexes.

before they would declare themſelves, that they might then act as they ſaw occaſion.

The main body of the Male Auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the Female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onſet on Beauty, but found to his coſt, that ſhe had ſuch a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his ſtrength. She played upon him ſo many ſmiles and glances that ſhe quite weakened and diſarmed him.

In ſhort he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wiſdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the Male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely oppoſed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the Female Auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the Fair army; but upon this occaſion was poſted, as I have here ſaid, to receive the attacks of Wiſdom. It was very entertaining to ſee the workings of theſe two antagoniſts; the conduct of the one, and the ſtratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal conteſt. Thoſe who beheld it gave the victory ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, though moſt declared the advantage was on the ſide of the Female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the Male ſide. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience, and on the female ſide by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but be-

ing quite tired out with the long purſuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulſed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding. When on a ſudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic ſtature. He acted like a drawcanſir [i], ſparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Luſt. On the Female ſide he was oppoſed by a ſelect body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modeſty. This beautiful young hero was ſupported by one of a more maſculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by Men Honour, and by the Gods, Pride. This laſt made an obſtinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length reſigned at diſcretion.

The dreadful monſter, after having overturned whole ſquadrons in the Female army, fell in among the Males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other ſide. He was here oppoſed by Reaſon, who drew up all his forces againſt him, and held the fight in ſuſpence for ſome time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both ſides, the two armies agreed to join againſt the common foe. And in order to it drew out a ſmall choſen band, whom they placed by conſent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monſter out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a ſecond neutral leader, whoſe name was Love, marched in between the two ar-

[i] A character drawn in The Rehearſal.

mies. He headed a body of ten thouſand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiſcuouſly among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleaſing to thoſe that felt them; and had ſo ſtrange an effect, that they wrought a ſpirit of mutual friendſhip, reconciliation, and good-will in both ſexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and ſtretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animoſities, and embrace one another.

The laſt general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and ſeconding the good inclinations which he had inſpired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the Sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is uſual enough for ſeveral perſons to dreſs themſelves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often impoſed on Hymen, by putting into his hands ſeveral couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the deluſion of theſe two impoſtors. ☞ [k]

[k] This paper, Nº 152, is marked with a hand, the diſtinguiſhing ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian; and it is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 237.

On this day, Sept. 3, died the Rev. Mr. Sartré, one of the Prebendaries of Weſtminſter, the huſband of Addiſon's ſiſter.

Evening Poſt, Sept. 5, 1713.

This lady, whoſe name was Dorothy, was afterwards married to Daniel Combes, eſq. and becoming again a widow,

died March 2, 1750; and left her eſtate, after the payment of ſome legacies, for the erection of a monument in Weſtminſter-abbey to the memory of her brother Mr. Addiſon.

*** 'Mr. John Dyer, late author of a News Letter called by his name, being deceaſed, the ſaid Letter will be diſcontinued for the future. And all gentlemen and others who have received his Letters of Intelligence, and are indebted to him for them, are deſired forthwith to remit their ſeveral ſums to Mr. Thomas Dyer, attorney at law, at his chambers in Staple-inn in Holborn, who is the only ſon of the ſaid John Dyer.' Evening Poſt, Sept. 8, 1713.

Nº 153. Saturday, September 20, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Amiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 3.

A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
DRYDEN.

THERE is no paſſion which ſteals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itſelf under more diſguiſes than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any paſſion or vice which I am wholly a ſtranger to, it is this; though at the ſame time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myſelf proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that ſentence in holy writ, 'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any ſingle view of human nature under its preſent condition, which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret ſeeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to ſink the ſoul into the loweſt ſtate of humility,

and what the ſchool-men call ſelf-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A ſinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miſerable being.

There is nothing in his underſtanding, in his will, or in his preſent condition that can tempt any conſiderate creature to pride or vanity.

Theſe three very reaſons why he ſhould not be proud, are notwithſtanding the reaſons why he is ſo. Were he not a ſinful creature, he would not be ſubject to a paſſion which riſes from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole ſpecies miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched objects of compariſon before his eyes, which are the occaſions of his paſſion, and which make one man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe man will be contented that his glory be deferred until ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happineſs aſſured; or in other words, when he ſhall be neither ſinful, nor ignorant, nor miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a

mortal puffed up, and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

To ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles that reign among them? Obſerve how the whole ſwarm divide and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them! You muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the mole-hill. Do not you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that ſtands before him, and who, for all what we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how

the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him! Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back to come at his ſucceſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve firſt the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect that ſhe is a goddeſs, that her eyes are brighter than the ſun, that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire on your left hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age; but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the ſide of her, is a wit. She has broke many a piſmire's heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but firſt of all, to draw the parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that death comes down upon the mole hill, in the ſhape of a cock ſparrow, who picks up, without diſtinction, the piſmire of quality and his flatterers, the piſmire of ſubſtance and day-labourers, the white-ſtraw officer and his ſycophants, with all the goddeſſes, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of ſuperior natures and perfections, regard all the inſtances

of pride and vanity, among our ſpecies, in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit the earth: or in the language of an ingenious French poet; of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

☞[1].

N° 154. Monday, September 7, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Omnia transformat ſeſe in miracula rerum.

VIRG. Georg. vi. 441.

All ſhapes, the moſt prodigious, they aſſume.

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to thoſe who were preſent at the late maſquerade, as it will recall into their minds ſeveral merry particulars that paſſed in it, and at the ſame time, be very acceptable to thoſe who were at a diſtance from it, as they may form

[1] This paper, N° 153, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, as one of Addiſon's papers, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 240.

See a true and exact Narrative of ſeveral Events that happened in a War between two Nations of Emmets: and an Account of the Revolution in an Emmet's Neſt, by Joſeph Spence, M. A. in a book of his, entitled Moralities, or Eſſays, Letters, Fables, and Tranſlations, by Sir Harry Beaumont, Lond. 8vo. 1753, p. 74, *et ſeqq.* Firſt printed in the Muſeum, 3 vol. 8vo. Mr. Spence, under the ſame fictitious name, publiſhed Crito, or a Dialogue on Beauty; reprinted in Dodſley's Fugitive Pieces, 2 vols. cr. 8vo.—See Guardian N° 156, p. 442, *et ſeqq.*

from hence ſome idea of this faſhionable amuſement[m].

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Per viam leonis.

'SIR,

'I COULD ſcarce ever go into good company, but the diſcourſe was on the Ambaſſador[n], the politeneſs of his entertainments, the goodneſs of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his maſquerades, with the odd fantaſtical dreſſes which were made uſe of in thoſe midnight ſolemnities. The noiſe theſe diverſions made, at laſt raiſed my curioſity, and for once I reſolved to be preſent at them, being at the ſame time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addreſſes to, one of a ſprightly humour, and a great admirer of ſuch novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in theſe new myſteries. Every morning I dreſt myſelf in it, and acted before the looking-glaſs, ſo that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as moſt who had oftener frequented thoſe diverſions. You muſt underſtand I perſonated a devil, and that for ſeveral weighty reaſons. Firſt, becauſe appearing as one of that

[m] See N° 14, on the Maſquerade; N° 151, final note; and two letters by Mr. John Hughes, ſigned Incognito, and Tim. Frolic, in Hughes's Correſpondence, vol. i. p. 75, &c. cr. 8vo. 3 vols. 1772.

[n] The duke D'Aumont, who gave maſquerades at Somerſet-houſe. P.—See N° 151, adv. and note *ad finem*.

fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should in this character be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

' ——— worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

MILTON.

' In the middle of the first room I met with one drest in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a Death's head at a

feaſt. I was a little angry at the dreſs, and aſked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for ſuch an aſſembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he conſidered this dreſs would ſerve him another time. This walking coarſe [o] was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that ſtood up like a ſteeple over the heads of the whole aſſembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female quaker, to all outward appearance; but was ſurpriſed to hear her cry out, "D—n you, you ſon of a —!" upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a ſudden reſuming her character, "Verily," ſays ſhe, "I was to blame; but thou haſt bruiſed me ſorely." A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a ſhepherdeſs for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her ſides. She ſwore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very maſculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a preſbyterian parſon, who told me in a very ſoft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-gardens tomorrow night. The next object I ſaw was a chimney-ſweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth [p], making love to a butterfly. On a ſudden I found myſelf among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention moſt, was one dreſt in white feathers that repreſented a ſwan. He would fain have found out a Lêda among the

[o] Corpſe.

[p] By which the maſk was kept on.

fair ſex, and indeed was the moſt unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a diſcourſe with a running-footman; but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkiſh emperor whiſpered me in the ear, deſiring me "to uſe him civilly, for that it was his maſter." I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glaſſes. She had a great many that followed her as ſhe paſſed by me, but I would not have her value herſelf upon that account, ſince it was plain they did not follow ſo much to look upon her as to ſee themſelves. The next I obſerved was a nun making an aſſignation with a heathen god; for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent-garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirſty; ſo that I made the beſt of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no ſooner preſented myſelf before the table, but a magician ſeeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and ſeemed to do me homage. I was at a loſs to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was; this however drew the eyes of the ſervants upon me, and immediately procured me a glaſs of excellent Champaign. The magician ſaid I was a ſpirit of an aduſt and dry conſtitution; and deſired that I might have another refreſhing glaſs: adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand and drank it off to the magician. This ſo enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a ſcaramouch, that cried out,

"Avant Satan;" and gave me a little tap on my left ſhoulder with the end of his lath ſword. As I was conſidering how I ought to reſent this affront, a well-ſhaped perſon that ſtood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bellman, cried out with a ſuitable voice, "Paſt twelve o'clock." This put me in mind of bed-time. Accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, ſlender youth, dreſſed up in a moſt beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, aſked me "whom I had been tempting?" I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as ſoon as he touched me, and was ſtill in greater diſorder, upon hearing his voice. In ſhort, I found after a little diſcourſe with him, that his Indian majeſty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the diſguiſe I had put on, would not let me paſs by her unobſerved. Her aukward manlineſs made me gueſs at her ſex, and her own confeſſion quickly let me know the reſt. This maſquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtſhip: for it inſpired her with ſuch tender ſentiments, that I married her the next morning.

'How happy I ſhall be in a wife taken out of a maſquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reaſon to hope the beſt, Leonora having aſſured me it was the firſt, and ſhall be the laſt time of her appearing at ſuch an entertainment.

'And now, ſir, having given you the hiſtory of this ſtrange evening which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my requeſt to you, that

you will oblige the world with a diſſertation on maſquerades in general, that we may know how far they are uſeful to the public, and conſequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occaſion, as in particular of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was preſent at the firſt [q] of theſe entertainments; not to mention (what is ſtill more ſtrange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid. But in caſes of this nature, where there is ſuch a confuſion of ſex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to paſs. Without giving credit therefore to any of theſe rumours, I ſhall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of theſe matters, and am, Sir, &c.

☞ [r] LUCIFER.'

N° 155. Tueſday, September 8, 1713.

BY ADDISON.

—— *Libelli Stoici inter ſericos*
Jacere pulvillos amant. HOR. Epod. viii. 15.

The books of ſtoics ever choſe
On ſilken cuſhions to repoſe.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of

[q] The date of this diverſion is here aſcertained pretty nearly, and fixed at a few months antecedent to Sep. 7, 1713.

[r] This paper, N° 154, is marked with a hand, as a paper of Addiſon, and reprinted in his Works, by Mr. Tickell, 4to. vol. iv. p. 242.

a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the ſame improveable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame method? Why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

There are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtic nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady Lizard, in the ſpace of one ſummer furniſhed a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the ſame time heard all doctor Tillotſon's ſermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleaſed the other day to find them all buſy in preſerving ſeveral fruits of the ſeaſon, with the Sparkler in the midſt of them, reading over The Plurality of Worlds[s]. It was very entertaining to me to ſee them dividing their ſpeculations between jellies and ſtars, and making a ſudden tranſition from the ſun to an apricot, or from the

[s] In this ſingular work, M. Fontenelle has preſented that part of philoſophy in a gay and pleaſing dreſs; for which purpoſe he has introduced a lady, and drawn up the whole in a moſt agreeable as well as inſtructive dialogue.

Copernican ſyſtem to the figure of a cheeſe-cake[t].

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have that natural gift of ſpeech in greater perfection. Since they have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours. Could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages. In ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact, out of arts and ſciences, it would now and then be a great eaſe to their invention.

There is another reaſon why thoſe eſpecially who are women of quality, ſhould apply themſelves to letters, namely, becauſe their huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.

It is great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned, when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's ſide?

If we look into the hiſtories of famous women,

[t] M. Maintenon ſitting at her ſpinning-wheel, guided the councils of France. A.—She is alluded to in the ſequel of this paper, p. 391.

we find many eminent philoſophers of this ſex. Nay, we find that ſeveral females have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe ſects of philoſophy which ſeem almoſt repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithſtanding moſt of that philoſophy conſiſted in keeping a ſecret, and that the diſciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a ſtoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous ſhe cynic, who arrived at ſuch a perfection in her ſtudies, that ſhe converſed with her huſband, or manplanter, in broad day-light, and in the open ſtreets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reaſonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character, and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I would recommend the ſtudies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that lie upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that ſeveral of their ſex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt poſts of honour and for-

tune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind [u]; but I ſhall conclude this head with the hiſtory of Athenais, which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The emperor Theodoſius being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very ſmall portion [v], in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Conſtantinople, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to Pulcheria in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the emperor. By this means that religious princeſs became acquainted with Athenais, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodoſius. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he

u See p. 389, note.

v Her father diſinherited her, and ſhe endeavoured to get his will ſet aſide, in which litigation her brothers were the defendants.

desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudosia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church, as the ornament of her sex.

☞ [w]

[w] This paper, Nº 155, is distinguished as a paper of Addison by a hand; and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 246.

Theodosius, stung with jealousy by Eudosia's kindness to learned men, particularly to Paulinus, put her favourite to death, dismissed her attendants, and reduced her to her orignal private station. She spent the remainder of her life at Jerusalem, in the profession of Christianity, and in literary pursuits, and died in 460, denying with her last breath, the criminality of which her husband suspected her. She translated into hexameter verse the eight first books of Scripture, and a cento from Homer is ascribed to her, which is a life of Jesus Christ, composed of verses taken from that father of Greek poetry.

N° 156. Wednesday, August 9, 1713.
By ADDISON.

— Magni formica laboris ;
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo,
Quem ſtruit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, et illis utitur antè
Quæſitis patiens— Hor. 1 Sat. i. 33.

As the ſmall ant (for ſhe inſtructs the man,
And preaches labour) gathers all ſhe can,
And brings it to increaſe her heap at home,
Againſt the winter, which ſhe knows will come:
But, when that comes, ſhe creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feaſts upon her ſtore. Creech.

In my laſt Saturday's paper [x] I ſuppoſed a molehill inhabited by piſmires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This ſuppoſition will not appear too forced or ſtrained to thoſe who are acquainted with the natural hiſtory of theſe little inſects; in order to which I ſhall preſent my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious ſubject, as it was publiſhed by the members of the French academy, and ſince tranſlated into Engliſh [y]. I muſt confeſs I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

[x] See N° 153, againſt pride; and p. 381, note.

[y] This and the following paper look in many places very like tranſlations, but this annotator's ſearch for their originals has hitherto been fruitleſs. There is nothing of this kind in the volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy for 1711 or 1712.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaifter, and a great deal of rubbifh that fell from the top of the houfes and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren foil. That place lying to the fouth, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, befides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a moft delightful fpot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nefts there, without doubt for the fame reafon that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near fprings and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate fome flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but cafting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thoufand cares, very inconfiderable with refpect to us, but of the greateft importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiofity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and reftorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order obferved among them, are more perfect than thofe of the wifeft republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unlefs a new legiflator fhould attempt to change the form of their government.

'I made it my bufinefs to procure them all forts of conveniencies. I took out of the box

every thing that might be troubleſome to them; and frequently viſited my ants, and ſtudied all their actions. Being uſed to go to bed very late, I went to ſee them work in a moon-ſhiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found ſome going up and down, and very buſy: one would think that they never ſleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expoſe to the ſun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Thoſe who have ſeen ant-hillocks, have eaſily perceived thoſe ſmall heaps of corn about their neſts. What ſurpriſed me at firſt was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did ſhine, and kept it under ground in the day-time; which was contrary to what I had ſeen, and ſaw ſtill practiſed by thoſe inſects in other places. I quickly found out the reaſon of it: there was a pigeon-houſe not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time. It is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from thoſe robbers: I frighted the birds away with ſome pieces of paper tied to the end of a ſtring over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away ſeveral times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is moſt admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that thoſe ants knew ſome days after

that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the ſun. However, I perceived that they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durſt not bring out their proviſions all at once, but by degrees, firſt in a ſmall quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away, in caſe of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At laſt, being perſuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almoſt every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

‘ There is a ſtraight hole in every ant's neſt, about half an inch deep, and then it goes down ſloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they reſt and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly inſect, and throws out of her neſt all the ſmall remains of the corn on which ſhe feeds, as I have obſerved a thouſand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

‘ The corn, that is laid up by ants, would ſhoot under ground, if thoſe inſects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their neſts will produce nothing. Any one may eaſily make this experiment and even plainly ſee that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn muſt needs ſwell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no uſe to the nouriſhment of ants.

Thoſe inſects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and induſtry, and contrive the matter ſo, that corn will keep as dry in their neſts as in our granaries.

'They gather many ſmall particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the ſun. Every ant brings a ſmall particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, one may ſee a vaſt number of ſuch ſmall particles of dry earth, heaped round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the ſame. They perform this work almoſt every day, during the heat of the ſun; and though the ſun went from the window about three or four of the clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, becauſe the ground was very hot, until the heat was over.

'If any one ſhould think that thoſe animals ſhould uſe ſand, or ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, rather than take ſo much pains about dry earth; I anſwer, that upon ſuch an occaſion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the ſun. Corn does not keep upon ſand: beſides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with ſmall ſandy particles that could not eaſily come out. To which I add, that ſand conſiſts of ſuch ſmall particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore thoſe inſects are ſeldom to be ſeen near rivers, or in a very ſandy ground.

'As for the ſmall particles of brick or ſtone,

the leaſt moiſtneſs would join them together, and turn them into a kind of maſtic, which thoſe inſects could not divide. Thoſe particles ſticking together could not come out of an ant's neſt, and would ſpoil its ſymmetry.

'When ants have brought out thoſe particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the ſame manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may ſee two heaps ſurrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtleſs their corn was laid up.

'Thoſe inſects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the ſun very hot. I obſerved, that thoſe little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, removed it, againſt their uſual cuſtom, before one in the afternoon. The ſun being very hot, and ſky very clear, I could perceive no reaſon for it. But half an hour after, the ſky began to be overcaſt, and there fell a ſmall rain, which the ants foreſaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have ſaid before, that thoſe ants which I did ſo particularly conſider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret. There was ſome old corn in it; and becauſe every grain was not alike, I obſerved that they choſe the beſt.

'I know, by ſeveral experiments, that thoſe little animals take great care to provide themſelves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the beſt; but they can make ſhift

without it. When they get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but ſeldom any barley, unleſs it be in a time of great ſcarcity, and when nothing elſe can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecaſt and induſtry, I put a ſmall heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept, and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I ſhut up the window, and ſtopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not gueſs that I had put ſome corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their proviſions. I was not willing for ſome time to make them more eaſy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at laſt find out the treaſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance; and whether ſmelling enabled them to know what is good for their nouriſhment. Thus they were ſome time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains. They went up and down a great way looking out for ſome grains of corn: they were ſometimes diſappointed, and ſometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excurſions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing ſomething: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if ſhe could get nothing elſe.

'The window, upon which thoſe ants had made their ſettlement, looked into a garden, and was two ſtories high. Some went to the farther

end of the garden, others to the fifth ſtory, in queſt of ſome corn. It was a very hard journey for them, eſpecially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which muſt needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as ſhe can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the neſt, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the ſtrength and prodigious labour of thoſe little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man who ſhould carry a very heavy load on his ſhoulders almoſt every day for the ſpace of four leagues. It is true, thoſe inſects do not take ſo much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardſhip of a poor ant, when ſhe carries a grain of corn to the ſecond ſtory, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backſide upwards! None can have a true notion of it, unleſs they ſee thoſe little animals at work in ſuch a ſituation. The frequent ſtops they made in the moſt convenient places, are a plain indication of their wearineſs. Some of them were ſtrangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In ſuch a caſe, the ſtrongeſt ants, or thoſe that are not ſo weary, having carried their corn to the neſt, came down again to help them. Some are ſo unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almoſt come home. When this happens they ſeldom loſe their corn, but carry it up again.

'I ſaw one of the ſmalleſt carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains. When ſhe came to the box where the neſt was, ſhe made ſo much haſte that ſhe fell down with her load,

after a very laborious march. Such an unlucky accident would have vext a philoſopher. I went down, and found her with the ſame corn in her paws. She was ready to climb up again. The ſame misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes ſhe fell in the middle of her way, and ſometimes higher; but ſhe never let go her hold, and was not diſcouraged. At laſt her ſtrength failed her: ſhe ſtopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largeſt and fineſt grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens ſometimes, that a corn ſlips out of their paws when they are climbing up; they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwiſe they look for another, or take ſomething elſe, being aſhamed to return to the neſt without bringing ſomething. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All thoſe experiments may eaſily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require ſo great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.' ☞ [z]

[z] This paper, Nº 156, has the mark of Addiſon, and is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. p. 249, vol. iv. Neverthelеſs both this and the following paper are printed here verbatim, as tranſlated from the Mercurie Galant. The tranſlator of this anonymous piece was Michael De La Roche, who publiſhed them about this time in his Memoirs of Literature, under the title of Obſervations upon Ants, in a Letter to a Friend. See the 2d edit. of Memoirs of Literature, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 204, Art. xliii. 8 vols. 1722: the Continuation, under various titles, makes 38 vols. 8vo.

Nº 157. Thurſday, September 10, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Go to the ant, thou ſluggard; conſider her ways and be wiſe.
PROV. vi. 6.

It has been obſerved by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human induſtry, Providence has ſo contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chace of birds and beaſts, the ſeveral arts of fiſhing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are neceſſary ſcenes of buſineſs, and give employment to the greateſt part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a neceſſary ſubſiſtence for themſelves, or thoſe that grow up under them. The preſervation of their being is the whole buſineſs of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him; every animal he ſees reproaches him. Let ſuch a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the ſpecies, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurpriſing inſtances in the paper of yeſterday, and in the concluſion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make ſhift for

a livelihood, when I had ſhut up the garret, out of which they uſed to fetch their proviſions. At laſt being ſenſible that it would be a long time before they could diſcover the ſmall heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I reſolved to ſhew it to them.

'In order to know how far their induſtry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good ſucceſs. The thing will appear incredible to thoſe, who never conſidered that all animals of the ſame kind, which form a ſociety, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largeſt ants, and threw her upon that ſmall heap of wheat. She was ſo glad to find herſelf at liberty, that ſhe ran away to her neſt, without carrying off a grain; but ſhe obſerved it: for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of ſuch a proviſion; and I ſaw moſt of them very buſy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave you to judge, whether it may not be ſaid, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwiſe, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhauſted; and I put in more, but in a ſmall quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up proviſions againſt the winter. We read it in holy ſcripture; a thouſand experiments teach us the ſame; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that ſhews the contrary.

'I have ſaid before, that there were three ants' neſts in that box of parterre, which formed, if I

may ſay ſo, three different cities, governed by the ſame laws, and obſerving the ſame order, and the ſame cuſtoms. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of thoſe holes ſeemed to be more knowing and induſtrious than their neighbours. The ants of that neſt were diſpoſed in a better order; the corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of proviſions; their neſt was furniſhed with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and ſtronger. It was the principal and the capital neſt. Nay, I obſerved that thoſe ants were diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and had ſome pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their ſettlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained ſometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for thoſe inſects. Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in queſt of proviſions, and are ſurpriſed by the rain, they ſhelter themſelves under ſome tile, or ſomething elſe, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal neſt found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a ſmall piece of a flat ſlate, which they laid over their neſt in the day-time, when they foreſaw it would rain, and moſt every night. Above fifty of thoſe little animals, eſpecially the ſtrongeſt, ſurrounded that piece of ſlate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order. They removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to ſee thoſe little animals about ſuch a work. They had made the ground uneven about their neſt, inſomuch that the ſlate did not lie flat upon it,

but left a free paſſage underneath. The ants of the two other neſts did not ſo well ſucceed in keeping out the rain. They laid over their holes ſeveral pieces of old and dry plaiſter one upon the other; but they were ſtill troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that thoſe inſects are ſo frequently found under tiles, where they ſettle themſelves to avoid the rain. Their neſts are at all times covered with thoſe tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the ſun about the tiles, as one may ſee every day. I took care to cover the two ant's neſts that were troubled with the rain. As for the capital neſt, there was no need of exerciſing my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere ſays in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their ſettlements upon trees. No ants' neſts are to be ſeen any where elſe. I need not inſert here what that author ſays about thoſe inſects: you may ſee his relation [a].

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the ſame ground, where I had three ants' neſts. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of terrace, at a conſiderable diſtance from the box, I found a hole ſwarming with ants, much larger than all thoſe I had already ſeen; but they were not ſo well provided

[a] Du Royaume de Siam, par M. de La Loubere, 2 tomes, Amſt. 1691. 24to. tom. i. chap. v. p. 44.

with corn, nor under ſo good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant's neſt, and laid, as it were, the foundation of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the neſt in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and becauſe I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I deſtroyed their old neſt, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill thoſe ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would ſtay in it. They went away in leſs than two hours; which made me believe, that it was impoſſible to make a fourth ſettlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much ſurpriſed to ſee the ants' neſt which I had deſtroyed very artfully repaired. I reſolved then to deſtroy it entirely, and to ſettle thoſe ants in my box. To ſucceed in my deſign, I put ſome gunpowder and brimſtone into their hole, and ſprung a mine, whereby the whole neſt was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I deſigned for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, moſt of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reaſon of the ſmell of the powder and brimſtone, which kills them, they came back again, and ſettled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received

from them all manner of aſſiſtance out of their holes. As for the inſide of their neſt, none but themſelves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws eſtabliſhed among thoſe animals.

'An ant never goes into any other neſt but her own; and if ſhe ſhould venture to do it, ſhe would be turned out, and ſeverely puniſhed. I have often taken an ant out of one neſt, and put into another; but ſhe quickly came out, being warmly puſued by two or three other ants. I tried the ſame experiment ſeveral times with the ſame ant; but at laſt the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frighted ſome ants with my fingers, and purſued them as far as another hole, ſtopping all the paſſages to prevent their going to their own neſt. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be ſo cautious, and would throw himſelf out of the windows, or into a well, if he were purſued by aſſaſſins. But the ants I am ſpeaking of avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their eſcape. They never fled into another neſt, but at the laſt extremity; and ſometimes choſe rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable cuſtom among thoſe inſects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exerciſe hoſpitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring neſt; and thoſe that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a ſort of trade among them-

ſelves; and it is not true that thoſe inſects are not for lending: I know the contrary. They lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to ſerve one another; and I can aſſure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to obſerve a thouſand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned, For inſtance how they lend and recover loans; whether it be in the ſame[b] quantity, or with uſury; whether they pay the ſtrangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impoſſible to examine all thoſe things: and it would be a great curioſity to know by what maxims they govern themſelves. Perhaps ſuch a knowledge might be of ſome uſe to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear proceeds from birds, which ſometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the ſun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is ſaid that ſome birds eat them; but I never ſaw any inſtance of it. They are alſo infeſted by ſmall worms; but they turn them out and kill them. I obſerved that they puniſh thoſe ants which probably had been wanting to their duty; nay, ſometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her ſeveral ways, until ſhe was torn in pieces. Generally

[b] There are ſundry particulars in this and the preceeding paper apocryphal in the natural hiſtory of ants. See the references *ad finem*.

ſpeaking they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very ſevere diſcipline among themſelves, to keep ſo good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occaſion for any diſcipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be ſeen any where elſe. Bees, of which we are told ſo many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The ſame may be ſaid of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not ſo with ants: they have nothing of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is depoſited in a common ſtock. It is not deſigned for her own uſe, but for the whole community; there is no diſtinction between a private and a common intereſt. An ant never works for herſelf, but for the ſociety.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and induſtry find out a remedy for it; nothing diſcourages them. If you deſtroy their neſts, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may eaſily ſee how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without deſtroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

'I had almoſt forgot to tell you, ſir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poiſon for them; and that it is the moſt effectual way of deſtroying thoſe inſects. I can do ſomething for

them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.' ☞ [c]

N° 158. Friday, September 11, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna;
Castigatque, auditque dolos; subigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 566.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To the last hour of unrepenting death. DRYDEN.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by

[c] See N° 156, note at the end; and Melanges D'Histoire Naturelle, t. i. p. 152, *et seqq.* Dissertation sur la Police des Fourmis. Toute différente des fausses conjectures qu'on a suivis jusqu' aujourd' hui par M. François Carre.—M. F. C. obviates various prejudices and errors in this and the foregoing paper, The Melanges, &c. here referred to, is a Collection in 6 tomes, 12mo. par M. A. D. à Lyon, 1762. See *ibidem*, t. i. p. 158, &c.

inftinct, we fall very fhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcufable, becaufe there is a greater variety of bufinefs to which we may apply ourfelves. Reafon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beafts of prey, and I believe all other kinds, in their natural ftate of being, divide their time between action and reft. They are always at work, or afleep. In fhort their waking hours are wholly taken up in feeking after their food, or in confuming it. The human fpecies only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaint, that 'the day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do not know what to do with themfelves,' that 'they are at a lofs how to pafs away their time,' with many of the like fhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thofe who are ftyled 'reafonable beings.' How monftrous are fuch expreffions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as thofe of the body, to furnifh them with proper employments? Who, befides the bufinefs of their proper callings and profeffions, can apply themfelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of ufeful books, to difcourfe! In a word, who may exercife themfelves in the unbounded purfuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themfelves wifer or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for fome time in this courfe of thought, I diverted myfelf with a book according to my ufual cuftom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to fleep. The

book I made uſe of on this occaſion was Lucian, where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated in his tribunal. On his left-hand ſtood the keeper of Erebus, on the right the keeper of Elyſium. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, 'What they had been doing?' Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately.' Madam,' ſays he to the firſt of them, 'you have been upon the earth above fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?' 'Doing,' ſays ſhe, 'really I do not know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pauſe ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. 'And you, madam,' ſays the judge, 'that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I think you ſet out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, and what have you been doing all this while?' 'I had a great deal of buſineſs on my hands,' ſays ſhe, 'being taken up the firſt twelve years of my life, in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all the

remaining part of it in reading plays and romances.' 'Very well,' ſays he, 'you have employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with her[d]!' The next was a plain countrywoman. 'Well, miſtreſs,' ſays Rhadamanthus, 'and what have you been doing?' 'Ant pleaſe your worſhip,' ſays ſhe, 'I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my huſband ſeven daughters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, and who, I may venture to ſay, is as pretty a houſewife as any in the country.' Rhadamanthus ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elyſium to take her into his care. 'And you, fair lady,' ſays he, 'what have you been doing theſe five and thirty years?' 'I have been doing no hurt, I aſſure you, ſir,' ſays ſhe. 'That is well,' ſaid he; 'but what good have you been doing?' The lady was in great confuſion at this queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elyſium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examination when he was more at leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented herſelf at the bar, and being aſked, what

[d] Judge Rhadamanthus uſes low language as our judge Jefferies did. A.

ſhe had been doing? 'Truly,' ſays ſhe, 'I lived three ſcore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts—that I paſſed moſt of my laſt years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the ſilly conduct of people about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed with, from falling into the like errors and miſcarriages.' 'Very well,' ſays Rhadamanthus, 'but did you keep the ſame watchful eye over your own actions?' 'Why truly,' ſays ſhe, 'I was ſo taken up with publiſhing the faults of others, that I had no time to conſider my own.' 'Madam,' ſays Rhadamanthus, 'be pleaſed to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that ſtands behind you.' 'Old gentlewoman,' ſays he, 'I think you are fourſcore. You have heard the queſtion, what have you been doing ſo long in the world?' 'Ah, ſir,' ſays ſhe, 'I have been doing what I ſhould not have done, but I had made a firm reſolution to have changed my life, if I had not been ſnatched off by an untimely end.' 'Madam,' ſays he, 'you will pleaſe to follow your leader;' and ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron replied, 'I have been the wife of a huſband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldeſt ſon is bleſt by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it more wealthy

than I found it.' Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of Elyſium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glowed with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elyſium, was ſo great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; ſo that preſſing through the crowd, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar; and being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five and twenty years that ſhe had paſſed in the world, 'I have endeavoured,' ſays ſhe, 'ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make myſelf lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I paſſed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-waſhes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, ſinking my ſtays—' Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurpriſed with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, ſinging, and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that Rhadamanthus would ſpoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me.

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs of this dream, and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worſe, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of 'leaving undone thoſe things which they ought to have done, and of doing thoſe things which they ought not to have done.'

☞ [e]

[e] This paper, Nº 158, is marked with a hand, the diſtinguiſhing mark of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 259.

N° 159. Saturday, September 12, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel ſuperbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.

Hor. 1 Od. xxxv. 2.

Whoſe force is ſtrong, and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt place;
Or with a wond'rous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral. Creech.

'Sir,

'Having read over your paper of Tueſday laſt [f], in which you recommend the purſuits of wiſdom and knowledge to thoſe of the fair ſex, who have much time laying upon their hands, and among other motives make uſe of this, that ſeveral women, thus accompliſhed, have raiſed themſelves by it to conſiderable poſts of honour and fortune: I ſhall beg leave to give you an inſtance of this kind, which many now living can teſtify the truth of, and which I can aſſure you is matter of fact.

'About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a poſt that brought him a yearly revenue, ſufficient to live very handſomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than ſuch a one as her father could raiſe out of the income of his place; which as

[f] See N° 155.

they managed it was ſcarce ſufficient for their ordinary expences. Miſs Betty had always the beſt ſort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with thoſe above her rank; ſo that it was no wonder ſhe grew proud and haughty towards thoſe ſhe looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about miſs's age, that could ſpeak French, had read ſeveral books at her leiſure hours, and was a perfect miſtreſs of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the ſame time a pretty, modeſt, witty girl. She was hired to come to miſs an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but miſs always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with ſcorn.

'About the ſame time ſeveral young fellows made their addreſſes to miſs Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with ſo much vanity and ſelf-conceit. Among the reſt was a plain ſober young man, who loved her almoſt to diſtraction. His paſſion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who uſed to be often diſcourſing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary converſation. As his circumſtances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with diſdain. Inſomuch that the young man, as is uſual among thoſe who are croſſed in love, put himſelf aboard the fleet, with a reſolution to ſeek his fortune, and forget his miſtreſs. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in ſeveral captures, he brought

home with him an eſtate of about twelve thouſand pounds.

'Mean while days and years went on, miſs lived high, and learnt but little, moſt of her time being employed in reading plays and practiſing to dance, in which ſhe arrived at great perfection. When of a ſudden, at a change of miniſtry, her father loſt his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very deſolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I muſt own, I immediately ſuſpected their pride would not ſuffer them to be ſeen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for ſome years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was aſking at a houſe for a gentleman I had ſome buſineſs with, to be led into a parlour by a handſome young woman, who I preſently fancied was that very daughter I had ſo long ſought in vain. My ſuſpicion increaſed, when I obſerved her to bluſh at the ſight of me, and to avoid, as much as poſſible, looking upon, or ſpeaking to me; "Madam," ſaid I, "are not you Mrs. Such-a-one?" At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and ſhe would fain have retired without giving me an anſwer; but I ſtopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to ſpeak to, I reſolved not to loſe this opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. I could not well diſcern by her dreſs, which was genteel, though not fine,

whether ſhe was the miſtreſs of the houſe, or only a ſervant; but ſuppoſing her to be the firſt, "I am glad, madam," ſaid I, "after having long inquired after you, to have ſo happily met with you, and to find you miſtreſs of ſo fine a place." Theſe words were like to have ſpoiled all, and threw her into ſuch a diſorder, that it was ſome time before ſhe could recover herſelf; but as ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, "Sir," ſaid ſhe, "you are miſtaken; I am but a ſervant." Her voice fell in theſe laſt words, and ſhe burſt again into tears. I was ſorry to have occaſioned in her ſo much grief and confuſion, and ſaid what I could to comfort her. "Alas, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "my condition is much better than I deſerve, I have the kindeſt and beſt of women for my miſtreſs. She is wife to the gentleman you come to ſpeak withal. You know her very well, and have often ſeen her with me." To make my ſtory ſhort, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a ſervant to the barber's daughter, whom ſhe had formerly treated ſo diſdainfully. The gentleman at whoſe houſe I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being maſter of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his ſatisfaction as he could deſire. He treats her with all the friendſhip and reſpect poſſible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deſerve. And it was with a great deal of pleaſure I heard her maid dwell ſo long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and ſhe lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's ſpirit could not bear the

thoughts of aſking relief of any of her own, or her huſband's acquaintance, ſo they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially diſcovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died ſhortly after, who, while ſhe lived, was better pleaſed to ſee her daughter a beggar, than a ſervant; but being freed by her death, ſhe was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where ſhe now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a ſervant.

'I went home full of this ſtrange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole ſtory of his angel, not queſtioning but he would feel on this occaſion, the uſual pleaſures of a reſenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his miſtreſs. As I was recounting to him at large theſe ſeveral particulars, I obſerved that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breaſt heaved as though it would have burſted, which I took at firſt to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I ſaw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a ſmile at the end of my ſtory, and we parted.

'About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

'Dear Sir,

'I am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have ſince married her, and think the low circumſtances

ſhe was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, ſince it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I diſliked, and given me an opportunity of ſhewing her the conſtant and ſincere affection which I profeſſed to her in the time of her proſperity.

☞ [g] Yours, R. T.'

g This paper, Nº 152, is marked with a hand, the ſignature of Addiſon's papers in the Guardian, and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 263, but ſeems to have been compoſed or communicated from the letter-box.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Ladies' and childrens' hair is cut and curled after the moſt faſhionable mode, by Mary Newby, tire-woman, &c. who changes red hair to a curious brown; ſhapes eye-brows; takes off ſuperfluous hair; ſells a wonderful coſmetic; a liquor that takes off freckles; drops that ſpeedily cure warts; drops that effectually cure fits, vapours, &c. a cordial that prevents miſcarriage, &c.; a dentifrice that infallibly cures the ſcurvy, faſtens and whitens the teeth; and ſovereign inſtantaneous cure for the tooth ach, &c. Guardian, in folio, Nº 158.

Nº 160. Monday, September 14, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Solventur riſu tabulæ, tu miſſus abibis.

Hor. 2 Sat. i. ver. ult.

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

Pope.

From writing the hiſtory of lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but to my great ſurpriſe,

I find that ſome of my good readers have taken this laſt to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will ſeveral of them have it that my laſt Thurſday and Friday's papers [h] are full of concealed ſatire, and that I have attacked people in the ſhape of piſmires, whom I durſt not meddle with in the ſhape of men. I muſt confeſs that I write with fear and trembling, ever ſince that ingenious perſon the Examiner in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treaſon in the word expect [i].

But I ſhall, for the future, leave my friend [k] to manage the controverſy in a ſeparate work, being unwilling to fill with diſputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I muſt therefore declare that thoſe jealouſies and ſuſpicions, which have been raiſed in ſome weak minds, by means of the two abovementioned diſcourſes concerning ants or piſmires, are altogether groundleſs. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could wiſh, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the ſame ſpirit of frugality, juſtice, and mutual benevolence, as are viſibly exerciſed by the members of thoſe little commonwealths.

h N° 157, N° 158, and note at the end, concerning the original and tranſlation of the two papers in queſtion, the anonymous writer of which has in ſundry inſtances blended fable with the truth of natural hiſtory.

i See N° 128, and note. k Meaning Steele.

After this ſhort preface, I ſhall lay before my reader a letter or two which occaſioned it.

'Mr. Ironside,

'I have laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that uſed to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I ſay that by theſe pigeons you mean the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the ſtrings were pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will ſatisfy us in this particular, becauſe the wager is very conſiderable, and you will much oblige two of your

Daily Readers.'

'Old Iron,

'Why ſo ruſty? will you never leave your inuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your laſt Thurſday's paper? Or can you imagine that three neſts of ants is ſuch a diſguiſe, that the plaineſt reader cannot ſee three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring ſettlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worſe form of government, is not ſo difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demoliſhed. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! Old Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you don't intend to ſtir up a neſt of hornets.

Will. Wasp.'

'Dear Guardian,

'Calling in yeſterday at a coffee-houſe in the city, I ſaw a very ſhort, corpulent,

angry man reading your paper about the ants. I obſerved that he reddened and ſwelled over every ſentence of it. After having peruſed it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-houſe to him, and aſked her in a magiſterial voice, if ſhe knew what ſhe did in taking in ſuch papers! The woman was in ſuch a confuſion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpoſe in her behalf, and aſked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import? " Sir," ſaid he, " it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deſerts—" He here grew ſo exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himſelf, he laid his finger upon the following ſentence, and read it with a very ſtern voice—" Though ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers: and therefore they could not gueſs that I had put ſome corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their proviſions. I was not willing for ſome time to make them more eaſy: for I had a mind to know whether they would at laſt find out the treaſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance, and whether ſmelling enabled them to know what is good for their nouriſhment." Then throwing the paper upon the table—" Sir," ſays he, " theſe things are not to be ſuffered—I would engage out of this ſentence to draw up an indictment that—" He here loſt his voice a ſecond time in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of

them tories, burſting out into a ſudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a moſt formidable frown.

'This, ſir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what uſe of it you pleaſe. I only wiſh that you would ſometimes diverſify your papers with many other pieces of natural hiſtory, whether of inſects or animals[1]; this being a ſubject which the moſt common reader is capable of underſtanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; beſides that, it highly redounds to the praiſe of that Being who has inſpired the ſeveral parts of the ſenſitive world with ſuch wonderful and different kinds of inſtinct as enable them to provide for themſelves, and preſerve their ſpecies in that ſtate of exiſtence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in ſpeculations of this nature, which inſtead of inflaming thoſe unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up moſt of our thoughts, may divert our minds to ſubjects that are uſeful, and ſuited to reaſonable creatures. Diſſertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpoſe, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous ſcience to qualify the reader for the underſtanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a ſhame for men to be ignorant of theſe worlds of wonders which are tranſacted in the midſt of them, and not be acquainted with thoſe objects which are every where before their eyes. To this I further might

[1] What are inſects?

add, that ſeveral are of opinion, there is no other uſe in many of theſe creatures than to furniſh matter of contemplation and wonder to thoſe inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

I am, Sir,
'Your conſtant reader,
and humble ſervant.'

After having preſented my reader with this ſet of letters which are all upon the ſame ſubject, I ſhall here inſert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim never to refuſe going out of my way to do any honeſt man a ſervice, eſpecially when I have an intereſt in it myſelf.

'Most venerable Nestor,

'As you are a perſon that very eminently diſtinguiſh yourſelf in the promotion of the public good, I deſire your friendſhip in ſignifying to the town what concerns the greateſt good of life, health. I do aſſure you, ſir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over againſt Pope's-head-alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the ſeeds of good humour, cheerfulneſs, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no ſuch thing as bribery in liquors; therefore I ſhall preſume to ſend you of it, leſt you ſhould think it inconſiſtent with integrity to recommend what you do not underſtand by experience. In the

mean time pleaſe to inſert this, that every man may judge for himſelf.

☞ [m] I am, Sir, &c.'

N° 161. Tueſday, September 15, 1713.

By ADDISON.

—*Incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.* PERS. Sat. ii. 74.

A genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind. DRYDEN.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The ſenſe of honour is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by good examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly deſigned for thoſe who by means of any of theſe advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall

[m] This paper, N° 160, is diſtinguiſhed by a hand, Addiſon's ſignature in the Guardian; and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 266.

confider honour with refpect to three forts of men. Firft of all, with regard to thofe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thofe who have a miftaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to thofe who treat it as chimerical [n], and turn it into ridicule.

In the firft place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the fame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the fame point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour fcorns to do an ill action. The latter confiders vice as fomething that is beneath him, the other as fomething that is offenfive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca fpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to fee or punifh vice, he would not commit it, becaufe it is of fo mean, fo bafe, and fo vile a nature.

I fhall conclude this head with the defcription of honour in the part of young Juba:

‘ Honour's a facred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diftinguifhing perfection,
That aids and ftrengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where fhe is not.
It ought not to be fported with ——’ CATO.

[n] See Theatre, N° 4. Defcription of a whimfical.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider thoſe who have miſtaken notions of honour. And theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no ſcruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in human nature, that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the name of a man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this nation, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety, who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honour. Timogenes would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret, that was intruſted with him, though the fate of his country

depended upon the diſcovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having ſpoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To cloſe his character, Timogenes, after having ruined ſeveral poor tradeſmen's families who had truſted him, ſold his eſtate to ſatisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, diſpoſed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to ſpeak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it, as there are more hopes of a heretic than of an atheiſt. Theſe ſons of infamy conſider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whoſe imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt all thoſe delicate ſentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miſcreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their preſent intereſt, and treat thoſe perſons as viſionaries, who dare ſtand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The

talents, intereſt, or experience of ſuch men, make them very often uſeful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. ☞ °

N° 162. Wedneſday, September 16, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Proprium hoc eſſe prudentiæ, conciliare ſibi animos hominum, et ad uſus ſuos adjungere. CICERO.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the eſteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their couſin Tom, who is one of thoſe country ſquires that ſet up for plain honeſt gentlemen who ſpeak their minds. Tom is in ſhort a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleaſant companion, had it been poliſhed and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he ſet every one in the company a bluſhing, by ſome blunt queſtion, or unlucky obſervation. He aſked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a huſband; and told her eldeſt ſiſter ſhe looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if ſhe did not deſign to lead apes

° This paper, N° 161, is marked with a hand, and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 269.

in the other world. The good lady Lizard, who ſuffers more than her daughters on ſuch an occaſion, deſired her couſin Thomas with a ſmile, not to be ſo ſevere on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, 'If I be not miſtaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters ſhould be maids till five and twenty!' I endeavoured to divert the diſcourſe; when without taking notice of what I ſaid, 'Mr. Ironſide,' ſays he, 'you fill my couſins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?' I muſt confeſs he put me out of countenance with his ruſtic raillery, ſo that I made ſome excuſe, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the uſefulneſs of complaiſance, to make all converſation agreeable. This, though in itſelf it be ſcarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a luſtre to every talent a man can be poſſeſt of. It was Plato's advice to an unpoliſhed writer, that he ſhould ſacrifice to the Graces. In the ſame manner I would adviſe every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere ſcholar or philoſopher, to make himſelf maſter of the ſocial virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It ſmooths diſtinction, ſweetens converſation, and makes every one in the company pleaſed with himſelf. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, ſooths the turbulent, humaniſes the fierce, and diſtinguiſhes

a ſociety of civilized perſons from a confuſion of ſavages. In a word, complaiſance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourſe of words and actions, and is ſuited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to conſider, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the ſecret anguiſh and affliction of every man's heart, we ſhould often find that more of it ariſes from little imaginary diſtreſſes, ſuch as checks, frowns, contradictions, expreſſions of contempt, and (what Shakeſpear reckons among other evils under the ſun)

'——The proud man's contumely,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove theſe imaginary diſtreſſes as much as poſſible out of human life, would be the univerſal practice of ſuch an ingenious complaiſance, as I have been here deſcribing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, 'a conſtant endeavour to pleaſe thoſe whom we converſe with, ſo far as we may do it innocently.' I ſhall here add, that I know nothing ſo effectual to raiſe a man's fortune as complaiſance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatſoever. I find this conſideration very prettily illuſtrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I ſhall here abridge, for the ſake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do

not recommend to him ſuch an impertinent or vicious complaiſance as is not conſiſtent with honour and integrity.

‘ Schacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a viſit to a noble Barmecide in Perſia, who was very hoſpitable, but withal a great humouriſt. The Barmecide was ſitting at his table that ſeemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he deſired him to ſit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and aſked him how he liked his rice-ſoup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and reſolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the ſame time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty ſpoon to his mouth with great pleaſure. The Barmecide then aſked him if he ever ſaw whiter bread? Schacabac, who ſaw neither bread nor meat, “ if I did not like it, you may be ſure,” ſays he, “ I ſhould not eat ſo heartily of it.” “ You oblige me mightily,” replied the Barmecide, “ pray let me help you to this leg of a gooſe. Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulneſs. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary gooſe, and crying up the ſauce to the ſkies, the Barmecide deſired him to keep a corner of his ſtomach for a roaſted lamb fed with piſtacho nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been ſerved up, “ here is a diſh,” ſays he, “ that you will ſee at nobody's table but my own.” Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taſte of it, “ which is like no-

nothing," ſays he, "I ever eat before." Several other nice diſhes were ſerved up in idea, which both of them commended, and feaſted on after the ſame manner. This was followed by an inviſible deſſert, no part of which delighted Schacabac ſo much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a ſweat meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteouſly reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no ſtomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the ſame time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpoſe, deſired to be excuſed, for that really he was ſo full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," ſays the Barmecide, "the cloth ſhall be removed, and you ſhall taſte of my wines, which I may ſay, without vanity, are the beſt in Perſia." He then filled both their glaſſes out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excuſed himſelf from drinking ſo much at once, becauſe he ſaid he was a little quarrelſome in his liquor; however being preſt to it, he pretended to take it off, having before hand praiſed the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with his fantaſtic treat, he pretended to grow fluſtered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himſelf, "Sir," ſays he, "I beg ten thouſand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelſome in my drink." The Barmecide could not but ſmile at the humour of his gueſt, and, inſtead of being angry at him, "I find," ſays he, "thou art a

complaifant fellow, and deferveft to be entertained in my houfe. Since thou canft accommodate thyfelf to my humour, we will now eat together in good earneft." Upon which calling for his fupper, the rice foup, the goofe, the piftacho lamb, the feveral other nice difhes, with the deffert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Perfian wines were ferved up fucceffively, one after another; and Schacabac was feafted in reality with thofe very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.' ☞ p

Nº 163. Thurfday, September 17, 1713.

By ADDISON.

——— *miferum eft alienâ vivere quadrâ.*

Juv. Sat. v. ver. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune croft,
Who never dines, but at another's coft.

When I am difpofed to give myfelf a day's reft, I order the lion to be opened, and fearch into that magazine of intelligence for fuch letters as are to my purpofe. The firft I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himfelf in the beginning of it, after fuch a manner, as I am perfuaded that no man of fenfe would treat him. Even the lawyer and the phyfician to a man of quality, expect to be ufed like gentlemen, and much more may any one of fo fuperior a profeffion. I am by no means

p This paper, Nº 162, is marked with a hand; and reprinted in Addifon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 272.

for encouraging that diſpute, whether the chaplain or the maſter of the houſe be the better man, and the more to be reſpected. The two learned authors, Doctor Hickes, and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add ſeveral others, are to be excuſed, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, ſince in ſo corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs ſo far into the other extreme. The only controverſy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be which ſhould promote the good deſigns and intereſts of each other moſt, and for my own part, I think it is the happieſt circumſtance in a great eſtate or title, that it qualifies a man for chooſing out of ſuch a learned and valuable body of men as that of the Engliſh clergy, a friend, a ſpiritual guide, and a companion [q]. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows.

' Mr. Guardian,

' I hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three queſtions, but alſo in the ſolution of them.

' I have had the honour many years of being chaplain in a noble family, and of being accounted the higheſt ſervant in the houſe, either out of reſpect to my cloth, or becauſe I lie in the uppermoſt garret.

' Whilſt my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with uſeful learning and innocent

[q] See Tat. Nº 255, on this ſubject by Addiſon; and note, on Dr. Geekie.

mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to ſanctify and garniſh a feaſt, but treated as a gentleman, and generally deſired to fill up the converſation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the eſtate, I find I am looked upon as a *cenſor morum*, an obſtacle to mirth and talk, and ſuffered to retire conſtantly with "Proſperity to the church" in my mouth. I declare ſolemnly, ſir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who viſit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was ſeven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courteſan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to ſtay three or four rounds beyond the church, to ſee what topics of diſcourſe they went upon, but to my great ſurpriſe, have hardly heard a word all the time beſides the toaſts. Then they all ſtare full in my face, and ſhew all the actions of uneaſineſs till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to uſe the words in an old comedy, "I find by the noiſe they make, that they had a mind to be private." I am at a loſs to imagine what converſation they have among one another, which I may not be preſent at; ſince I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am ſhocked with no freedoms whatſoever, which are conſiſtent with Chriſtianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my poſt hitherto at the deſſert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I ſhall be inveſted with this privilege I do not know. For the ſervants, who do not ſee me ſupported as I was in my old lord's

time, begin to bruſh very familiarly by me, and thruſt aſide my chair, when they ſet the ſweet meats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and deſire you will make the public ſenſible, that the Chriſtian prieſthood was never thought in any age or country to debaſe the man who is a member of it. Among the great ſervices which your uſeful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the leaſt, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown ſervant, G. W.'

'Venerable Nestor,

'I was very much pleaſed with your paper of the 7th inſtant, in which you recommend the ſtudy of uſeful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have ſince that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous ſir Thomas More. It is inſcribed to a friend of his who was then ſeeking out a wife; he adviſes him on that occaſion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he deſires a happy life, to join himſelf with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this laſt head are as follow:

"Proculque ſtulta ſit,
Parvis labellulis,
Semper loquacitas;
Proculque ruſticum
Semper ſilentium.
Sit illa, vel modò
Inſtructa literis;
Vel talis, ut modò
Sit apta literis,
Felix quævis bene
Priſcis ab omnibus
Poſſit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata:
Armata cum quibus,
Noc illa proſperis
Superba turgeat;
Nec illa turbidis

Miſcella lugeat,
Proſtrata caſibus.
Jucunda ſic erit
Semper nec unquam erit
Gravis, moleſtave
Vitæ comes tuæ;
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit, & tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quieſcere:
Dum grata te fovet;
Manuque mobili
Dum plectra perſonat;
Et voce (quâ nec eſt,
Progne, ſororculæ
Tuæ ſuavior)
Amœna cantillat,
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo
Docto tamen, dies
Noctesque ducere;
Notare verbula
Mellita, maximis
Non abſque gratiis,
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia:
Quibus coërceat,
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium;
Quibus levaverit,
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia,
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum Scientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuiſſe conjugem;
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curâſſet improbo
Labore fœminam
Referre ruſticam:
Talemque credimus
Naſonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine,
Fuiſſe filliam:
Talemque ſuſpicor
(Quâ nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuiſſe Tulliam:
Taliſque, quæ tulit
Gracchos duos, fuit;
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Inſtruxit artibus;
Nec profuit minus
Magiſtra, quam parens."

The ſenſe of this elegant deſcription is as follows.

'May you meet with a wife who is not always ſtupidly ſilent, not always prattling nonſenſe! May ſhe be learned, if poſſible, or at leaſt capable of being made ſo! A woman thus accompliſhed will be always drawing ſentences and maxims of virtue out of the beſt authors of antiquity. She will be herſelf in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in proſperity, nor broken with adverſity. You will find in her an even, chearful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuſe knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wiſdom. Whatever company you are engaged in you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the ſociety of men into the boſom of one who is ſo dear, ſo knowing, and ſo amiable. If ſhe touches her lute, or ſings to it any of her own compoſitions, her voice will ſooth you in your ſolitudes, and ſound more ſweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waſte with pleaſure whole days and nights in her converſation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her diſcourſe. She will keep your mind in perpetual ſerenity, reſtrain its mirth from being diſſolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

'Such was doubtleſs the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a fooliſh bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia as ſhe is celebrated by the moſt learned and moſt fond of fathers. And ſuch was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no leſs fa-

mous for having been their inſtructor, than their parent.' ☞[1]

[1] This paper, N° 163, is marked with a hand, and republiſhed in Addiſon's Works, 4to. p. 275.

*** A warning againſt Popery; being an account of the late converſion of Mr. John Barwell, alias Barton, an eminent Romiſh Prieſt, to the reformed church of England. It is the completeſt account of the groſs cheats and errors of the Romiſh church which was ever publiſhed, and very proper to be read in all Proteſtant families at this time. Price bound 2s. 6d.

N° 164. Friday, September 18, 1713.

By Mr. L. EUSDEN.

—*ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo.*

Virg. Æn. vi. 144.

The ſame rich metal glitters on the tree.

An eminent prelate of our church obſerves that 'there is no way of writing ſo proper, for the refining and poliſhing a language, as the tranſlating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent ſkill of the one tongue, and is a maſter of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickneſs of his mind, carry him ſo much after the notions themſelves, that for the moſt part he is too warm to judge of the aptneſs of words, and the juſtneſs of figures; ſo that he either neglects theſe too much, or overdoes them: but when a man tranſlates he has none of theſe heats about him; and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beau-

tify their language, in ſetting their beſt authors on work to tranſlate the Greek and Latin authors into it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another lately deceaſed tells us, that 'the way of leaving verbal tranſlations, and chiefly regarding the ſenſe and genius of the author, was ſcarce heard of in England before this preſent age.'

As for the difficulty of tranſlating well, every one I believe muſt allow my lord Roſcommon to be in the right, when he ſays,

'Tis true, compoſing is the nobler part,
But good tranſlation is no eaſy art:
For tho' materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but judgment more.'

Dryden judiciouſly remarks, that 'a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himſelf.' And a too cloſe and ſervile imitation, which the ſame poet calls 'treading on the heels of an author,' is deſervedly laughed at by ſir John Denham; 'I conceive it,' ſays he, 'a vulgar error in tranſlating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith; but whoſoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo ſhall he never perform what he attempts; for it is not his buſineſs alone to tranſlate language, into language, but poeſy into poeſy; and poeſy is of ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that in pouring out of one

language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new ſpirit is not added in the transfuſion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happineſſes peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whoſoever offers at verbal tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who loſt his own language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh words, and the grace of the Engliſh by being turned into the Latin phraſe.'

After this collection of authorities out of ſome of our greateſt Engliſh writers, I ſhall preſent my readers with a tranſlation, in which the author has conformed himſelf to the opinion of theſe great men. The beauty of the tranſlation is ſufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the tranſlator is Mr. Euſden of Cambridge: who obliged them in the Guardian [s] of Auguſt the 6th, with the Court of Venus out of the ſame Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the beſt judges in performances of this nature.

The ſpeech of Pluto to Proſerpine, from the ſecond book of her Rape, by Claudian.

'Cease, ceaſe, fair nymph, to laviſh precious tears,
And diſcompoſe your ſoul with airy fears.
Look on Sicilia's glitt'ring courts with ſcorn;
A nobler ſceptre ſhall that hand adorn.

[s] See Nº 124; Let. i. Nº 127, the Court of Venus; and Spect. Vol. i. Nº 54, on the Lowngers.

Imperial pomp ſhall ſooth a gen'rous pride;
The bridegroom never will diſgrace the bride.
If you above terreſtrial thrones aſpire,
From Heaven I ſprung, and Saturn was my ſire.
The pow'r of Pluto ſtretches all around,
Uncircumſcrib'd by Nature's utmoſt bound;
Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,
Thro' the vaſt trackleſs void extends my ſway.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night;
A fairer ſcene ſhall open to your view,
An earth more verdant, and a heaven more blue;
Another Phœbus gilds thoſe happy ſkies,
And other ſtars, with purer flames, ariſe.
There chaſte adorers ſhall their praiſes join,
And with the choiceſt gifts enrich your ſhrine.
The bliſsful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden firſt began, and ſtill is new.
That golden age your world a while could boaſt,
But here it flouriſh'd and was never loſt.
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bowers;
And painted meads ſmile with unbidden flowers;
Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue;
No rival ſweets in your own Enna grew.
In the receſs of a cool ſylvan glade
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar ſhade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
And golden apples to your reach deſcend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore.
The yellow harveſt will increaſe the more.
But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor ſpeak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole Nature owns your pow'r: Whate'er have birth,
And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns ſleep,
Or ſportive roll along the foamy deep;

Or on ſtiff pinions airy journeys take,
Or cut the floating ſtream or ſtagnant lake:
In vain they labour to preſerve their breath,
And ſoon fall victims to your ſubject, Death.
Unnumber'd triumphs ſwift to you he brings,
Hail! goddeſs of all ſublunary things!
Empires, that ſink above, here riſe again,
And worlds unpeopled crowd th' elyſian plain.
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the ſlave,
Know no ſuperior honours in the grave.
Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs ſhall come,
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
The impious, forc'd, ſhall then their crimes diſcloſe,
And ſee paſt pleaſures teem with future woes;
Deplore in darkneſs your impartial ſway,
While ſpotleſs ſouls enjoy the fields of day.
When ripe for ſecond birth, the dead ſhall ſtand
In ſhiv'ring throngs on the Lethean ſtrand,
That Shade whom you approve ſhall firſt be brought
To quaff oblivion in the pleaſing draught,
Whoſe thread of life, juſt ſpun, you would renew,
But nod, and Clotho ſhall rewind the clue.
Let no diſtruſt of power your joys abate,
Speak what you wiſh, and what you ſpeak is fate.
  The raviſher thus ſooth'd the weeping Fair,
And check'd the fury of his ſteeds with care:
Poſſeſſed of Beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
And Love firſt ſoften'd the relentleſs god.'

Nº 165. Saturday, September 19, 1713.

By ADDISON.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile—

Hor. 1 Ep. xix. 17.

Examples vice can imitate, deceive. Creech.

It is a melancholy thing to ſee a coxcomb at the head of a family. He ſcatters infection through the whole houſe. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more ſenſe than himſelf, they are out of countenance for him; if leſs, they ſubmit their underſtandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often ſecretly concerned, when I have ſeen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themſelves, while they are talking after a couple of ſilly parents. The dulneſs of a father often extinguiſhes a genius in the ſon, or gives ſuch a wrong caſt to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In ſhort, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his inſipid pleaſantries, ſhallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-ſide, his parties of diverſion, are all of them ſo many ſtanding ſcenes of folly.

This is one reaſon why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakneſs in

one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumſtance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the huſband; but it is better it ſhould be ſo, than that there ſhould be no knowledge in the whole houſe. It is highly expedient that at leaſt one of the perſons, who ſits at the helm of affairs, ſhould give an example of good ſenſe to thoſe who are under them in theſe little domeſtic governments.

If folly is of ill conſequence in the head of a family, vice is more ſo, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the maſter is a profligate, the rake runs through the houſe. You hear the ſons talking looſely and ſwearing after the father, and ſee the daughters either familiarized to his diſcourſe, or every moment bluſhing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his maſter's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Inveſt him with the ſame title and ornaments, and you will ſcarce know him from his lord. He practiſes the ſame oaths, the ſame ribaldry, the ſame way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it ſhould be wiſe and virtuous. The firſt of theſe qualities does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abſtain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modeſty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though

the greateſt ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the moſt ordinary capacities.

As wiſdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the maſter of a houſe, if he is not accompliſhed in both of them, it is much better that he ſhould be deficient in the former than in the latter, ſince the conſequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than thoſe of folly.

When I read the hiſtories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that philoſopher, who was an illuſtrious pattern of virtue and wiſdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himſelf in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpoſe to converſe with the moſt learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is ſtill admired by the greateſt men of the preſent times as a prodigy of ſcience. His wife Theano wrote ſeveral books, and after his death taught his philoſophy in his public ſchool, which was frequented by numberleſs diſciples of different countries. There are ſeveral excellent ſayings recorded of her. I ſhall only mention one, becauſe it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wiſdom. Being aſked by ſome of her ſex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having converſed with a man? 'If it were her huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'the next day; if a ſtranger, never.' Pytha-

goras[t] had by his wife two ſons and three daughters. His two ſons, Telauges and Mneſarchus, were both eminent philoſophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean ſchool. Arignote was one of the daughters, whoſe writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whoſe hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to ſtrangers, which ſhe obſerved to the hazard of her life; and though ſhe was offered a great ſum for them, rather choſe to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Mila was the third of the daughters, whoſe works and hiſtory were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was ſo ſignally virtuous, that for her unblemiſhed behaviour in her virginity ſhe was choſen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national ſolemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was ſo precious among her countrymen, that her houſe was after her death converted into a temple, and the ſtreet ſhe lived in called by the name of the Muſæum. Nor muſt I omit, whilſt I am mentioning this great philoſopher, under his character as the maſter of a family; that two of his ſervants ſo improved themſelves under him, that they were inſtituted into his ſect, and made an eminent figure in the liſt of

[t] See Tat. N° 108, N° 214; Spect. N° 447, N° 586; Guard. N° 130, and notes.

Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Aſtræus and Zamolxes. This ſingle example ſufficiently ſhews us both the influence and the merit of one who diſcharges as he ought the office of a good maſter of a family; which, if it were well obſerved in every houſe, would quickly put an end to that univerſal depravation of manners, by which the preſent age is ſo much diſtinguiſhed, and which it is more eaſy to lament than to reform. ☞ [u]

Nº 166. Monday, September 21, 1713.

By ADDISON.

> —*aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo.*
>
> OVID. Met. ii. 332.
>
> Some comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
>
> ADDISON.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, ſays an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expreſſions, not the eſſence, of this virtue. A man may beſtow great ſums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to beſtow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the ſoul, which diſpoſes us to the love, aſſiſtance, and relief of mankind, eſpecially of thoſe who ſtand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no leſs entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my

[u] Marked with a hand, and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 279.

own part, I am charitable, to an extravagance this way. I never ſaw an indigent perſon in my life, without reaching out to him ſome of this imaginary relief. I cannot but ſympathiſe with every one that I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wiſhes, there ſhould be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myſelf in this particular, I ſhall preſent him with the ſecret hiſtory of one of the moſt remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone [v]. It is frequently obſerved by many who have been buſied in this purſuit, that though they have failed in their principal deſign, they have however made ſuch diſcoveries in their way to it, as have ſufficiently recompenſed their inquiries. In the ſame manner, though I cannot boaſt of my ſucceſs in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, becauſe it produced in my mind ſuch an habitual exerciſe of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been loſt in ſo pleaſing a deluſion.

As I did not queſtion but I ſhould ſoon have a new Indies in my poſſeſſion, I was perpetually taken up in conſidering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, in finding out proper places for the erection of hoſpitals. I had likewiſe entertained that project,

[v] See Tat. N° 7, note on Steele's ſtudy of chemiſtry; and Guardian, N° 107, note on Steele's projects.

which has ſince ſucceeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that inſtead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have ſeen them all finiſhed in leſs than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a liſt of all the French proteſtants; and by the beſt accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all thoſe eſtates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the ſake of his religion, being fully determined to make it to him, and return ſome of them the double of what they had loſt.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and uſed to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a ſprain in his leg, that he had met with over-againſt St. Clement's church. This ſo affected me, that as a ſtanding mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compaſſion to my fellow-citizens, I reſolved to new-pave every ſtreet within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket book accordingly. About the ſame time I entertained ſome thoughts of mending all the highways on this ſide the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had moſt at heart was the ſettling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which ſum may be compriſed, according to ſir William Petty's obſervations, all the neceſſities of life), leaving to them whatever elſe they could get by their own induſtry, to lay out on ſuperfluities.

I was above a week debating in myſelf what I ſhould do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a reſolution to buy them all up, and reſtore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took ſome time to ſurvey that ſtructure, and not being entirely ſatisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had ſome thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and ſix, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burthens that were laid upon them. This made me reſolve to ſet aſide one morning, to conſider ſeriouſly the ſtate of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, becauſe I was obliged, whether I would or no, to ſit at home in my morning gown, having, after a moſt incredible expence, pawned a new ſuit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a ſum of money, which my operator aſſured me was the laſt he ſhould want to bring all our matters to bear. After having conſidered many projects, I at length reſolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a ſcheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things ſucceeded to my wiſhes. As I was in this golden dream, ſomebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a meſſenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked ſo miſerably poor, that I was reſolved to make his fortune be-

fore he delivered his meſſage: but ſeeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the firſt news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In ſhort, I broke open the letter in a tranſport of joy, and found it as follows.

'Sir,

'After having got out of you every thing you can conveniently ſpare, I ſcorn to treſpaſs upon your generous nature, and therefore muſt ingenuouſly confeſs to you, that I know no more of the philoſopher's ſtone than you do. I ſhall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They muſt be men of wit and parts who are for my purpoſe. This made me apply myſelf to a perſon of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have ſucceeded you yourſelf can beſt tell.

Your humble ſervant to command,

Thomas White.

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much ſhocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my diſappointment, though not ſo much for what I myſelf, as what the public ſuffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I deſigned for them, and hope that ſuch of

my readers who find they had a ſhare in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed [w].

N° 167. Tueſday, September 22, 1713.
By ADDISON.

Fata viam invenient— VIRG. Æn. iii. 395.
—Fate the way will find. DRYDEN.

THE following ſtory is lately tranſlated out of an Arabian manuſcript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I queſtion not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is ſtill famous through all the eaſtern parts of the world. He is called among the Perſians, even to this day, Helim the great phyſician. He was acquainted with all the powers of ſimples, underſtood all the influences of the ſtars, and knew the ſecrets that were engraved on the ſeal of Solomon the ſon of David. Helim was alſo governor of the Black palace, and

[w] This paper, though it wants the diſtinguiſhing ſignature of Addiſon's papers, is reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edit. of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 281. It may be, Addiſon indulged here his jocularity at the expence of his friend; but neither is it unlikely that Steele played a little on himſelf, for he had a laboratory at Poplar, now converted into a garden-houſe, where he probably cultivated general chemiſtry, perhaps at greater expence than his fortune could bear. See Tat. cr. 8vo. N° 7, note, p. 69, and Spect. 8vo. N° 445, p. 285.

chief of the phyſicians to Alnareſchin the great king of Perſia.

Alnareſchin was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, ſuſpicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very ſlight jealouſies and ſurmiſes five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty ſons whom he ſuſpected to have conſpired againſt his life. Being at length wearied with the exerciſe of ſo many cruelties in his own family, and fearing leſt the whole race of caliphs ſhould be entirely loſt, he one day ſent for Helim, and ſpoke to him after this manner. 'Helim,' ſaid he, 'I have long admired thy great wiſdom, and retired way of living. I ſhall now ſhew the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two ſons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my deſign that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious purſuits of knowledge. By this means ſhall the line of caliphs be preſerved, and my children ſucceed after me, without aſpiring to my throne whilſt I am yet alive.' 'The words of my lord the king ſhall be obeyed,' ſaid Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's preſence. He then received his children into his own houſe, and from that time bred them up with him in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and reſpected Helim as their father, and made ſuch improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were inſtructed in all the learning of the eaſt. The name of the eldeſt was Ibra-

him, and of the youngeſt Abdallah. They lived together in ſuch a perfect friendſhip, that to this day it is ſaid of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine ſoul, and a moſt beautiful perſon. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the reſt of the world, they frequently converſed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the ſame courſe of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whoſe mind was of a ſofter turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees ſo enamoured of her converſation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in the company with his beloved Balſora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of Helim the ſight of Balſora, his fair daughter. The king was ſo inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his deſign to recompenſe him for all his faithful ſervices; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Perſia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, 'Far be it,' ſays he, 'from the king of Perſia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himſelf in marriage with the daughter of his phyſician.'

The king however, was ſo impatient for ſuch a bride, that without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered Balſora to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honour which he deſigned her. Balſora, who was too modeſt and humble to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the king, was a few moments after brought into his preſence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradiſe. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the king, that ſo unexpected an honour was too great an honour to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. Balſora was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; inſomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties ſhe was in, after having compoſed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her aſleep for many hours; and afterwards in all the ſeeming diſtreſs of a diſconſolate father informed the king ſhe was dead. The king, who never let any ſentiments of humanity come too

near his heart, did not much trouble himſelf about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that ſince it was known through the empire that Balſora died at a time when he deſigned her for his bride, it was his intention that ſhe ſhould be honoured as ſuch after her death, that her body ſhould be laid in the Black palace, among thoſe of his deceaſed queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's deſign, was not leſs afflicted than his beloved Balſora. As for the ſeveral circumſtances of his diſtreſs, as alſo how the king was informed of an irrecoverable diſtemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the hiſtory of Helim. It ſhall ſuffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, ſome days after the ſuppoſed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the ſame nature with that which had laid aſleep Balſora.

It is the cuſtom among the Perſians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black palace: which is the repoſitory of all who are deſcended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief phyſician is always governor of the Black palace; it being his office to embalm and preſerve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black palace is ſo called from the colour of the building, which is all of the fineſt poliſhed black marble. There are always burning in it five thouſand everlaſting lamps. It has alſo a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are

each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters befides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repofitory, and at the appointed time received her out of the fleep into which fhe was fallen, took care fome time after to bring that of Abdallah into the fame place. Balfora watched over him till fuch time as the dofe he had taken had loft its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's defign when he gave him this fleepy potion. It is impoffible to defcribe the furprife, the joy, the tranfport he was in at his firft awaking. He fancied himfelf in the retirement of the bleft, and that the fpirit of his dear Balfora, who he thought was juft gone before him, was the firft who came to congratulate his arrival. She foon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithftanding all its horrors, appeared to him more fweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balfora.

Helim, who was fuppofed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, vifited the place very frequently. His greateft perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in fuch a manner as I have before related. This confideration did not a little difturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himfelf, that the firft day of the full moon of the month Tipza was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Perfians, that the fouls of thofe of the royal family, who are in a ftate of blifs, do, on the firft full moon after their

deceaſe, paſs through the eaſtern gate of the Black palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradiſe, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dreſſed each of the lovers in a robe of azure ſilk, wrought in the fineſt looms of Perſia, with a long train of linen whiter than ſnow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt myrtle, and on Balſora's a garland of the freſheſt roſes. Their garments were ſcented with the richeſt perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no ſooner up, and ſhining in all its brightneſs, but [x] he privately opened the gate of paradiſe, and ſhut it after the ſame manner, as ſoon as they had paſſed through it. The band of negroes who were poſted at a little diſtance from the gate, ſeeing two ſuch beautiful apparitions, that ſhewed themſelves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being raviſhed by the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghoſts of the two perſons lately deceaſed. They fell upon their faces as they paſſed through the midſt of them, and continued proſtrate on the earth until ſuch time as they were out of ſight. They reported the next day what they had never ſeen; but this was looked upon by the king himſelf, and moſt others, as the compliment that was uſually paid to any of the deceaſed of his family. Helim had placed

x Than. See biſhop Lowth's Introd. to Engliſh Grammar, 2d. edit. 1763, p. 166.

two of his own mules at about a mile's diſtance from the Black temple, on the ſpot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was ſeated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was ſo very healthful, that Helim had formerly tranſported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of ſickneſs; which ſucceeded ſo well that the king made him a preſent of the whole mountain, with a beautiful houſe and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balſora. They were both ſo fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and poſſeſt with ſo conſtant and mutual a paſſion for each other, that their ſolitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himſelf to thoſe arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the ſituation of the place; inſomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or ſpots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was ſucceeded by his ſon Ibrahim, who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Perſian empire. Though he was ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, Helim durſt not truſt him with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no

ſooner mounted to the throne, but Helim ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good-natured a prince. It ſo happened, that before Helim found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new king Ibrahim, having been ſeparated from his company in a chace, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately aſcended the hill, and coming to Helim's houſe demanded ſome refreſhments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having ſet before the king the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole hiſtory of what had paſſed. The king was at once aſtoniſhed and tranſported at ſo ſtrange a relation, and ſeeing his brother enter the room with Balſora in his hand, he leaped off from the ſofa on which he ſat, and cried out, 'it is he! it is my Abdallah!' Having ſaid this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for ſome time, remained ſilent, and ſhedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him ſo long of ſuch a brother, embraced Balſora with the greateſt tenderneſs, and told her that ſhe ſhould now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other ſide the Tigris. He eaſily diſcovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that inſtead of being tranſported with the offer, they preferred their preſent retirement to empire.

At their requeſt therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a preſent of all the open country as far as they could ſee from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole proſpect with groves and fountains, gardens and ſeats of pleaſure, until it became the moſt delicious ſpot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Perſia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was ſucceeded by Abdallah, a ſon of Abdallah and Balſora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial reſidence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Perſian empire. ☞ [y]

Nº 168. Wedneſday, September 23, 1713.

BY STEELE.

——*loca jam recitata revolvimus*——

HOR. Ep. i. 223.

The ſame ſubject we repeat.

'SIR

'I OBSERVE that many of your late papers have repreſented to us the characters of accompliſhed women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have ſeen in your works; I mean the character of the miſtreſs of a family as it is drawn out at length

[y] This paper, Nº 167, is marked with a hand, and reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 248.

in the book of Proverbs. For my part, conſidering it only as a human compoſition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophraſtus, which has ſo many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with ſuch elegance of thought and phraſe. I wonder that it is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her huſband doth ſafely truſt in her, ſo that he ſhall have no need of ſpoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She ſeeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants ſhips, ſhe bringeth her food from afar.

"She riſeth alſo while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her houſhold, and a portion to her maidens.

"She conſidereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands ſhe planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with ſtrength, and ſtrengtheneth her arms.

"She perceiveth that her merchandiſe is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

"She layeth her hands to the ſpindle, and her hands hold the diſtaff.

"She ſtretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea ſhe reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the ſnow for her houſhold, for all her houſhold are clothed with ſcarlet.

" She maketh herſelf coverings of tapeſtry, her clothing is ſilk and purple.

" Her huſband is known in the gates, when he ſitteth among the elders of the land.

" She maketh fine linen, and ſelleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

" Strength and honour are her clothing, and ſhe ſhall rejoice in time to come.

" She openeth her mouth with wiſdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindneſs.

" She looketh well to the ways of her houſhold, and eateth not the bread of idleneſs.

" Her children ariſe up, and call her bleſſed; her huſband alſo, and he praiſeth her.

" Many daughters have done virtuouſly, but thou excelleſt them all.

" Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, ſhe ſhall be praiſed.

" Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praiſe her in the gates.

Your humble ſervant."

' Sir,

' I ventured to your lion with the following lines, upon an aſſurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beaſt, you would at leaſt permit him to tear them.'

FROM ANACREON.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε, &c.

" Best and happieſt artiſan
Beſt of painters if you can

With your many coloured art
Paint the miſtreſs of my heart;
Deſcribe the charms you hear from me
(Her charms you could not paint and ſee),
And make the abſent nymph appear,
As if her lovely ſelf was here.
Firſt draw her eaſy-flowing-hair
As ſoft and black as ſhe is fair;
And, if your art can riſe ſo high,
Let breathing odours round her fly:
Beneath the ſhade of flowing jet
The iv'ry forehead ſmoothly ſet.
With care the ſable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair ſpace, which lies between
The melting ſhade, may ſcarce be ſeen.
The eye muſt be uncommon fire;
Sparkle, languiſh, and deſire:
The flames unſeen muſt yet be felt;
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The roſy cheek muſt ſeem to glow
Amidſt the white of her fall'n ſnow.
Let her lips perſuaſion wear,
In ſilence elegantly fair;
As if the bluſhing rivals ſtrove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be ſure to deck
With every grace her poliſh'd neck;
While all that's pretty, ſoft and ſweet,
In the ſwelling boſom meet.
The reſt in purple garments veil;
Her body, not her ſhape conceal:
Enough, the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will ſpeak anon."

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.'

'Mr. Ironside,

'The letter which I sent you some time ago, and was signed English Tory [z], has made, as you must have observed, a very great bustle in town. There are come out against me two pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my side a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet about Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myself: but I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence for the ill treatment I have received for my letter (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one and twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

'There are very many scurrilous things said against me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to 1s. price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind upon this occasion of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that, when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the

[z] See Nº 128, Nº 131, and Nº 160, paragraph 1. All this is now of no consequence.

channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I reprefent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its' fituation, very juft.

I am, Sir,

very often your great admirer,

RICHARD STEELE.'

*** My bookfeller having informed me, that notwithftanding my paper daily increafes in the fale, and that there is fold double the number of Guardians more than what are fold of fome other papers which are crowded with advertifements; in order to oblige my countrymen, as well as to help myfelf fomething in the filling up of this my paper, I do hereby, at the defire and with the advice of my faid bookfeller, give notice that for the future advertifements will be printed in this paper at two fhillings and fixpence each, including the duty of one fhilling, which is no more than the ufual price paid for an advertifement before this duty was laid.—Guardian in folio, N° 168.

N° 169. Thurfday, September 24, 1713.

BY STEELE[a].

Cœlumque tueri
Juffit— OVID. Met. i. 89.

And bade him lift to heaven his wond'ring eyes.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of fpirits which refults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful profpect of nature; I regard myfelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midft of an ample thea-

[a] See N° 10 and N° 11, final notes.

tre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, and fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gilding and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind, (I hope it is not ſo impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable machines, whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurpriſe!

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than

the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! 'Ay, but,' ſays ſome illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.' Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have ſeen frequent returns of the ſame things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceaſes. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us

pleaſed with the ſame entertainment, preſented a hundred years [b] ſucceſſively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a queſtion ſtarted the other night, viz. Whether it were poſſible that a man ſhould be weary of a fortunate and healthy courſe of life? My opinion was that the bare repetition of the ſame objects, abſtracted from all other inconveniencies, was ſufficient to create in our minds a diſtaſte of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a diſtruſt of what may follow, than from the proſpect of loſing any preſent enjoyments. For (as an ancient author ſomewhere expreſſes it) when a man has ſeen the viciſſitudes of night and day, winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn, the returning faces of ſeveral parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The ſpectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing ſeveral times. But in very few ſcenes of revolving years, we feel a ſatiety of the ſame images; the mind grows impatient to ſee the curtain drawn; and behold new ſcenes diſcloſed; and the imagination is in this life, filled with a confuſed idea of the next.

Death, conſidered in this light, is no more than paſſing from one entertainment to another. If the preſent objects are grown tireſome and diſtaſteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquiſite reliſh of thoſe which are freſh and

[b] Surely Adam, Methuſelah, and the antedeluvians, were no more tired than we. A.

new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are tranſient, they will be ſucceeded by thoſe which the inexhauſtible power of the Deity will ſupply to eternal ages. If the pleaſures of our preſent ſtate are blended with pain and uneaſineſs, our future will conſiſt of ſincere unmixed delights. Bleſſed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occaſions of comfort and joy.

But what conſolation is left to the man who hath no hope or proſpect of theſe things? View him in that part of life, when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the ſame objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his preſent ſituation is uneaſy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is ſure of ſinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character ſo hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their buſineſs to introduce doubts, perplexities, and deſpair, into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are moſt juſtly puniſhed by their own ſchemes.

*** Advertiſements will for the future, be inſerted in this paper for two ſhillings and ſixpence each, notwithſtanding the duty of one ſhilling.—Guardian in folio, Nº 162. See p. 471, adv. *ad finem*.

†‡† Juſt publiſhed, The Importance of Dunkirk conſidered, in a Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, by Mr. Steele. *Ibidem*. See p. 470.

Nº 170. Friday, September 25, 1713.
By STEELE.

——*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.*

VIRG. Æn. ii. 49.

I fear your Greeks, with preſents in their hands.

London, Sept. 22.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'THE plan laid down in your firſt paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you in behalf of the trading world. According to the general ſcheme you propoſed in your ſaid firſt paper, you have not profeſſed only to entertain men of wit and polite taſte, but alſo to be uſeful to the trader and artificer [c]. You cannot do your country greater ſervice than by informing all ranks of men amongſt us, that the greateſt benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and ſupplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to ſay, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits can put together ſo uſeful and commodious a treatiſe for the welfare of your fellow-ſubjects as that which an eminent merchant of the city has lately written. It is called, General Maxims of Trade, particularly applied to the Commerce between Great Britain and France. I have made an extract of it, ſo as to bring it within the compaſs of your paper, which take as follows.

[c] See Spect. Nº 428, and Nº 442.

'I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; ſuch is the ſending abroad our Yorkſhire cloth, Colcheſter bays, Exeter ſerges, Norwich ſtuffs, &c. Which being made purely of Britiſh wool, as much as thoſe exports amount to, ſo much is the clear gain of the nation.

'II. That trade which helps off the conſumption of our ſuperfluities, is alſo viſibly advantageous; as the exporting of allum, copperas, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported ſuperfluities amount unto, ſo much alſo is the clear national profit.

'III. The importing of foreign materials to be manufactured at home, eſpecially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are moſtly ſent abroad, is alſo, without diſpute, very beneficial; as for inſtance, Spaniſh wool, which for that reaſon is exempted from paying any duties.

'IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly conſumed by us, may be alſo beneficial; eſpecially when the ſaid materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw ſilk, grogram, yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

'V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into ſuch goods as would otherwiſe be imported ready manufactured, is a means of ſaving money to the nation: ſuch is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw ſilk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that theſe commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spaniſh wool.

'VI. A trade may be called good which ex-

changes manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes in value of our wollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both ſides to their mutual advantage.

'VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greateſt part of the commodities thus imported, are again exported, as in the caſe of Eaſt India goods and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

'VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade. Our ſhips are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and ſometimes in the Eaſt Indies.

'IX. When there is a neceſſity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although ſuch goods are chiefly purchaſed with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval ſtores, and materials for building.

'But a trade is diſadvantageous to a nation;

'1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleaſure, which are intirely, or for the moſt part, conſumed among us; and ſuch I reckon the wine trade to be, eſpecially when the wine is purchaſed with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

'2. Much worſe is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only conſumed

amongſt us, but hinders the conſumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the ſpending of our extracts of malt and molaſſes; therefore very prudently charged with exceſſive duties.

'3. That trade is eminently bad, which ſupplies the ſame goods as we manufacture ourſelves, eſpecially if we can make enough for our conſumption: and I take this to be the caſe of the ſilk manufacture; which, with great labour and induſtry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

'The importation upon eaſy terms of ſuch manufactures as are already introduced in a country, muſt be of bad conſequence, and check their progreſs; as it would undoubtedly be the caſe of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain (which are of late very much improved) if thoſe commodities were ſuffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

'Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

'I. The exportation of our woollen goods to France, is ſo well barred againſt, that there is not the leaſt hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And ſince they ſend great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonſtration, that they have more than is ſufficient for their own wear, and conſequently no great occaſion for any of ours. The French cannot but be ſo ſenſible of the advantage they have

over us in point of cheapneſs, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatſoever [d] upon very eaſy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great Britain wines, brandies, ſilk, linen, and paper, upon paying the ſame duties as others do. And when that is done, you will ſend little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain, ten times more than they now can.

'II. As to our ſuperfluities, it muſt be owned the French have occaſion for ſome of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, allum, and ſeveral other things of ſmall value, as alſo ſome few of our plantation commodities; but theſe goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, becauſe they want them. All theſe commodities together that the French want from us may amount to about 200,000l. yearly.

'III. As to materials; I do not know of any one ſort uſeful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool [e] in abundance, and ſome raw ſilk; but they are too wiſe to let us have any, eſpecially as long as they entertain any hopes we ſhall be ſo ſelf-denying, as to take thoſe materials from them after they are manufactured.

'IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities (if for the like value on both ſides) might be

[d] This is remarkable; as being the very offer made by M. Vergennes. Even the produce of their lands, wines, and brandies, would vaſtly exceed every thing we could offer. A.

[e] If therefore they want our wool, it muſt be owing to the vaſt increaſe of their woollen manufacture. A.

beneficial; but it is far from being the caſe between us and France. Our ſhips went conſtantly in ballaſt (except now and then ſome lead) to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper; and if it was ſo before the revolution, when one of our pounds ſterling coſt the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us (except what they of neceſſity want) now that for each pound ſterling they muſt pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all Britiſh commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

'V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great Britain, except to our plantations, but all are conſumed at home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

'VI. Letting ſhips to freight cannot but be of ſome profit to a nation: but it is very rare if the French ever make uſe of any other ſhips than their own; they victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

'VII. Things that are of abſolute neceſſity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is neceſſary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

'VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be conſumed amongſt us, be a ſenſible diſadvantage, the French trade, in this particular, might be highly pernicious to this na-

tion; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a confiderable degree, the leaft we can fuppofe would be imported into England and Scotland is 18,000 tons a year, which being moft clarets, at a moderate computation would coft in France 44,000l.

'IX. As to brandy; fince we have laid high duties upon it, the diftilling of fpirits from malt and molaffes is much improved and increafed, by means of which a good fum of money is yearly faved to the nation; for very little hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reafon that our Englifh fpirits are near as good as thofe countries' brandies. But as French brandy is efteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will fuppofe only 3000 tons a year, which will coft Great Britain 70,000l. yearly, and prejudice befides the extracts of our own malt fpirits.

'X. Linen is an article of more confequence than many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland, and feveral counties in England, have made large fteps towards the improvement of that ufeful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtlefs, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make fufficient for our own confumption; which befides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would fave us a good fum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the cafe ftands at prefent, it improves daily; but if the duties

on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over ſo cheap, that our looms muſt be laid aſide, and 6 or 700,000l. a year be ſent over to France for that commodity.

'XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapeſt, the making of it is increaſed to ſuch a degree in England, that we import none of the lower ſorts from abroad, and make them all ourſelves; but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly moſt of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper, muſt leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000l. a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

'XII. The laſt article concerns the ſilk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increaſed to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, 'till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity! that ſo noble a manufacture, ſo extenſive and ſo beneficial to an infinite number of people, ſhould run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought ſilks upon eaſy terms, they outdo us ſo much in cheapneſs of labour, and they have Italian and Levant raw ſilk upon ſo much eaſier terms than we, beſides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid down, and our ladies

be again clothed in French ſilks. The loſs that would accrue to the nation by ſo great a miſchief, cannot be valued at leſs than 500,000l. a year.

'To ſum up all, if we pay to France yearly

For their wines - - - -	£. 450,000
For their brandies - - -	70,000
For their linen - - - -	600,000
For their paper - - - -	30,000
For their ſilks - - - -	500,000
	£.1,650,000
'And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, &c. and plantation goods to the value of	200,000
'Great Britain loſes by the balance of that trade yearly	1,450,000

"All which is humbly ſubmitted to your conſideration by,

Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,
GENEROSITY THRIFT.'

ADVERTISEMENT,

For the Protection of Honour, Truth, Virtue, and Innocence.

"Mr. Ironſide has ordered his amanuenſis to prepare for his peruſal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk, or otherwiſe, a volume to be printed in twelves, called, The

Art of Defamation difcovered. This piece is to confift of the true characters of all perfons calumniated by the Examiner; and after fuch characters, the true and only method of fullying them fet forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the faid Examiner.

" N. B. To this will be added the true characters of perfons he has commended, with obfervations to fhew, that panegyric is not that author's talent [f]."

N° 171. Saturday, September 26, 1713.

BY STEELE.

Fuit ifta quandam in hâc republicâ virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus fuppliciis civem perniciofum, quàm acerbiffimum hoftem coercerent. CICER. in Catilin.

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to deferve a feverer correction than the bittereft enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from feveral of the moft eminent chocolate-houfes and coffee-houfes, upon my late gallantry and fuccefs in oppofing myfelf to the longfwords [g]. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his cuftomers can faunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or moleftation. I find I have likewife cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town

f See final notes to N° 10 and N° 11.

g N° 143, and N° 145.

more ſpacious, and all the paſſages about the court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have ſent me the kindeſt billets upon this occaſion, in which they tell me, that I have ſaved them ten pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A ſcout whom I ſent abroad to obſerve the poſture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word, that the Terrible club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that ſeemed to delight in arms. My lion, whoſe jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons ſtill in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houſes, and ſome of the obſcure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befel my witty antagoniſt Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long-ſwords. He had the misfortune three days age to fall into company with a maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger by his habit, and the airs he gave himſelf, to be one of the profeſſion, gave him a fair invitation to marrow-bone, to exerciſe at the uſual weapons. The captain thought this ſo foul a diſgrace to a gentleman, that he ſlunk away in the greateſt confuſion, and has never been ſince at the Tilt-yard coffee-houſe, nor any of his uſual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never ſo noiſome has its uſe in the creation; ſo theſe men of terror

may be difpofed of, fo as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a vifit laft night from a perfon, who pretends to be employed here from feveral foreign princes in negotiating matters of lefs importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have in a manner quite drained the Cantons of Swifferland of their fupernumerary fubjects, and that he forefees there will be a great fcarcity of them to ferve at the entrance of courts, and the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very feafonably be fupplied out of the great numbers of fuch gentlemen, as I have given notice of in my paper of the 25th paft, and that his defign is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertifements to this effect, not queftioning but it may turn to a good account: 'that if any perfon of good ftature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whofe ambition is to cock and look big, without expofing themfelves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings; they fhall, provided they bring their fwords with them, be furnifhed with fhoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and be tranfported without further trouble into feveral courts and families of diftinction, where they may eat and drink, and ftrut at free coft.' As this project was not communicated to me for a fecret, I thought it might be for the fervice of the abovefaid perfons to divulge it with all convenient fpeed; that thofe who are difpofed to employ their talents to the beft advantage, and to fhine in the ftation of life for which they feem to be born, may have

time to adorn their upper lip, by raiſing a quick ſet beard there in the form of whiſkers, that they may paſs to all intents and purpoſes for true Swiſſers.

'INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,

'GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myſelf and my whole family, for the daily diverſion and improvements we receive from your labours. At the ſame time I muſt acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing elſe, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey; I ſhall, out of my eſteem and affection for you, contribute what I can towards his ſuſtenance; "Love me, love my lion," ſays the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furniſh out a full meal for him; but I ſhall now and then ſend him a ſavoury morſel, a tid bit. You muſt know, I am but a kind of holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to ſet my pen to a work of above five or ſix periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connection one with another, I write them upon looſe pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themſelves; this drawer I call the lion's pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is wholeſome *nourriture*. Therefore remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I ſhall always pick and cull the pan-

try for him; and there are morſels in it, I can aſſure you, will make his chaps to water.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir,
your moſt obedient ſervant,
and moſt aſſiduous reader.'

I muſt aſk pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have ſuffered her billet to lie by me theſe three weeks without taking the leaſt notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our ſex, will not be now too late.

'Good Mr. Ironside,

'I have waited with impatience for that ſame unicorn, you promiſed ſhould be erected for the fair ſex. My buſineſs is, before winter comes on, to deſire you would precaution your own ſex againſt being Adamites, by expoſing their bare breaſts to the rigour of the ſeaſon. It was this practice amongſt the fellows, which at firſt encouraged our ſex to ſhew ſo much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you ſpeak of would make good ſtomachers for the beaus. In a word, good Neſtor, ſo long as the men take a pride in ſhewing their hairy ſkins, we may with a much better grace ſet out our ſnowy cheſts to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but at the ſame time you muſt own, much the more beautiful ſex.

I am, Sir,
your humble reader,
Dorothy Care[h].'

[h] See final notes to N° 10, and N° 11.

Nº 172. Monday, September 28, 1713.

BY STEELE.

—*Vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRG. Æn. vi. 663.

They grac'd their age with new invented arts.

DRYDEN.

' MR. IRONSIDE,

' I HAVE been a long time in expectation of ſomething from you on the ſubject of ſpeech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained, on that ſubject, as with any thing that ever came into the lion's mouth. For this end I ſend you the following ſketch; and am, yours,

PHILOGRAM.'

' Upon taking a view of the ſeveral ſpecies of living creatures our earth is ſtocked with, we may eaſily obſerve, that the lower orders of them, ſuch as inſects[i] and fiſhes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities. Others, which are converſant with man, have ſome few ways of expreſſing the pleaſure and pain they undergo by certain ſounds and geſtures; but man has articulate ſounds whereby to make known his inward ſentiments and affections, though his organs of ſpeech are no other than what he has in common with many other leſs perfect animals. But the uſe of letters, as ſigni-

[i] See the papers on Ants, Nº 156, Nº 157, &c.

ficative of theſe ſounds, is ſuch an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the aſſiſtance of a power more than human.

'There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the firſt invention of letters, to wit, that all the world muſt conſpire in affixing ſteadily the ſame ſigns to their ſounds, which affixing was at firſt as arbitrary as poſſible; there being no more connection between the letters and the ſounds they are expreſſive of, than there is between thoſe ſounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately ſtand for. Notwithſtanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages; the powers of the letters in each are very nearly the ſame, being in all places about twenty-four.

'But be the difficulty of the invention as it will, the uſe of it is manifeſt, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or ſounds, becauſe this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occaſion to correſpond with a friend at a diſtance; or deſire, upon a particular occaſion, to take the opinion of an honeſt gentleman who has been dead this [k] thouſand years. Both which defects are ſupplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means [l] we materialize our ideas, and make them as laſting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by art viſible to the eye, which nature had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a ſixth ſenſe, as it is a

[k] Theſe thouſand years. [l] Theſe means, or, this mean.

ſupply in caſe of the defect of one of the five nature gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become viſible.

‘ Have any of the ſchool of painters gotten themſelves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or painting a landſkip; by laying down on a piece of canvas an imitation of what nature had given them originals? What applauſes will he merit, who firſt made his ideas ſit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting repreſents the outward man, or the ſhell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed. This art may reach to repreſent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majeſty of the queen's perſon; Kneller can draw her ſublime air, and paint her beſtowing hand as fair as the lilly: but the hiſtorian muſt inform poſterity, that ſhe has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary ſpeech is more charming than ſong.

‘ But to drop the compariſon of this art with any other, let us ſee the benefit of it in itſelf. By it the Engliſh trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the Eaſt or Weſt Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Aſtronomers ſeated at a diſtance of the earth's diameter aſunder, may confer; what is ſpoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and underſtood at the other. The philoſopher who wiſhed he had a window in his breaſt, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as eaſily have revealed the ſecrets of it this way, and as eaſily have left them to the world, as wiſhed it. This ſilent art of ſpeaking by letters,

remedies the inconvenience ariſing from diſtance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preſerve their mummies for ten centuries [m]. This preſerves the works of the immortal part of men, ſo as to make the dead ſtill uſeful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demoſthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato: without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil had died with their authors; but by this art thoſe excellent men ſtill ſpeak to us.

'I ſhall be glad if what I have ſaid on this art, gives you any new hints for the more uſeful or agreeable application of it.

I am, Sir, &c.'

I ſhall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praiſe of the invention of writing, 'written by a lady [n]?' I am glad of ſuch a quotation, which is not only another inſtance how much the world is obliged to this art, but alſo a ſhining example of what I have heretofore aſſerted, that the fair ſex are as capable as men of the liberal ſciences; and indeed there is no very good argument againſt the frequent inſtruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verſes of the charming author are as follow:

[m] Mummies have laſted, for certain, above twenty centuries. A.

[n] Q. by whom?

'Bleſt be the man! his memory at leaſt,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breaſt;
And taught ſucceeding times an eaſy way
Their ſecret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle abſence, and ſecure delight,
Which till that time was limited to ſight.
The parting farewel ſpoke, the laſt adieu,
The leſs'ning diſtance paſt, then loſs of view,
The friend was gone which ſome kind moments gave
And abſence ſeparated, like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful patriarch ſent,
The camels, jewels, and the ſteward went,
And wealthy equipage, though grave and ſlow:
But not a line, that might the lover ſhow.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had ſhe known of melting words and charms,
That under ſecret ſeals in ambuſh lie
To catch the ſoul, when drawn into the eye;
The fair Aſſyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her ſoft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd °.'

° See final notes on N° 10, and N° 11.

*** The MSS. and the receipts and preſcriptions of the late Dr. Samuel Wall, with a large quantity of his electuary, drops, and other his medicines, prepared by himſelf in his life-time, which were delivered after his death into the hands of Mr. John Wilſon, late of Charles-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, ſurgeon, ſince deceaſed, are now in the hands of Mr. Francis Wheatley, apothecary, in Leiceſter-fields.—Guard. in folio. N° 175. See Tat. N° 26, let. i. ſuppoſed to be written by A. Henley, eſq.

*** Importance of Dunkirk conſidered, by Steele, 2d. edit. *Ibidem*.

N° 173. Tuesday, September 29, 1713.

By POPE.

Nec serò comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi,
Pullentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 122.

The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
DRYDEN.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or if you will villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

'*Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,*
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque lætatur.' EP. lviii. 3.

'Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
No widow'd platane, nor clip'd box-tree, there,
The useless soil unprofitably share;
But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.'

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned Nature that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of Art.

This was the taſte of the ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein thoſe great maſters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſt intirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am ſpeaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The firſt of theſe is already known to the Engliſh reader, by the excellent verſions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addiſon. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the moſt beautiful plan of this ſort that can be imagined, I ſhall here preſent the reader with a tranſlation of it.

The Garden of Alcinous, from Homer's Odyſſ. vii.

‘ Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies:
Four acres was the allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around.
Tall thriving trees confeſs the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:

The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe;
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

'Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun.
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaing preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in Autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.

'Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.'

'Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town beſtows;
To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.'

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this deſcription contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in thoſe times of ſimplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was incloſed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined cloſe to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the garden; as alſo the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the nature and uſual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the ſervice of the public.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf. We run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our trees in the moſt aukward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

'*Hinc et nexilibus vineas è frondibus hortos,*
Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circùm
Porrigere, et latas è ramis ſurgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea roſtra:
In buxiſque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.
Parte aliâ frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
Scutaque ſpiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos.'

'Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets riſe;
There ſhips of myrtle ſail in ſeas of box;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing ſhields and ſpears.'

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of Art, are always moſt fond of Nature: as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all Art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of Nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantaſtical operations of Art, and conſtantly think that fineſt which is leaſt natural. A citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like thoſe of Guild-hall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country ſeat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you ſee the champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head [p]. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs Nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo gardener who has a turn to

[p] See N° 42, let. ſigned Ever-green.

ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profeſſion in the imagery of evergreens. My correſpondent is arrived to ſuch perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that pleaſe may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their huſbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails when he ſhews his garden, to repeat that paſſage in the Pſalms, ‘ Thy wife ſhall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.’ I ſhall proceed to his catalogue, as he ſent it for my recommendation.

‘ Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little ſhattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great ſtorm: Eve and the ſerpent very flouriſhing.

‘ The tower of Babel not yet finiſhed.

‘ St. George in box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in condition to ſtick the dragon by next April.

‘ A green dragon of the ſame, with a tail of ground-ivy for the preſent.

‘ N. B. theſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

‘ Edward the Black Prince in cypreſs.

‘ A laureſtine bear in bloſſom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

‘ A pair of giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

‘ A queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green-ſickneſs, but of full growth.

‘ Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a ſavine.

‘ An old maid of honour in wormwood.

‘ A topping Ben Johnſon in laurel.

'Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

'A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

'A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

'Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

'A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness[q].

N° 174. Wednesday, September 30, 1713.

By STEELE.

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,
Salve Dardanii gloria magna soli:
Publica morborum requies commune medentum
Auxilium, præsens numen, inempta salus. CLAUD.

Hail, greatest good Dardanian fields bestow,
At whose command Pæonian waters flow,
Unpurchas'd health! that dost thy aid impart
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

In public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenefrede's well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty,

q This paper, N° 173, is assigned to Pope, on the authority of Steele. See the Publisher to the Reader.

or fine petticoats. A lady who ſubſcribes herſelf Eudoſia, writes a bitter invective againſt Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that ſhe herſelf is lame of the rheumatiſm. Another, who hath been a prude ever ſince ſhe had the ſmall-pox, is very bitter againſt the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a ſharp wit hath ſent me a keen epigram againſt the gameſters; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had ſeveral ſtrange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more conſtitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the phyſicians were not more buſy in deſtroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with ſeveral other common-place ſtrokes of raillery; I reſolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jeſt to ſee ſuch a grave ancient perſon as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, beſides the neceſſity of complying with the cuſtom, by theſe means I paſſed undiſcovered, and had a pleaſure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little ſatisfaction to me, to view the mixt maſs of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the ſame benefits of nature, and mingling in the ſame diverſions. I ſometimes entertained myſelf by obſerving what a large quantity of ground was hid under ſpreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in compariſon to thoſe ſpaces that were diſtinguiſhed by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth my fancy was diverted

to the water, where the diſtinctions of ſex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occaſion to ſome perſons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two ſexes into one perſon; or to the ſtream wherein Diana waſhed herſelf, when ſhe beſtowed horns on Actæon; but by one of a ſerious turn, theſe healthful ſprings may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which waſhed away all grief and anguiſh in a moment.

As I have taken up a name which ought to abound in humanity, I ſhall make it my buſineſs, in this paper, to cool and aſſuage thoſe malignant humours of ſcandal which run throughout the body of men and women there aſſembled; and after the manner of thoſe famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aſperſions, to reſtore a bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and ſet injured characters upon their legs again. I ſhall herein regulate myſelf by the example of that good man, who uſed to talk with charity of the greateſt villains; nor was ever heard to ſpeak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with ſeverity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I ſhall not ſcruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gameſters. I have indeed ſpoken incautiouſly heretofore of that claſs of men[r]; but I ſhould forfeit all titles to modeſty, ſhould

[r] In the Tatler, *paſſim*.

I any longer oppoſe the common ſenſe of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all thoſe with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of ſphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I ſee a gentleman loſe his money with ſerenity, I recogniſe in him all the great qualities of a philoſopher. If he ſtorms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harriſon's table, puts me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable application of the ſeveral combatants furniſh me with an unanſwerable reply to thoſe gloomy mortals, who cenſure this as an idle life. In ſhort, I cannot ſee any reaſon why gentlemen ſhould be hindered from raiſing a fortune by thoſe means, which at the ſame time enlarge their minds. Nor ſhall I ſpeak diſhonourably of ſome little artifice and fineſſe uſed upon theſe occaſions; ſince the world is ſo juſt to any man who is become a poſſeſſor of wealth, as not to reſpect him the leſs, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon conſiderations like theſe the ladies ſhare in theſe diverſions. I muſt own, that I receive great pleaſure in ſeeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amuſement which puts them upon producing ſo many virtues. Hereby they acquire ſuch a boldneſs, as raiſes them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught ſuch contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural

tenderneſs is a weakneſs here eaſily unlearned; and I find my ſoul exalted, when I ſee a lady ſacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In ſuch a place as the Bath I might urge, that the caſting of a die is indeed the propereſt exerciſe for a fair creature to aſſiſt the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to diſplay the well-turned arm, and to ſcatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am ſatisfied, that the gameſter ladies have ſurmounted the little vanities of ſhewing their beauty, which they ſo far neglect, as to throw their features into diſtortions, and wear away their lilies and roſes in tedious watching, and reſtleſs lucubrations. I ſhould rather obſerve that their chief paſſion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, becauſe, in ſpite of all ſlanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the moſt dangerous creatures of our ſex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their eaſe of conſcience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and ſo highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exerciſe on Sundays.

The Water Poets are an innocent tribe, and deſerve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat thoſe authors with bitterneſs, who never write out of the ſeaſon, and whoſe works are uſeful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to ſweeten ſome ſour critics who were ſharp upon a few ſonnets, which, to ſpeak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of

a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in ſome of theſe gentle compoſitions; and am perſuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are an hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is inflamed in the water; or, he finds his death where he ſought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' Theſe being for ever repeated, have at preſent a very good effect; and a phyſician aſſures me, that laudanum is almoſt out of doors at Bath.

The phyſicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To theſe charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more diſtempers than I ever had in my life. They had almoſt killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger preſcribed me a little ſomething, at my firſt coming, to keep up my ſpirits; and the next morning I was ſo much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the ſcurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropſy gratis before night. In vain did I modeſtly decline theſe favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a doſe from one of my well-wiſhers. I paid him, but withal told him ſeverely, that I never took phyſic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that ſuſpected poiſon; but the apothecary, with more ſagacity, gueſſed that I was certainly a phyſician myſelf.

The oppreſſion of civilities which I underwent from the ſage gentlemen of the faculty, frighten-

ed me from making ſuch enquiries into the nature of theſe ſpings, as would have furniſhed out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the looſe hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince ſhould found hoſſpitals, and the noble and rich may diffuſe their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath; and I Neſtor Ironſide have dedicated a Guardian [s].

N° 175. Thurſday, October 1, 1713.

By STEELE [t].

Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 664.

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted ſtill higher, had he had the advantage of Chriſtianity. According to our ſcheme of thoughts, if the word *Memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *Similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and tranſmit a name to poſterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly enſnare the perſon who is moved by it, on ſome occaſions, into a falſe delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint

[s] See final notes on N° 10 and N° 11.
[t] See final notes on N° 10 and N° 11.

his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not ſubject to ſuch ill conſequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or to ſpeak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this ſelf-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taſte, than that of the late Mr. Boyle [u], who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Chriſtian religion, againſt atheiſts, and other notorious infidels.' The reward of perpetual memory amongſt men, which might poſſibly have ſome ſhare in this ſublime charity, was certainly conſidered but in a ſecond degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as ſpeak of him, when he was gone off our ſtage.

The world has received much good from this inſtitution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhauſtible ſubject of the eſſence, praiſe, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a ſincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occaſion. It eminently appears from this obſervation, that a particular bleſſing has been beſtowed on this lecture.

[u] See Spect. Nº 531. A quotation from a ſermon preached at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle; and Spectator, Nº 554, an encomium on Mr. Boyle.

This great philoſopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only ſuitable to our condition, but to his own at the ſame time. It is a ſight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the perſons obliged, not only in different places, but in different beings, employed in the ſame work.

This worthy man ſtudied nature, and traced all her ways to thoſe of her unſearchable author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praiſe and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courſes of philoſophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me), I cannot but principally recommend the book, intituled, Phiſica-Theology. Printed for William Innys in St. Paul's church-yard.

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminſter in Eſſex. I do not know what Upminſter is worth; but I am ſure, had I the beſt living in England to give, I ſhould not think the addition of it ſufficient acknowledgement of his merit; eſpecially ſince I am informed, that the ſimplicity of his life is agreeable to his uſeful knowledge and learning.

The praiſe of this author ſeems to me to be the great perſpicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleaſing to people who are ſtrangers to ſuch inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very deſirable entertainment to find occaſions of pleaſure and ſatisfaction in thoſe objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld, without exciting any reflections that made us wiſer, or

happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, ſhew us the wonders and ſpectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their ſeveral ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themſelves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to ſwim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the covers of the wood, the muddy or clear ſtreams; to howl in foreſts, or converſe in cities. All life from that of a worm to that of a man is explained; and as I may ſo ſpeak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the obſervations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without ſuch explications, ſtrike us only with confuſion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dreſſed and went out to loiter and gather up ſomething to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himſelf amuſement; the very air he breathes ſuggeſts abundant matter for his thoughts. He will conſider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the ſame maſs of air, vapours and clouds, which ſurround our globe; and of all the numberleſs animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their noſtrils, he only ſtands erect, conſcious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philoſophical reflections from his own education, will be as

much pleaſed as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are abſolutely neceſſary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a ſort of reaſonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and ſurround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itſelf, the diſtribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uſes of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffuſed and general, be let down to particulars, to different ſoils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and ſtones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the field and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode; he informs him of his capacity to make him eaſy and happy in it by the gift of ſenſes, by their ready organs, by ſhewing him the ſtructure of thoſe organs, the diſpoſition of the ear for the receipt of ſounds, of the noſtril for ſmell, the tongue for taſte, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our ſight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the ſum of fifteen ſermons in proof of the exiſtence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each diſtinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be deſired than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the ſons of men [v].

[v] 'I do not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the Guardian. He has this day

Nº CLXXVI.

THREE LETTERS, BY MR. JOHN HUGHES;

DESIGNED FOR THE GUARDIAN [w].

SIR,

'THERE are few men but are capable, at ſome time or other, of making a right judgment of themſelves; therefore having, as I think, caught myſelf in one of theſe wiſe fits, I am reſolved to make uſe of it while it laſts, and lay my caſe before you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that moſt of our profeſſion are orators. I have, with ſome pains, attained to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect maſter in the art of ſhop rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plauſible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my diſcourſe, and an eaſy motion of the hand, ſets off

publiſhed a paper called the Engliſhman, which begins with an anſwer to the Examiner, written with great boldneſs and ſpirit, and ſhews that his thoughts are at preſent on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper ſhould be diſcontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters.'—Mr. Hughes to Mr. Addiſon, Oct. 6, 1713.

'The true reaſon that Steele laid down this paper was a quarrel between him and J. Tonſon. He ſtood engaged to his bookſeller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians; and by deſiſting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of The Engliſhman, was quit of the obligation, theſe papers being printed for Buckley.'—Pope to Addiſon.

[w] Firſt printed in Mr. Duncombe's Collection of Letters by ſeveral eminent perſons deceaſed, 1772.

all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironſide, as I owe my proſperity to noiſe, I am grown an utter enemy to ſilence, and when I go among my plain honeſt neighbours, who are not of any of the talking profeſſions, I cannot help aſſuming a ſuperiority over them, which, I find, has been a little reſented. I have often reſolved to confine my oratory to the verge of my ſhop, and to employ it only in ſetting off my ſilks and brocades, but long habits are not eaſily overcome, and the muſical ſound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that reſolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked leſs, and if you would put me in a way to do it, I ſhould be very glad to oblige them. You muſt know, that I am ſometimes chairman of a club, where ſome of them complain that they have not their ſhare of the diſcourſe, and others (in raillery, I ſuppoſe) call me the 'fine ſpeaker.' I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not ſatisfy them. Beſides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moraliſts ſay, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending againſt truth, innocence, or good manners; and how do I know, now I am ſerious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at ſome time or other, have miſled me into falſehood, uncharitableneſs, or ſcandal? It is poſſible that the ſuperfluity of my diſcourſe may have fallen upon the reputation of ſome honeſt man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have leſſened real merit, or magnified little failings, be-

yond the allowance of charity, or humanity. I may have raiſed an unjuſt jealouſy by a flower of ſpeech, practiſed upon credulity by a ſmooth ſentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a ſhake of the head and ſhrug of the ſhoulders. To be plain I have ſearched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. Guardian, now I am in a proper diſpoſition, if you will be pleaſed to give me a lecture on this ſubject, and be ſo kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, yo will do a very particular ſervice to, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.'

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

Or, in his abſence, to the Keeper of the Lion, at Button's coffee-houſe, Covent-garden.

'OLD IRONSIDE, Sept. 1713.

'IF your lion had not leſs breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat againſt ſo genteel a diverſion as maſquerading[x], which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no other end than to promote a better underſtanding between the ſexes. But I ſhall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironſide, to talk with you upon this ſubject. My preſent buſineſs is with the Lion; and ſince this ſavage has behaved himſelf ſo rudely, I do by theſe preſents, challenge him to meet me at the next maſquerade, and deſire you will give orders

[x] See the Guardian, Vol. ii. Nº 142, and Nº 154.

to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of these midnight amusements, I intend to appear against him, in the habit of signior Nicolini, to try the merits of this cause by single combat. I am yours,

INCOGNITO.'

'HONEST NESTOR,

'PR'YTHEE, stop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of masquerading. I have pursued a dear creature several of these gay nights through three or four as odd changes in Ovid's Metamorphoses, and she has promised, at the next, in the habit of a gypsy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards say what you please.

Your humble servant,

TIM. FROLIC[y].'

y The last N° of the Guardian, N° 175, is dated Oct. 1, 1713; and the first N° of the Englishman is dated Oct. 6, 1713, which verifies the note at the close of the preceding paper, p. 511. See Additions to Pope's Works, cr. 8vo. Baldwin, vol. ii. p. 84 and 85.

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